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THE

NELSON MEMORIAL

GEORGE ALLEN
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RUSKIN HOUSE

THE NELSON MEMORIAL

NELSON

AND HIS

COMPANIONS IN ARMS

B.2620

BY

JOHN KNOX LAUGHTON

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With Numerous Illustrations

Y7.d.35-a

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
1896
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Dedicated

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to

The Right Honourable

HORATIO, EARL NELSON

Preface

VERY many lives of Nelson have been written from almost as many different points of view. With these the present work does not enter into competition. The author has elsewhere related the story of Nelson's career in some detail, and has not attempted to repeat it here; but while dwelling on the principal incidents in Nelson's life and on the glories of his achievements, he has endeavoured to describe some of the influences which tended to form Nelson's character; some of the men, second only to himself, from whom he derived his inspiration; some of those who so nobly worked with him in securing the liberty and establishing the greatness of England. Nelson has been too often represented as a demi-god, saint, or sentimentalist, and not unfrequently as a mere animal, with an animal's instincts and love of fighting. The author has here portrayed him as a man, with a man's passions and a man's weaknesses, but as a man of transcendent

genius, endowed with that grandest attribute of genius, the capacity of taking infinite pains.

In selecting the illustrations, which, he believes, will give a peculiar interest to the volume, the author has been so fortunate as to receive much and most valuable assistance; and has the pleasing task of acknowledging the kindness of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in permitting her little known portrait of Captain Hardy by Abbott to be reproduced (p. 250); of Mrs. Levien, in allowing the beautiful intaglio of Nelson's head to be copied (p. 151); and of Earl Nelson, in putting at his disposal the unique portrait of Nelson as a young man by Rigaud (p. 14), the admirable bust of Nelson by Thaller and Ranson (p. 264), and the print of Merton House, now a thing of the past (p. 220). He has also to express his sense of the zealous co-operation of the publisher, Mr. George Allen, and his sons, to whose spirit, taste, and skill, the number and excellence of the illustrations must be altogether ascribed.

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THE NELSON MEMORIAL

CHAPTER I

EARLY SERVICE

IT has been said that our naval commanders may be divided into two classes—in the one is Nelson; in the other are all the rest. Exaggerated as such a statement is, it fairly represents the opinion of Nelson's countrymen. To them, Nelson's predecessors or contemporaries—Hawke, Rodney, Howe, Hood, St. Vincent—are mere names, barely known or but half remembered. And yet, to the men of Nelson's own time, when the achievements of Hawke and Rodney were still living memories, to the men who had fought with Howe or Jervis, Nelson's deeds—transcendent as they were acknowledged to be—did not seem so utterly to eclipse all others. Some of them even doubted whether posterity would not give the palm to Howe or St. Vincent. The public had no such

doubt. They held the first object in naval war to be the annihilation of the enemy's fleet, and that admiral to be the greatest who most successfully effected it. Of the difficulties which lay in the way of others, and of the skill with which they overcame them, the public neither knew nor cared anything. The "Glorious First of June," as a bright harbinger of victory, had stirred the national pulse, and "St. Valentine's Day" had relieved the country from an anxiety well nigh insupportable; but far above these they esteemed the destruction of the French fleet at the Nile, not for its singular tactical merit, but for the completeness of the result. Eleven line-of-battle ships taken or destroyed out of thirteen was a style of arithmetic which commended itself to the rudest understanding.

But in truth the country had already taken Nelson to its heart. Eighteen months before, in a time of the deepest depression, it had heard—in the words of Captain Mahan—"that the crew of one British seventy-four, headed by a man whom few out of the navy yet knew, had, sword in hand, carried first a Spanish eighty, and then another of one hundred and twelve guns. It was enough." This, it had said, was something like a hero; this was the man they had been looking for, the man to whom Britain might safely entrust her sceptre of the sea. And

from this faith they never faltered. Official rewards might be measured with regard to the just claims though less brilliant services of others, or be limited by cold considerations of policy, but to the nation he was then, and for all time, the ideal embodiment of valour and heroic achievement, of patriotism and devotion. He was Nelson. And to his countrymen still—under very different circumstances, and after the lapse of nigh a hundred years—"his name sounds stirring as the trumpet blast; and wives still pray for boys with hearts as bold as his," who so fought and so died for England "in the brave days of old."

The story of his career can now be little more than a twice-told tale. It is not proposed here to repeat it at length; but, in attempting to emphasise certain portions of it, to examine the influences under which his character was formed or developed, to trace his relations to the instructors of his youth and early manhood, or to those who, in later life, shared in his achievements, something may still be done towards giving a truer presentment of our national hero, the most tender and loving of friends, but to his country's enemies the most terrible thunderbolt of war. It is a distinction that was made, perhaps unconsciously, by different artists in their endeavour to portray his features; and

while the English Abbott has brought out the softness, the almost feminine gentleness, of one side of his character, an unknown Italian, a countryman of Caracciolo, in a portrait which we may accept as equally trustworthy, has laid stress on the iron will and the inflexible resolution which marked so many of his actions.

About his childhood there was nothing remarkable. His father, a country clergyman with a large family and a small income, was rector of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk; and there, in the rectory, or, according to local tradition, somewhat unexpectedly in a neighbouring farmhouse, Horatio Nelson was born on 29th September 1758; the same year in which—under very different auspices, amid very different surroundings—William Pitt first saw the light. That he was in due time sent to the nearest available grammar-school, at Norwich, or afterwards at North Walsham—that he dug out his initials on the wall—that he played truant—that he robbed orchards, and was, presumably, soundly birched,—such-like things might be related of every middle-class lad of the century. At the age of twelve, he was small for his years, fragile in appearance, and with a spirit beyond his size.

His mother died when he was but nine years old; and when, in November 1770, her brother, Captain

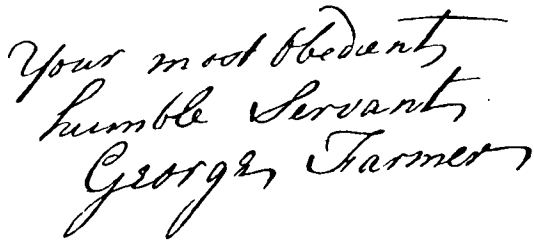
F. Pocock. *W. H. Ward & Co., L'd. sc.*

BURNHAM-THORPE RECTORY.
(Pulled down about 1820.)

Maurice Suckling, was appointed to the command of the 64-gun ship Raisonnable, then commissioned in expectation of a war with Spain, he offered his brother-in-law to take one of his boys with him. The family choice fell on the little Horatio, who is said to have begged to be allowed to go. Suckling was surprised. "What," he exclaimed, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea?" In reality, however, the boy was sturdy enough; and when, on the dispute with Spain being arranged, Suckling was moved to the Triumph, the guardship in the Medway, Horatio went with him, and was sent by him for a year's voyage to the West Indies and back, in a merchant-ship, commanded by one of his old petty officers, who had served for three years with him in the Dreadnought.

Afterwards, in 1773, the boy was permitted to go for a summer's voyage towards the North Pole, in the little expedition commanded by Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave; and, on his return, was sent, by his uncle's interest, to the Seahorse, a small frigate then fitting out for the East Indies, under the command of Captain George Farmer, who, as a midshipman, had served with Suckling in the West Indies during the Seven Years' War, and had since married and settled in Norfolk. As different

branches of his family spelt the name Fermor and Farmar, it is well to note that he himself signed



Of Farmer's influence on Nelson's character we have no record. It would seem that he himself did not recognise any; but we may hold it impossible for an observant and high-spirited lad not to be influenced, and indeed moulded, by a man singularly distinguished, not only by his bravery, but by his tact and judgment, who was thus for two years prominently and continually before his eyes. When living at Norwich on half-pay, Farmer had taken a leading part in the suppression of a dangerous riot, and, on the representation of the local magistrates, had been specially promoted to the rank of commander. He had been again promoted—this time to the rank of post-captain—for the ability and discretion he had shown as senior naval officer at the Falkland Islands when the Spaniards took forcible possession of them in June 1770; and nine

or ten years later his eldest son was created a baronet, in acknowledgment of the father's gallantry in defending the Quebec frigate against a very superior force, till she blew up, Farmer himself perishing in the explosion. A portrait of him, by Charles Grignion, is now in the possession of Mr. Henry Taylor, of Curzon Park, Chester.

After two years and a half in the Seahorse, and visiting nearly every part of the East Indies, Nelson's health gave way, and he was sent home in apparently a dying condition. The voyage, however, set him up again, and he was quite well when he arrived in England in September 1776. Although only just eighteen, he had served a hard and varied apprenticeship of six years, and had obtained a good practical knowledge of his profession. He was now appointed acting lieutenant of the Worcester for a trip to Gibraltar, and seems to have felt no little pride in being entrusted with the charge of a watch. Captain Suckling was at this time Comptroller of the Navy, and thus, as the virtual chief of the Navy Board, had very great influence. Accordingly, when his nephew came home from Gibraltar, though still eighteen months under the regulation age, he obtained an order for him to be examined; and, the day after he passed,

had him promoted to be lieutenant of the frigate Lowestoft, just commissioned by Captain William Locker for service in the West Indies.

Twenty years before, Locker had notably distinguished himself when first lieutenant of the Experiment, in the capture of the French privateer Télémaque of 20 guns, and, as was commonly the case with French privateers, an enormous number of men—460. The Experiment, though a 20-gun frigate, had only 160 men; and the Télémaque, trusting in her great superiority of force, endeavoured to close with the Experiment and capture her in a hand-to-hand encounter. She succeeded in running on board her, but so that her men could only reach the Experiment from the forecastle, and therefore in small numbers at a time, who were killed as fast as they got on to the Experiment's deck. And meantime the Experiment's great guns, loaded with round shot and grape, swept the Télémaque's deck, killed a very great number of her men, and drove the rest from their quarters. Then Strachan,

the captain of the Experiment, "ordered me," wrote Locker to his father, "to take the men and enter her; which they no sooner saw than they all, or best part of them, got off the deck as fast as they could. We had only two or three men wounded in boarding." The result was that the Télémaque was captured, with a loss of 235 men, killed and wounded; the loss of the Experiment being only 48; but Locker himself had received a shrewd wound in the leg, from which he suffered all the rest of his life.

Two years after this, on 20th November 1759, he had been present at the crushing defeat of the French by Hawke in Quiberon Bay; and had afterwards, as a lieutenant of the Royal George, been admitted to Hawke's confidence, and had retained a lively sense of Hawke's greatness, goodness, and kindness. He used to speak—so his son has told us—in enthusiastic terms of Hawke's gentle and gentlemanly discipline, as a thing till then unknown in the service; and we may be quite sure that in his conversations with his young lieutenant he did not omit to speak of other parts of Hawke's method; of his ceaseless care for the health and wellbeing of the men, not less than of the impetuous swoop on the enemy's fleet, which the writers of the age could only speak of as "the swoop of a hawk." Locker

would seem to have himself learnt the trick of carrying on the duty in the friendly and gentlemanly spirit of his old chief, and to have taken especial notice of Nelson, at first as the nephew of the influential Comptroller, and afterwards as the most willing, painstaking, and energetic of young officers.

Before Nelson had been quite a year in the Lowestoft, he was moved by Sir Peter Parker, the admiral at Jamaica, into the flagship, the Bristol; but the friendship between him and Locker continued and ripened, notwithstanding the difference of their ages, and led to a correspondence which is one of the most pleasing memorials we have of Nelson's earlier days, and which was continued till Locker's death, rather, on the part of Nelson, in the tone of a son to a dearly loved father, than of a lieutenant to his captain, or of a young captain to one many years his senior. Even after the battle of the Nile, when all Europe was ringing with his praises, he could still write in the simplicity of his affection :—

"My dear Friend,—I well know your own goodness of heart will make all due allowances for my

present situation, and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive at the moment; but you, my old friend, after twenty-seven years' acquaintance, know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar; it is you who taught me to board a Frenchman by your conduct when in the Experiment; it is you who always told me, 'Lay a Frenchman close and you will beat him'; and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar. Our friendship will never end but with my life; but you have always been too partial to me. . . . I beg you will make my kindest remembrances to Miss Locker and all your good sons, and believe me ever your faithful and affectionate friend,

"NELSON."

After being for several years Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital, Captain Locker died there in 1800, leaving three sons, the youngest of whom, Edward Hawke Locker, well known for his exertions in co-operation with Charles Knight for the promotion of popular literature, succeeded in carrying out a pet scheme of his father's, the formation of a gallery of naval pictures in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, which, among many others, includes portraits of both himself and his father. Arthur

Locker, for many years editor of the *Graphic*, and Frederick Locker-Lampson, author of "London Lyrics"—whose posthumous "Confidences" were published only a few months ago—were his sons, grandsons of Nelson's old friend.

From the Bristol, Nelson was quickly promoted to be commander of the Badger brig, and from her was posted, on 11th June 1779, to be captain of the Hinchinbroke, formerly the French merchant-ship Astrée, captured off Cape Français in the previous October, fitted out as a 24-gun frigate, and named the Hinchinbroke, in compliment to the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty. It was a time of some anxiety at Jamaica, for the Hinchinbroke, then commanded by Captain Christopher Parker, the admiral's son, was out on a cruise, was overdue, and had—it was sorely feared—fallen in with the French fleet under D'Estaing, then expected at Cape Français to lead an expedition for the conquest of Jamaica. The alarm proved, however, to be ill-founded, and in fact D'Estaing was not the man to undertake any needless risks; though the Hinchinbroke, having been delayed by foul winds, had been in great straits for want of provisions.

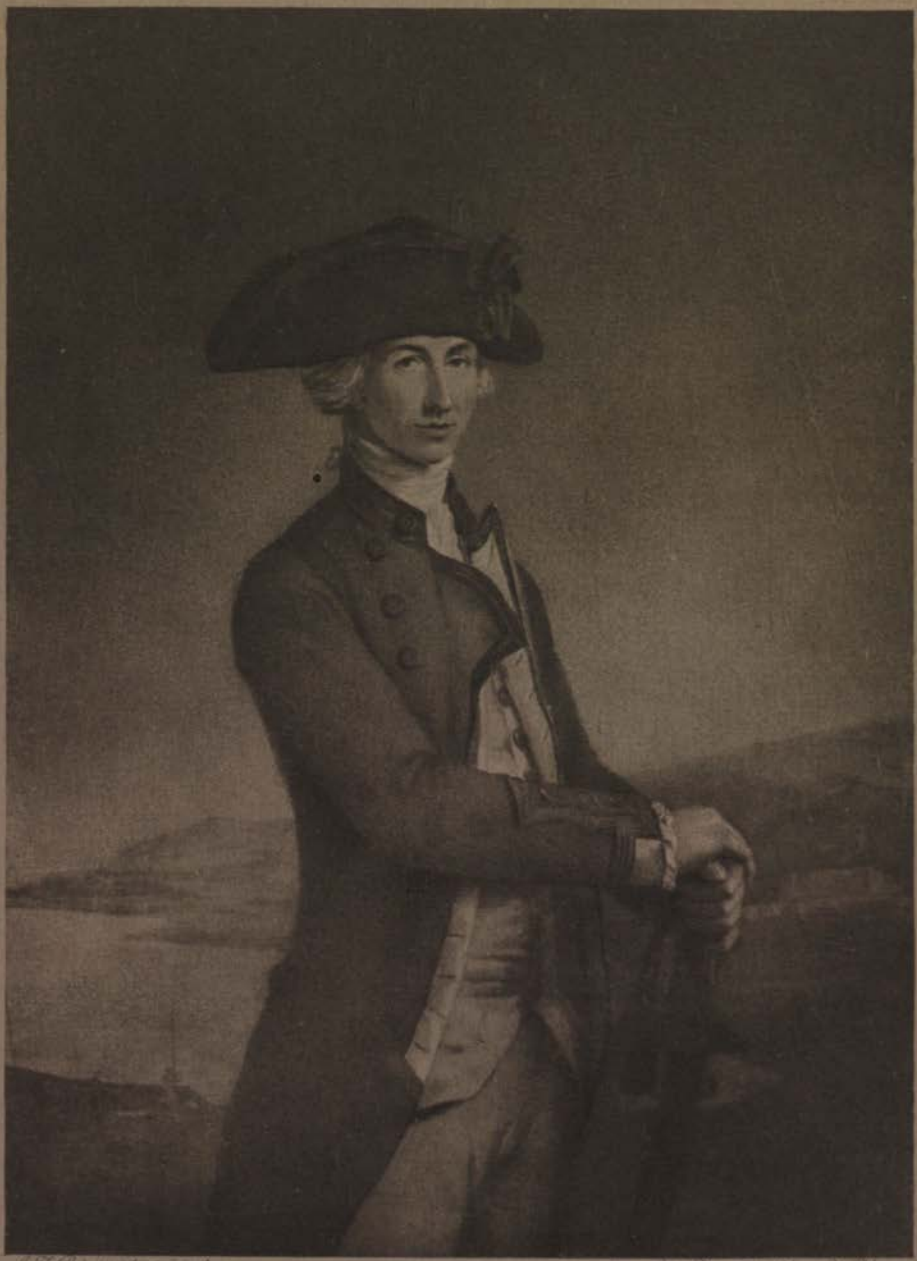
In September she returned to Port-Royal, when Nelson joined her; and in the following March he

went in her, as the naval commander of a joint-expedition against Grenada on Lake Nicaragua. The passage up the river San Juan was one of excessive hardship; the severe labour and the pestilential climate proved more deadly than the guns or muskets of the enemy, and of the Hinchinbroke's complement of 200 men, 190 died at the time or shortly after. The soldiers fared very little better. The fort was taken on 29th April, but it was found impossible to hold it on account of the great mortality among the men. By the following January most of them had died, and the few still living then abandoned the post and retired down the river to the ships. Nelson himself, at death's door, was recalled to Jamaica only just in time to save his life; and indeed it was long doubtful whether his life was saved. When sufficiently recovered to bear the voyage, he was sent to England, where he arrived in October; but for many months he was in a very precarious state, nor was his health fully re-established for more than a year.

It was at this time, and apparently in February 1781, that he had his portrait painted by John Francis Rigaud as a present to Captain Locker. It is now in the possession of Earl Nelson, by whose kind permission it is here reproduced. As the earliest authentic portrait, it has great

interest; but the conditions under which it was painted must have been most unfavourable, and prevent its being regarded as a really good likeness. On 21st February he wrote to Captain Locker concerning it: "It will not be the least like what I am now, that is certain; but you may tell Mr. Rigaud to add beauty to it, and it will be much mended." When the sittings were actually given does not appear, but during a visit to London in May he had still to call on Rigaud occasionally.

In August 1781, Nelson was appointed to command the 28-gun frigate Albemarle, in which, during the winter, he made a voyage to Elsinore in charge of a fleet of merchant vessels. In the following spring he went to Newfoundland and Quebec, and after a short stay there was ordered out on a cruise off Boston, where, on 14th August, he fell in with a small French squadron, consisting of four ships of the line and the Iris frigate. It was his first meeting with a French force, and he had to fly from it. A few weeks before he had captured a Cape Cod fishing-boat, and had pressed her master, Nathaniel Carver, into his service as a pilot. Carver's local knowledge now stood the Albemarle in good stead. When pursued by the French squadron, she ran into shoal water and so escaped, followed only by the Iris. When the line-of-battle ships were no



J. F. Rigaud, pinxt.

Art. Reproduction Co. Ltd. sc.

Captain Nelson

longer in sight, Nelson brought to, to wait for the frigate, which, however, did not consider it prudent to engage, and went off on the other tack. For his good service on this occasion, Nelson restored his boat to Carver, and sent him home with a certificate, which was long, and probably is still, preserved by his descendants.

Of Nelson's life at Quebec there is no authentic account. He himself wrote in raptures of the climate. "Health, that greatest of blessings," he said, "is what I never truly enjoyed till I saw *fair* Canada. The change it has wrought, I am convinced, is truly wonderful." But, according to a story which there seems no reason to doubt, the place had other charms to him than that of climate. Still more than "*fair* Canada," he is said to have admired a *fair* Canadian, with whom he fell violently in love, so that he was with difficulty persuaded not to throw up the service in order to devote himself entirely to her. It is impossible to say how much of this is exaggeration. That it is based on truth is most probable; but "saltwater and absence"—the time-honoured cure for the complaint—seem to have obliterated even the memory of a transient passion. Early in November, Nelson went from the St. Lawrence to New York, where he found a detachment of the fleet from the West Indies under

the command of Lord Hood, newly raised to an Irish peerage for his share in the victory of 12th April.

Hood's career in the navy was in many respects an extraordinary one, though it does not quite warrant the common assumption that, in the eighteenth century, merit—even if unsupported—was sure to make its way. He was the elder of two brothers, sons of a country clergyman, of an obscure Dorsetshire family, whom a happy chance had appointed to the vicarage of Butleigh, in Somersetshire, and thus brought into close intercourse with the Grenvilles and their family connections, the Lytteltons and Pitts.

The two young Hoods entered the navy under the immediate patronage of Captain Smith—distinctively known as "Tom of Ten Thousand"—a reputed son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, and were afterwards for some time with Captain Thomas Grenville, the brother of George Grenville and of Lord Temple. So started, the ball was at their feet. They served with Rodney, with Saunders; they made distinguished friends; they were early promoted; they were both men of unusual merit, and made the best of their opportunities; both of them commanded a frigate during the Seven Years' War, and both fought a brilliant single ship action.

In February 1759 the elder brother, Samuel, in the Vestal, of 32 guns, captured the French frigate Bellona, of the same force, an achievement which Mr. Blackmore, in the "Maid of Sker," has introduced into modern literature. Alexander, the younger brother, married, about 1763, Miss West, a first cousin of the Grenvilles and Mrs. Pitt. Samuel had married, in 1749, the daughter of Edward Linzee, mayor of Portsmouth. Altogether, their family and Parliamentary interest was very great, and to speak of them as unfriended men, rising by force of merit from a comparatively humble position, is palpably absurd.

After being Commodore and Commander-in-chief on the Newfoundland Station, Samuel Hood had accepted the post of Naval Commissioner, or, as it would now be called, Captain-superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, and Governor of the Naval Academy, then considered as a practical retirement from active service. The necessities of the times, the refusal of many of the most capable men to serve under the administration of Lord Sandwich, and the desire of sending to the West Indies a second admiral who could act in harmony with Rodney, had all combined to force the Admiralty to bring back Hood into the line of promotion, make him a rear-admiral, and at the same time a baronet—

apparently as a reward for giving up a snug billet on shore.

Although specially selected as a friend of Rodney, he was by no means an ardent admirer; and, in fact, his private letters, recently published,[1] show him as a severe and even censorious critic of his superiors; but his remarks on the conduct of the battle off the Chesapeake on 5th September 1781, and of the more celebrated battle to leeward of Dominica on 12th April 1782, as well as of the subsequent operations of the war, point him out as an exceedingly capable judge, even though his sentences do not err on the side of mercy.

His portrait by Reynolds, taken about this date, is in interesting agreement with his character as revealed in his confidential correspondence, no less than manifested by his conduct in command. The lofty brow, vulturine nose, compressed lips, and iron jaw speak at once of intelligence, keenness, decision, and firmness, each in an extreme degree; such, indeed, as might be expected in one whom Nelson, at a later period, described as "the greatest sea-officer I ever knew," "equally great in all situations which an admiral can be placed in." The portrait would seem to have been painted as a present for his brother. It remained in the possession of the

[1] *Letters of Sir Samuel Hood* (Navy Records Society).

Bridport family till last year, 1895, when it was sold to Mr. Agnew, with whom it now is. It has been engraved, and is reproduced as a frontispiece to the "Letters of Sir Samuel Hood," already referred to. The later portrait by Abbott, now in the National Portrait Gallery, softens, probably unduly softens, the characteristic intensity of the expression.

That such a man immediately conceived a high opinion of Nelson, a young captain who as yet had had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, tells its own story of the remarkable power which Nelson always had of influencing those with whom he came in contact, of the charm of manner, the intelligent understanding of what was going on, the single-minded devotion to the service, which impressed every one. Hood introduced him to Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., but at that time a midshipman of the Barfleur, Hood's flagship. Many years later the Prince gave an account of his first interview with Nelson. He said:—

"I was then a midshipman on board the Barfleur, and had the watch on deck, when Captain Nelson of the Albemarle came in his barge alongside, who appeared to be the merest boy of a captain I ever beheld, and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full-laced uniform; his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Hessian tail of an extra-

ordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice, for I had never seen anything like it before, nor could I imagine who he was nor what he came about. My doubts, however, were removed when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation, and an enthusiasm when speaking on professional subjects that showed he was no common being."

In the following January, when Hood returned to the West Indies, at Nelson's request he took the Albemarle with him; but the war was practically at an end, and during the remaining months nothing of importance occurred. In the summer of 1783 the Albemarle went home and was paid off, when the whole of the ship's company volunteered to enter for any ship to which Nelson might be appointed. He had, however, made up his mind not to apply for a ship just then, and obtained leave to go to France, at once to economise and to learn the language. His stay was only for a few months. He again fell in love—this time with a Miss Andrews, daughter of an English clergyman residing at St. Omer—and was bent on marrying. It would seem that the young lady, or her father for

her, refused his proposal, for within a few days he was back in London applying for a ship, expressing himself freely as to the conduct of the Opposition—"Mr. Fox and all that party"—whom he wrote of as "a turbulent faction who are striving to ruin their country," and dining with Lord Hood, "who," he says, "expressed the greatest friendship for me, said that his house was always open to me, and that the oftener I came the happier it would make him."

On 18th March 1784 he was appointed to the 28-gun frigate Boreas, which was soon after ordered out to the West Indies. Whilst at Portsmouth he narrowly escaped a serious accident. He was riding out of Portsea—then more commonly called Portsmouth Common—with "a young girl," when his horse—"a blackguard horse"—bolted, carried him out, round the works, through the London gate into Portsmouth, dashed through the town, and back into Portsea by a narrow gateway, where a waggon was passing at the time. There was barely room for the horse, and the rider, to avoid being jammed, threw himself off, falling, unluckily, on hard stones and bruising his back. The girl's horse had also bolted for company, but was fortunately stopped just before Nelson "dismounted." As a child he is said to have had a pony; but as a man this is the only recorded

instance of his trusting himself in a saddle. One such experience was perhaps sufficient. About the middle of May he sailed for Barbadoes, where he arrived towards the end of June.

To ordinary men the commission of a frigate in the West Indies in time of peace would have been dull enough. Nelson, however, contrived to get a good deal of excitement out of the commission of the Boreas, principally by his extraordinary determination on two occasions to disobey the orders of the commander-in-chief, Sir Richard Hughes. The one was rather a legal than a naval case. Hughes, who was a quiet, easy-going man, had been persuaded by the merchants of St. Kitt's to suspend the Navigation Act in favour of Americans trading to that island. Nelson maintained that this was illegal; he declared that as the Americans had made themselves foreigners they should be treated as foreigners; and, in contravention of the admiral's order, he seized several American ships at St. Kitt's and at Nevis.

Co-operating with him in this matter were two officers with whom he was united in a close bond of friendship. These were the Collingwoods—Cuthbert, then captain of the Mediator, and his younger brother, Wilfrid, commander of the Rattler sloop. This latter, who is spoken of as a young

man of great promise, died at Antigua in April 1787, while still in command of the Rattler. The elder brother, Cuthbert, whose career was, at different times, closely associated with Nelson's, though eight years older than Nelson, was his junior on the post-list. He was twenty-five when he was made a lieutenant, and in that rank had not been fortunate; so that, having been at last recommended to Sir Peter Parker, he was nearly twenty-nine when he was promoted to be commander of the Badger in succession to Nelson, and was in his thirtieth year when—again in succession to Nelson—he was posted to the Hinchinbroke. That the two brothers agreed with Nelson in his interpretation of the Navigation Act was a simple matter. There could be no doubt that Hughes's order was illegal; and if, in the admiral's absence, Nelson, as the senior officer, chose to countermand it, the disobedience and the responsibility were his, as well as the annoyance and the cost of the many lawsuits which his action entailed.

The admiral was afterwards forced to admit that Nelson had acted in accordance with the law; but he neither formally rescinded his order, nor took steps to defend Nelson in the law courts; and though this was eventually done by the Admiralty, Nelson was grievously hurt when the thanks of the

Government for the protection of trade and the enforcement of the Act were sent to the admiral instead of to himself. He had had all the trouble, worry, and risk, while all the credit was given to Hughes, who blandly accepted it as nothing more than his due.

The other instance of Nelson's disobedience was on a purely naval question. As has already been said, the resident commissioner at a dockyard was commonly, though not always, an officer on half-pay, who, being on half-pay, had no executive authority. The commissioner at Antigua was Captain Moutray, an old officer, of no great experience, whom Hughes had authorised to hoist a broad pennant, as commodore, and to carry on the duties of senior officer there. This was certainly irregular; but the duties related only to the routine of the port, and Moutray was a harmless, unaggressive kind of man, little likely to stretch his authority. Nelson, however, would not tolerate it; and, on coming to Antigua, told Moutray that he could not receive any orders from him as long as he was on half-pay. To Moutray, this seems to have been a matter of indifference, and we may suppose that he knew that the admiral's order was illegal; but Hughes, when it came to his knowledge, was furious at this second act of insubordination. He reported it in strong

language to the Admiralty, and in due time Nelson received a sharp reprimand for taking the law into his own hands. Moutray, however, was recalled, and for the time the commissionership at Antigua was abolished.

Amid his worries and anxieties, Nelson had meanwhile cheered himself by the society of Mrs. Moutray, who had inspired him with a deep and devoted attachment. "If it were not for her," he wrote to Captain Locker, "I should almost hang myself at this infernal hole"; and when she left for England, on 20th March 1785, he "took leave of her with a heavy heart." But Nelson's was a nature that yearned for woman's sympathy, adulation, flattery, and throughout his life could hardly endure to be deprived of it. Within a few weeks of Mrs. Moutray's departure, he was at the feet of Mrs. Nisbet, a young widow, niece of the President of Nevis, who, from her uncle and her friends, had heard a good deal of Nelson's lawsuits, determined conduct, and eccentricity. A young lady at St. Kitt's had written to her:—

"We have at last seen the captain of the Boreas, of whom so much has been said. He came up just before dinner, much heated, and was very silent; yet seemed, according to the old adage, to think the more. He declined drinking any wine; but after

dinner, when the President, as usual, gave the following toasts, 'the King,' 'the Queen and Royal Family,' and 'Lord Hood,' this strange man regularly filled his glass and observed that those were always bumper toasts with him; which having drank, he uniformly passed the bottle and relapsed into his former taciturnity. It was impossible during this visit for any of us to make out his real character, there was such a reserve and sternness in his behaviour, with occasional sallies, though very transient, of a superior mind. Being placed by him I endeavoured to rouse his attention by showing him all the civilities in my power; but I drew out little more than 'Yes' or 'No.' If you, Fanny, had been there, we think you would have made something of him, for you have been in the habit of attending to these odd sort of people."

This must have been in April; and on 28th June he wrote to his brother: "Do not be surprised to hear that I am a benedict, for, if at all, it will be before a month." Fate and the bother about the lawsuits ordered it otherwise, and he was not married till nearly two years later. And meantime Prince William, as captain of the Pegasus frigate, arrived on the station in November 1786, and put himself under the orders of Nelson, who, by the

departure of Sir Richard Hughes in the previous July, had been left senior officer.

Of the Prince, both as a man and an officer, Nelson conceived a very high idea. "He has his foibles," he wrote, "as well as private men, but they are far overbalanced by his virtues. In his professional line he is superior to near two-thirds, I am sure, of the list; and in attention to orders and respect to his superior officers, I know hardly his equal. This is what I have found him; some others, I have heard, will tell another story." And a couple of months later: "In every respect, both as a man and a prince, I love him. He has honoured me as his confidential friend; in this he shall not be mistaken." It is difficult to avoid the belief that the divinity which doth hedge a king had its influence in producing this very high estimate; for to an impartial observer the conduct of the Prince in his private relations, either to man or woman, was by no means admirable, and as an officer his discipline was uncertain and often harsh. So far from considering it an honour and a privilege to serve under the Prince's command, the lieutenants of the Pegasus made what interest they could to get out of her; they said openly that "no officer could serve under him—the Prince—but that sooner or later he must be broke;" and though some excuse may be made

for the indiscreet zeal of a youth, then barely twenty-two, the Prince's conduct in the Andromeda, some years later, was marked by the same faults as in the Pegasus.

All this, however, Nelson was unable to see; and when Mr. Schomberg, the first lieutenant of the Pegasus, a very capable officer of nine years' seniority, who had apparently been appointed to the Pegasus as the Prince's dry-nurse, refused to receive a reprimand which he considered unjust, and applied for a court-martial, Nelson promptly ordered him under arrest to wait his trial, instead of trying to smooth away the difference, as he certainly would have done under other circumstances, and when he himself had a longer experience. When, after Schomberg had been under arrest for four months, Nelson sent the Pegasus to Jamaica, Commodore Gardner had no difficulty in arranging the quarrel; and how little it was held by the Admiralty to be to Schomberg's disadvantage was shown by their promoting him to be commander and post-captain in 1790. In the battle of the 1st of June he commanded the Culloden, and received on board Captain Renaudin and other officers and men of the Vengeur, which, at the moment when her sinking became imminent, was actually in possession of the Culloden's first lieutenant and a party

of her men. A year or two later Schomberg was made a Commissioner of the Navy; compiled the well-known "Naval Chronology," a painstaking but not very accurate work, and died in 1813.

Nelson was afterwards reprimanded by the Admiralty for sending the Pegasus to Jamaica, instead of to Halifax direct, as ordered, and he was told that his reasons were not satisfactory; to which, with an utterly unconscious humour, he replied that "in future no consideration shall ever induce me to deviate in the smallest degree from my orders." The incident is perhaps of more importance in the story of Nelson's career than it has generally been considered. It was a lesson which a man of his sensitive nature could not but take to heart, and which, it may be thought, strongly influenced his future conduct, making him —while always maintaining strict discipline—averse to extreme measures, and giving him a reputation as a commander with a singular talent for ruling men by gentle methods.

As soon as Prince William understood that Nelson was engaged to be married, he declared that he would give the bride away. Nelson felt the compliment the more as "His Royal Highness," he wrote to Mrs. Nisbet, "has not yet been in a private house to visit, and is determined never to

do it, except in this instance." A few weeks later he wrote: "His Royal Highness often tells me he believes I am married, for he never saw a lover so easy or say so little of the object he has a regard for. When I tell him I certainly am not, he says then he is sure I must have a great esteem for you, and that it is not what is vulgarly called love. He is right. My love is founded on esteem, the only foundation that can make the passion last." When we remember the sequel of the story of Nelson's married life, we may perhaps be inclined to think the Prince's remark had more in it than either of them thought at the time. Nelson, however, had no misgivings; and on the Prince's suggestion that he might not be able to be at Nevis again, the marriage took place on 12th March 1787, the Prince, as had been arranged, giving the bride away.

The honeymoon was a short one, and on the 19th the Boreas, with the Pegasus in company, sailed on a visit to the other islands. In May the Prince left for Jamaica, and a few weeks later the Boreas sailed for England, where she arrived in the beginning of July. Mrs. Nelson joined her husband at Portsmouth, where he expected that the Boreas would be paid off. In this he was disappointed, for war with France appeared every day more likely;

and, though the Boreas was pronounced scarcely seaworthy, the Admiralty would not venture to disperse her ship's company, while at the same time they were unwilling to draft them to another ship till there was some certainty. She was therefore sent round to the Nore, where she lay till December, and was then paid off.

For the next five years Nelson was unemployed, living for the greater part of his time at Burnham Thorpe, where he took a friendly interest in the affairs of the villagers, and where the old people still have tales—somewhat shadowy, it may be—of his kindly nature, handed down from their fathers or grandfathers. There can be little doubt, too, that he read a good deal. His later correspondence contains frequent allusions to matters or expressions which he could only have learnt from books; and when afloat he certainly did not read much. From time to time he was worried with lawsuits, or rather threats of lawsuits, arising out of his exposure of abuses in the West Indies; but a more real trouble was the want of employment, which to a man of very limited means, almost if not quite dependent on his pay, was a most serious matter.

It has often been said that it was extraordinary that the Admiralty should leave him all these years vegetating on shore; but, indeed, in the commission

of the Boreas he had had his full share of such employment as was going in those piping times of peace and retrenchment, and the Admiralty had no reason to make an exception in his favour. They did not know him as the future hero of the Nile or Trafalgar, but only as a man whose self-will and excess of zeal had caused them both trouble and annoyance. Lord Hood, who was then at the Admiralty, did indeed know more about him; but probably even Hood thought that the mental discipline of adversity would do him no harm, and he more than hinted to Nelson that the King had conceived a bad opinion of him. Nelson thought that Hood also had turned against him—was acting as his enemy; but for that there was no real ground.

CHAPTER II

THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT

IN January 1793, when war with France was imminent, Nelson was appointed to the 64-gun ship Agamemnon, which, on the declaration of war, was presently sent out to the Mediterranean, as one of a large fleet under the command of Lord Hood. The idea of our Government was to bring a pressure to bear on the towns of the south coast of France, Marseilles and Toulon more especially, and to give a helping hand to the Royalists, if there were any. Under the sufferings caused by a close blockade, the Royalists of Toulon asserted themselves and handed their city over to the commander of the English fleet. They were, in fact, quite as ready to be helped by foreigners as their friends on the eastern frontier.

The brutal and sanguinary excesses of the faction then dominant in France have always been a favourite theme for denunciation by humanitarian sentimentalists; but, abominable as they were, it ought not to be forgotten that they were largely the

outcome of panic caused by the anti-French efforts of their opponents. We in England remember the horrible story of the massacres in September 1792; we forget that they were the answer to the capture of Longwy and the advance of the Prussian army. We remember the revolutionary propaganda, the murder of the King, the Committee of Public Safety, and the Reign of Terror; we forget or ignore the panic caused by the known intrigues of the princes and by the expected coalition of all Europe.

The French mob has always had the character of being quick to shed blood; this may perhaps be attributed to a nervous sensibility rather than to a hellish cruelty. But it is difficult to say what might have been the conduct of a London mob in 1648, if a French, or Spanish, or Dutch army had been landed in England. It might not have left us much to boast of in the way of comparison. Even as it was, the fate of such Irish soldiers as were brought over by the King during the Civil War, or of the women who followed in the train of these soldiers, is a passage in our history which we are fain to forget. From darker days than 28th August 1648 or 30th January 1649 we were happily preserved by the action of our navy, which was, before everything, English. In France there was no such saving influence. The sea-frontier was as open as the land,

and on each the Royalists preferred the cause of their party to that of their country.

On 27th August, Hood, with the English fleet, entered the harbour of Toulon, joined, as he did so, by the Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara. The forts were occupied; and the city was held in the name of Louis XVII., under the white Bourbon flag. The position, however, was one of extreme difficulty. Hood had with him but a small number of soldiers—1000 to 1500; and, with the exception of these, the town and forts were held by a motley garrison of French, Spaniards, Piedmontese, and Neapolitans, speaking no common language and recognising no one commander-in-chief. Hood would gladly have sent the French ships away to some place of security; but to this neither the Toulonese nor the Spaniards would consent, and he was obliged to give way. He believed that these latter were already negotiating with the Convention; and though there is no direct evidence that such was the fact, the mere suspicion of it was a fatal bar to any unison of action.

The result was that the measures necessary for the defence of the town were not taken, and when the Republicans mustered in force they had little difficulty in rendering themselves masters of all the commanding positions. Hood hastily embarked

the troops and as many of the French Royalists as could be taken on board. Some few of the French ships, which were ready for sea, were also utilised; but the greater number were ordered to be set on fire, and were wholly or partially burnt. The confusion was extreme as, amid the firing of the enemy, the blazing of the ships and arsenal, the explosion of the magazine, and the incompetence of the Spanish and Neapolitan officers, the fleet got to sea. When the Republican army entered the town, they found none on whom to wreak their vengeance except the comparatively innocent populace. All the men of note, who were unquestionably parties to establishing a foreign force in French territory, had escaped. The Republican fury was, however, bent on revenge, and great numbers of the wretched townspeople—women and children—were savagely put to death.

With all this, however, Nelson had very little to do. As soon as Hood had entered the harbour of Toulon, he had despatched Nelson to Naples to request the Neapolitan Government to send 10,000 soldiers to his assistance, and some 5000 were actually sent. Afterwards Nelson had been ordered to take command of a small squadron of frigates and blockade the coast of Corsica, which he had done with complete success. In February

he was joined by Hood, as the Government had suggested that the few soldiers who had been at Toulon might be employed in the reduction of Corsica. However, after they had taken San Fiorenzo without any serious resistance, the general in command conceived that nothing more could be done without reinforcements from Gibraltar, and positively refused to assist Hood in taking Bastia, which Nelson had pointed out as a place certain to yield to a combined attack. The fact seems to be that none of the superior soldier officers understood the power of the fleet, and considered the question one of laying siege to a fortified town with a garrison reported to be 7000 strong, with a force of barely 2000 men of all arms.

Hood, however, was resolute; and as the soldiers could not be had, he landed all the marines of the fleet, with a party of seamen, under the command of Nelson, to invest the place on the land side. There was also a numerous band of Corsicans, who added nothing to the material strength of the assailants, but did perhaps produce some moral effect. In reality, report had greatly exaggerated the numbers of the garrison and the strength of the fortifications, and after two months' close investment the place surrendered.

The siege of Calvi was next formed, Nelson, as

before, commanding the working parties of seamen. It was here that a shot, striking the parapet of the battery, dashed some gravel with great force into Nelson's face, cutting his right eye. At the moment he thought little of it ; but the sight gradually faded, and within a few months was completely lost.

Calvi surrendered early in September, and in October Lord Hood left for England, partly to confer with the Admiralty, but principally on account of his health. It is perhaps worth noting that a hundred years ago an old man—Hood was just 70—with the option of wintering at any point of the Riviera or in Corsica, went home to winter in England, fully intending to come out again in the spring. There was at this time no intention, either on his part or on that of the Admiralty, of his resigning the command; but early in 1795 Lord Chatham was succeeded as First Lord by Lord Spencer, between whom and Hood a difference arose as to the needs of the Mediterranean fleet. Hood urged that several more ships ought immediately to be sent out. Spencer replied that there were already in the Mediterranean as many as could be spared from other services. The correspondence got warm, and Hood had the gift of compressing a great deal of bitterness into few words. He wrote

that with a force so inadequate he could not consider his professional character safe, and begged to be relieved from the command. He had already hoisted his flag on board the Victory at Spithead. He was told that he might strike his flag and come on shore; which he did. It was the end of his sea service; and though in the following year he was appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital, where he died twenty years later, at the age of 92, he felt the indignity extremely; and some months later wrote to Captain Wolseley, who had asked him to use his interest to get him a ship:—

"My dear Wolseley,— . . . Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be able to assist your wishes in any respect whatever. . . . But to be candid with you, I can be of no use to any one, for Lord Spencer is not content with marking me with indifference and inattention, but carries it to all who have any connection with me; you will therefore do well, in any application you may make to his Lordship, not to make mention of my name. I have neither seen or spoken to his Lordship since my flag was struck, and look upon myself as thrown upon the shelf for ever. It may be right it should be so. But a conscious-

ness of having discharged my duty with zeal and industry as a faithful servant to the public in the several situations in which I have had the honour to be placed, will bear me up against the treatment I have, and must ever think most undeservedly received, and will not fail to cheer my declining years."[1]

When Hood quitted the Mediterranean, he left the command—it was understood temporarily—with Admiral Hotham, who, as a young captain, and twenty years later as a commodore, had repeatedly distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War and the War of American Independence. Of his personal courage, there could be no doubt; but now, as commander-in-chief, he showed a lack of energy, a want of decision, a fear of responsibility, which proved disastrous to the interests of his country. Unwilling to trust any of his ships out of his sight,

[1] Innes's *Life of Admiral Wolseley*, p. 107.

he lay with his whole fleet at San Fiorenzo or Leghorn, permitting the French, whom Hood had left scattered, to unite; and when they put to sea in March, he engaged them in a desultory half-hearted manner which could not lead to any decisive result. Nelson, in the little Agamemnon, with the Inconstant frigate, hung on to the retreating enemy, and was the principal cause of the capture of two large French ships, the Ça Ira and Censeur, with which gain Hotham was quite satisfied. He preferred the certain safety of all his ships to the probable destruction of all the enemy's. It was of this that Nelson wrote to his wife in language that has become classical:—

"I wish to be an admiral and in the command of the English fleet; I should very soon either do much or be ruined. My disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. Sure I am, had I commanded our fleet on the 14th [of March], that either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape. I went on board Admiral Hotham as soon as our firing grew slack in the van and the Ça Ira and Censeur had struck, to propose to him leaving our two crippled ships, the two prizes, and four frigates to themselves, and to pursue the enemy; but he, much cooler than myself, said, 'We must

be contented, we have done very well.' Now, had we taken ten sail and had allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done. Goodall backed me; I got him to write to the admiral, but it would not do. We should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced."

Surely this is a very remarkable letter! It must be remembered that at the time Nelson was only a captain, and not the senior captain in the fleet; in years, he was younger than most of his colleagues; and, unlike many of them, who had been with Byron or Rodney in the West Indies, or with Hughes in the East Indies, it was the first general action he had seen. Yet he lays down the line of conduct which, as we know, he did steadily pursue when, a few years later, he attained the wished-for command of a fleet. The singleness of purpose; the perfect insight into the only true objective of a fleet—the absolute destruction of the enemy; the contention that nothing was well done as long as anything remained to do,—all is here as plainly and forcibly stated as if it had been given out as a memo of the commander-in-chief on the eve of Trafalgar.

The same inertness which had already permitted the French to collect their fleet together, now per-

mitted a reinforcement of six ships sent from Brest to get into Toulon unopposed. Still Hotham could not make up his mind to do anything. Hood's resignation was not yet known; and in almost every letter which he wrote, Nelson expressed a wish that he was with them again. On June 7 he wrote: "Truly sorry am I that Lord Hood does not command us; he is a great officer, and were he here we should not now be skulking." Before the next day the news had reached him. "Oh, miserable Board of Admiralty!" he wrote; "they have forced the first officer in our service away from his command." And a few days later: "This fleet must regret the loss of Lord Hood, the best officer, take him altogether, that England has to boast of. Lord Howe certainly is a great officer in the management of a fleet. But that is all. Lord Hood is equally great in all situations which an admiral can be placed in."

Well might he say, "Oh, miserable Board!" for having forced Hood to resign by refusing him the reinforcements he demanded, they were immediately afterwards compelled to send them out, and, on June 14, Rear-Admiral Man joined the fleet with seven sail of the line. A month later the French fleet came out with orders to take, burn, or drive away the English. When, however, the two fleets

were in presence of each other, their hearts failed them and they turned to fly. Had they been hotly pursued they must have been destroyed; but again they were allowed to escape—this time with the loss of one ship, the Alcide, which caught fire and blew up. "Hotham," wrote Nelson, "has no head for enterprise, perfectly satisfied that each month passes without any losses on our side."

He was still to suffer much from Hotham's inactivity and fear of responsibility, although detached from the fleet to co-operate with the Austrian army, in conference with Mr. Drake, the English Minister at Genoa. He had with him a small and varying force of frigates and one or two cutters, the work he was called on to perform being for the most part the interruption of the French coasting trade, preventing supplies being sent by sea, and harassing their operations on shore. For all this the force at his disposal was much too small, but Hotham refused to increase it. Nelson's opinion was that if he had been properly supported he could have so harassed the French army that the invasion of Italy would have been impossible. The only road by which they could advance, by which their baggage-train and artillery could pass, was in many places commanded from the sea, and might have been absolutely blocked.

As it was, the service was both dangerous and exhausting; few days passed without a skirmish of some kind—with a battery, or a gunboat, or armed coasters; but with such inadequate forces these could not produce any important effect on the campaign, and by the end of November the French had driven back the Austrians and had occupied the Riviera, rendering his position on the coast no longer tenable.

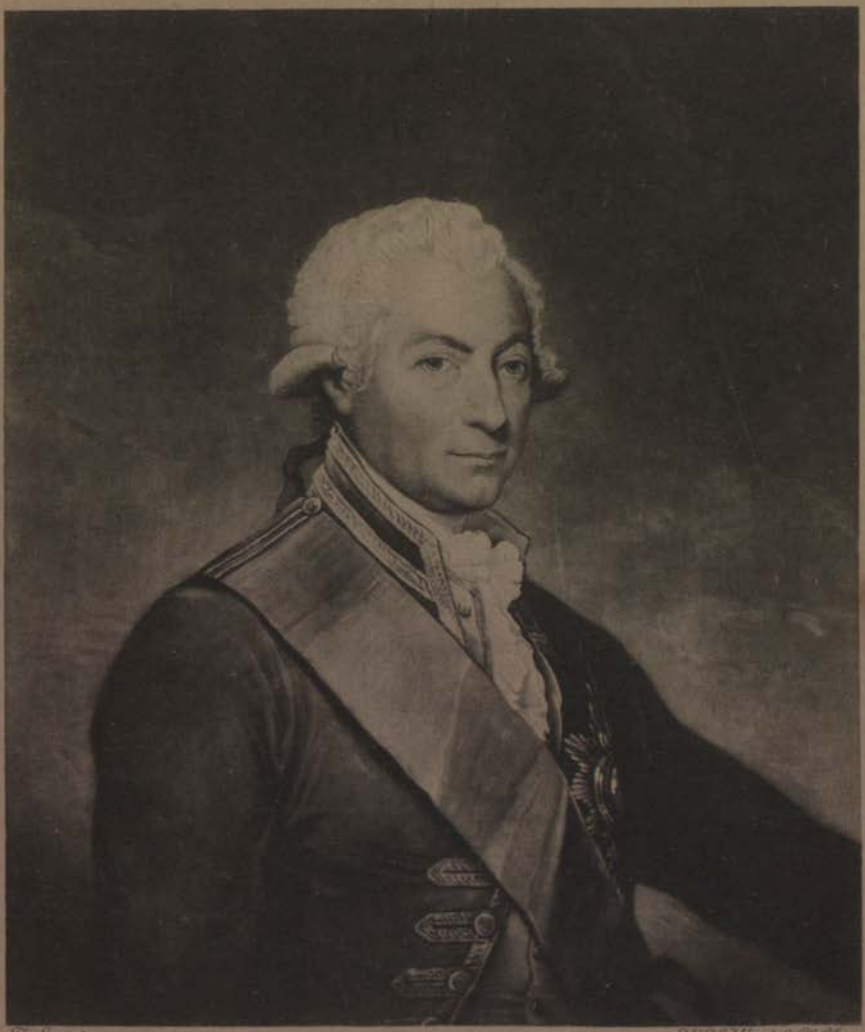
It was about the same time that Sir John Jervis arrived to take the command, which Hotham had resigned on the plea of failing health. There can be little doubt that he felt the responsibility of the position too much for him. At the time it was not understood how greatly he had been overburdened. He had fought two battles, had won two victories, and had captured or destroyed three ships of the line. Nelson's opinion of the battles and of Hotham was unknown, and if it had been known it would have carried no weight. In the course of 1797, Hotham was raised to a peerage on the Irish Establishment, as Baron Hotham; but he had no further service. The events of 1797 and of 1798 probably convinced him that a style of fighting had come in which he could not hope to

practise, and he lived in contented retirement till 1813.

Jervis was a very different sort of man. As fearless before the enemy as Hotham, he had the higher moral courage of almost greater importance in a commander, the fearlessness of responsibility. He was at this time in his sixty-first year, had served with credit through the Seven Years' War and through the War of American Independence, had been captain of the Foudroyant, and was distinguished not so much by his good conduct in the battle off Ushant in 1778, or by the brilliant capture of the Pégase in 1782, as by the perfection of the order and discipline of his ship. Young officers, it is said, used to be sent on board her to see what a man-of-war ought to look like; and, as a minor point, it is noted that she was the first ship in the navy to carry three royal yards.

In the end of 1793 he had gone out to the Leeward Islands as commander-in-chief, and in the early part of 1794 had captured Martinique, Guadeloupe, and St. Lucia.

As he did not return to England till December 1794, the portrait, here reproduced, published as a print in August 1794, with the legend, "Vice-Admiral of the White and Commander-in-chief of His Majesty's ships at the Reduction of the Islands



J. Stuart. W. H. Ward & Co. Lith.

Sir John Jervis. K. B.

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of Martinique, St. Lucia, Guadeloupe, Marie-Galante, Deseada, and the Saints, from a capital picture in the possession of Francis Stephens, Esq.," must have been painted some time before, probably about the year 1790, when he was fifty-five.

His conduct in the West Indies had pointed him out for higher commands, and accordingly he had been named for the Mediterranean as soon as Hood was forced to resign, though an unwillingness to disturb Hotham had delayed his actual appointment. His arrival in the fleet marked the beginning of a new era. There was no more peaceful lying in San Fiorenzo Bay, no more "skulking," as Nelson had called it, among the Balearic Islands. The fleet was kept actually off Toulon, though, with detachments in the Levant, at Tunis, or at Gibraltar, the numbers with the flag were seldom equal to those of the French in the harbour. But off Toulon Jervis determined the fleet should remain, and what Jervis determined on was generally accomplished. He determined that the fleet under his command should be to other fleets what, fifteen years before, the Foudroyant had been to other ships; and it came to be so, but only by a constant attention to minutiæ, an enforcement of orders, which was considered by many to be extremely irritating. Of this Jervis was careless. He had been brought up in a

hard school, and was obeyed from fear when he was not obeyed from love.

But although unsparing in his reprimands to those whom he judged careless, disobedient, or stupid, he was lavish of praise when the conduct of an officer seemed to him to merit it. While in the West Indies he had witnessed the gallantry of Captain Faulknor—the same who afterwards, when in command of the Blanche, fell, shot through the heart, in the celebrated engagement with the Pique; but at the siege of Fort-Royal of Martinique, commander of the Zebra sloop, which, in the final attack, he ran close to the wall of the fort, and "leaping overboard at the head of his sloop's company, assailed and took this important post before the boats could get on shore. No language of mine can express the merit of Captain Faulknor upon this occasion."

This was what Jervis wrote officially. What he did personally was described by Faulknor himself in a letter to his mother. "The Zebra, when she came out of action, was cheered by the admiral's ship; and the admiral himself publicly embraced me on the quarter-deck, and directed the band to play 'See the Conquering Hero Comes!' Such compliments are without example in the navy." In reality he went beyond this. As he embraced Faulknor, he presented him with his commission as

captain, saying: "Captain Faulknor, by your daring courage this day a French frigate has fallen into our hands. I have ordered her to be taken into our service, and here is your commission to command her, in which I have named her, after yourself, Sir, the Undaunted."[1]

As in the West Indies, so in the Mediterranean. Nelson was previously unknown to him. They met for the first time on 19th January 1796, when the Agamemnon joined the fleet in San Fiorenzo Bay, and on the 20th Nelson wrote to his wife: "We were received not only with the greatest attention, but with much apparent friendship. . . . I found the admiral anxious to know many things which I was a good deal surprised to find had not been communicated to him from others in the fleet; and it would appear that he was so well satisfied with my opinion of what is likely to happen, and the means of prevention to be taken, that he had no reserve with me respecting his information and ideas of what is likely to be done."

Nelson was forthwith sent off into the Gulf of Genoa. "The fleet," he wrote to his wife, "was not a little surprised at my leaving them

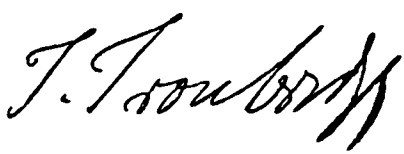
[1] The name "Undaunted" has remained in the navy, and is now borne by a first-class cruiser.

so soon, and I fancy there was some degree of envy attached to the surprise; for one captain told me, 'You did just as you pleased in Lord Hood's time, the same in Admiral Hotham's, and now again with Sir John Jervis.' . . . My command here is to prevent any small number of men from making a descent in Italy." At the same time, Jervis, on his part, was writing of Nelson as one "whose zeal, activity, and enterprise cannot be surpassed. I have only to lament the want of means to give him the command of a squadron equal to his merit."

But the rapidity with which these two men gauged each other's worth is very remarkable. Jervis, of course, was a known man. Before he saw him, Nelson had heard plenty of the Foudroyant, and the Pégase, and the capture of Martinique. Of Nelson, on the other hand, Jervis cannot have known or heard much. Hotham he had not seen since the war began; his acquaintance with Hood was slight, and it is very improbable that he consulted him. Locker, it is true, was an old shipmate, and may have spoken of Nelson as a rising man, but scarcely in terms which would justify the high opinion which Jervis so quickly expressed.

But it was not only of Nelson that he judged

with this quick insight. In August he wrote to the secretary of the Admiralty: "The copper of the Courageux is very defective, but it would break Ben Hallowell's heart to go home. I am afraid of being thought a puffer like many of my brethren, or I should have dealt out the merits of Captain Troubridge, which are very uncommon. I never saw him before my arrival at San Fiorenzo." Hallowell had served as a lieutenant under Hood and Rodney in North America and the West Indies; he had been made a captain by Hood at Toulon in 1793, and in 1794 had served with Nelson on shore at Calvi. Troubridge—Thomas Troubridge—had been an intimate friend of Nelson's from boyhood; they had gone out as youngsters together in the Seahorse. Nelson came home in less than three years. Troubridge had remained, was moved into the flagship, was made a lieutenant and afterwards a captain by Sir Edward Hughes, was present in all the actions with Suffren, and had not come home till after an absence of ten years. And now, in the Mediterranean, the old friendship with Nelson had been renewed,



and was to form an important factor in the careers of each.

During the summer of 1796 Nelson continued detached from the fleet, in command of a frigate squadron on the coast of Italy, and for most of the time as commodore, with a distinguishing pennant, which Jervis ordered him to wear. In October, Spain was forced by France to declare war against England, and to put her fleet at the disposal of the Directory. This seriously changed the situation, for the force with Jervis was unable to oppose the great numerical odds of a Franco-Spanish fleet. Rear-Admiral Man, who had for the past year commanded a strong squadron at Gibraltar, was ordered to join the commander-in-chief in San Fiorenzo Bay. After Hotham's second action Nelson had described him as "a good man in every sense of the word," but he was now guilty of an extraordinary breach of discipline and error of judgment. He believed that the Spanish fleet commanded the approach to Corsica; that it would be impossible for him to join the admiral; that to attempt it would be to sacrifice the squadron; and, instead of obeying the order, he withdrew

from the Mediterranean, and, after a short cruise off Cadiz, sailed to England.

On his reporting himself at Spithead, he was ordered to strike his flag, nor was he employed again. But the mischief had been done. Jervis had been left with not more than fifteen sail of the line to face a combined fleet of thirty-eight. Bonaparte, too, had overrun the north of Italy. Naples had been compelled to declare itself neutral. There were thus no English interests or allies to protect, even if there had been an English force capable of protecting them; and, in accordance with instructions from home, Jervis evacuated Corsica and retired to Gibraltar and to Lisbon.

In the beginning of February he put to sea in order to prevent the Spanish fleet joining the French at Brest. The political situation in England was at the time extremely alarming. The news of the French successes in Italy, of the English fleet quitting the Mediterranean, of the attempt of Hoche on Ireland, of the failure of negotiations and of the English Ambassador being ordered to quit France within forty-eight hours, had concurred to give a shock to the public mind. When the Bank stopped cash payments the alarm was at its height, and consols sank to 51. It was known that by a series of disasters the

fleet with Jervis had been reduced to ten ships, and that the Franco-Spanish fleet in the Mediterranean was of four times the force. The sole dependence of the country had been on the navy, and the navy had failed. Utter ruin seemed imminent.

On 6th February, Jervis was joined by a reinforcement of five ships under Rear-Admiral Parker, thus again bringing up his force to fifteen ships of the line; and with these he took up his station off Cadiz, ranging from Cape St. Vincent to Cape Spartel, determined to prevent the passage of the Spanish Mediterranean fleet.

Nelson at this time had been sent up the Mediterranean in the Minerve to bring away the troops from Elba, and on the passage up had captured the Spanish frigate Santa Sabina, which he was obliged to relinquish on being chased by the Spanish fleet. At Elba the general in command had declined to evacuate the island without direct orders, and Nelson, returning from his bootless errand, saw some of the Spanish ships at Algeciras and in the Straits, and on the night of 12th February passed through their whole fleet. On the 13th he rejoined the admiral, and moved back into his own ship, the Captain, which now flew his red broad pennant at the main. During the night the signal-guns of the

Spaniards were repeatedly heard. It was known that they were in the immediate neighbourhood, and Nelson had brought in a fairly accurate report of their number. Jervis knew perfectly well that it was nearly double that of his own squadron; but he knew also that their real strength was not proportionate; and, whatever it was, he was determined to fight.

The early morning of 14th February was very foggy, and the enemy's fleet was not seen till about ten o'clock. It was then made out to consist of twenty-seven ships of the line, many of them of unusual size, including the Santisima Trinidad, of 130 guns, at that time the largest ship in the world. Against this imposing armament Jervis mustered no more than fifteen ships of the line, and though six of these were three-deckers, they were very inferior in size to those of the enemy. On the other hand, the Spanish ships were in very bad order, their men were not sailors, their officers were not seamen; whilst of the English ships, ten had been with Jervis for a year, and the other five had been in the Channel fleet, some of them for two years. From this point of view the superiority of the English was enormous, and the English officers, Jervis himself, and certainly Nelson, recognised it as more than counterbalancing the disproportion of numbers.

The story is told—and is probably true—that as the Spanish force was gradually made out through the fog and reported to the admiral: "There are eight sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, Sir." "Twenty sail"—"Twenty-five sail"—"Twenty-seven." "Enough, Sir," said Jervis; "no more of that. The die is cast, and if there are fifty sail I will go through them." Captain Hallowell, whose ship, the Courageux, had been wrecked a few weeks before, and was serving as a volunteer on board the Victory, was standing beside the admiral at the time, and was so delighted at the answer that he patted him on the back, exclaiming, "That's right, Sir John: by God, we'll give them a damned good licking." Jervis was not a man to take liberties with, but in the excitement of the moment much might be forgiven; and in this instance it would come the more naturally, as Hallowell was somewhat irrepressible and of colossal stature, while Jervis was rather under the middle height—about 5 feet 7 inches.

The Spanish fleet, which had been at Cartagena and been ordered back to Cadiz, after passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, had experienced a fresh south-easterly breeze, which the inexperience of their crews had imagined to be a gale, and had been blown by it some distance to the westward.

On the night of the 13th the wind had changed to the west, blowing fair for the Spaniards' port. When they were seen about ten o'clock on the 14th they were in an irregular, straggling line, streaming away to the east. They were to the southward of the English, who, by signal, formed line of battle ahead and astern of the admiral's ship, the Victory, as most convenient, and pressed on without delay, Troubridge in the Culloden leading.

As they approached the enemy's line, nine of the Spanish ships had already passed to the eastward of the English. There was here a considerable gap in their very loose formation; but it appeared that, as the two lines were steering, the tenth Spanish ship and the Culloden would inevitably come into collision at the point of crossing. Mr. Griffiths, the first lieutenant of the Culloden, pointed this out to Troubridge, who answered, "Can't help it, Griffiths; let the weakest fend off." As the English van came on, there was a distant cannonade between the leading ships on either side; but the Culloden, reserving her fire, poured a double-shotted broadside into the unfortunate Spaniard which had threatened her with collision. Almost at the same moment Jervis made the signal to "tack in succession," that is, to turn towards the north,

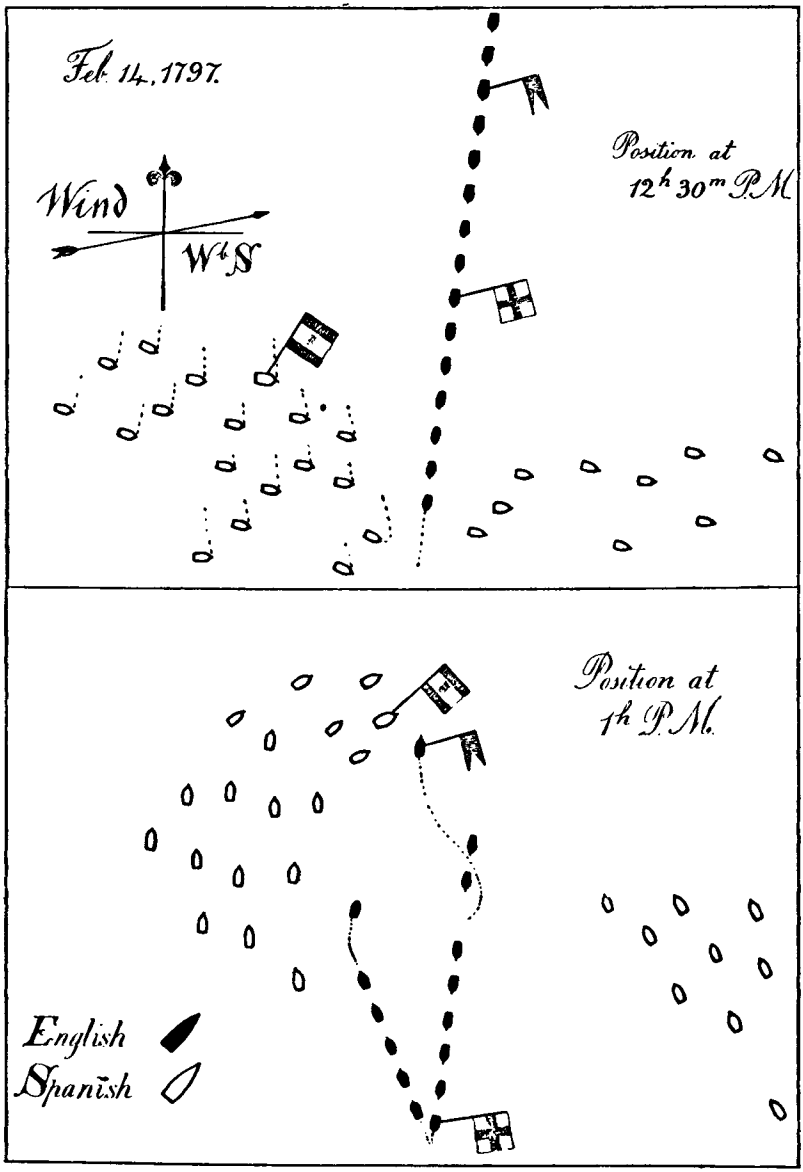
EXPLANATION OF THE PLAN

12h. 30m. P.M.—"Let the weakest fend off." The English fleet, in close line of battle, standing towards the south, the Culloden leading; the Victory, with the flag of Sir John Jervis (blue at the main), indicated by the St. George's flag; the Captain, by the broad pennant. The Spanish fleet, in very irregular line, running towards the east, and turning northwards to avoid the collision; the Santisima Trinidad, flagship of Don Josef de Cordova, indicated by the Spanish flag.

1h. P.M.—The English tacking in succession; the Culloden, the leading ship, keeping away to join the Captain; followed at some distance by the Blenheim, Prince George, and Orion. The Spaniards, standing towards the north, and bearing up to pass astern of the English rear, are headed back by Nelson in the Captain, presently supported by the Culloden.

It must be understood that this and the other plans are intended merely as indications, without any attempt at an accuracy which would be quite impossible of attainment. The regularity of the English line, and the irregularity of the Spanish, are here purposely exaggerated, in order to accentuate, on the very small scale, the extreme difference between the two.

THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT



one after the other, as each ship arrived at the spot where the Culloden turned. In this way the formation in line ahead, or, as it may be called, Indian file, would be preserved. But at the same time the Spaniards also turned to the north, all together, a disorderly crowd, with one object, to escape from another such salute as that of the Culloden.

Jervis was apparently slow to realise the confusion, the utter disorganisation of the Spanish fleet; otherwise he would surely have made the signal to turn all together and chase the beaten and flying enemy. As it was, as the English continued standing to the south till ship after ship reached the turning-point, the Spaniards, flying to the north, began to draw clear of the English rear. A hope came to them. They could pass astern of the English line, could rejoin the ships which had previously passed ahead of it, and could then make their way straight to Cadiz with a fair wind and no enemy between them and their port. As Jervis was ordering the battle, there was nothing to hinder them.

Unfortunately for them, the Captain was in the rear of the English line—the last ship but two; and Nelson saw the possibilities and fathomed the

intentions of the Spaniards the moment they began to give effect to them. He threw the orders of the commander-in-chief to the winds, wore out of the line, singly threw himself in the way of the retreating Spaniards and came into close action with the Spanish flagship, the huge Santisima Trinidad. The Spaniards, balked of their aim, resumed their former course; but the attempt had so far delayed them that it permitted the Culloden to come to the Captain's assistance, and for some time these two ships were opposed to the whole division of the Spanish fleet.

Later on other ships came to their support—the Blenheim, Prince George, and Orion. The last ship in the line, too, the Excellent, was ordered by signal to tack at once, and so got in amongst the foremost. By degrees the action became more general. The Salvador del Mundo, of 112 guns, after being severely pounded by the Excellent, Irresistible, and Diadem, struck her colours to the Victory; the San Ysidro, of 74 guns, struck to the Excellent, which passed on to where the Captain, now nearly disabled, was closely engaged with the San Nicolas, of 80 guns. Between these two the Excellent passed, and, at the distance of only a few yards, poured a tremendous broadside into the San Nicolas.

Every shot told, and the Spaniard, staggering from the blow, luffed into the wind, and fell foul of the great three-decker San Josef, of 112 guns, which at almost exactly the same moment had received a similar compliment from the Prince George. The two ships were completely beaten; but, as the Prince George and Excellent passed on to seek other enemies, they might have cleared themselves and got away, had not Nelson, realising the situation, and seeing that the Captain was useless in the chase, ordered the helm to be put down; and, as the Captain's bow struck the San Nicolas's quarter, he sprang on board, with Berry, Noble, Pearson of the 69th regiment, and a sufficient party of men. It is the position of the three ships at this moment, the Captain in the foreground, which the artist has represented in the picture here reproduced.

On board the San Nicolas the resistance was trifling, and Berry hauled down her flag. A few musket-shot fired from the San Josef attracted Nelson's attention to her. He called for more men, and was proceeding to board her, when one of her officers hailed to say she surrendered. Nelson was then handed on board, stepped on her quarter-deck—not in a wild rush, with hair and coat-tails streaming in the wind, as shown in Westall's cele-

N. Pocock. *W. H. Ward & Co, L'd. sc.*

THE BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT.

brated but utterly unhistorical picture[1]—and received the officers' swords. There were many of them, and, as they were delivered, he handed them over to one of his bargemen — William Fearney by name—who gathered them under his arm "as if he had been making up a faggot." "Thus fell these ships."

Further ahead, the Blenheim, Orion, Irresistible, and Excellent beset the Santisima Trinidad, which had previously been very roughly handled by the Captain and the Culloden. Her masts were shot away, and her flag was struck; it was said that she showed an English flag in token of surrender, but she was not taken possession of. The two divisions of the enemy were uniting, and a strong body of ships which had not been engaged was approaching to support her. It seemed as if they were going to renew the action in force, and Jervis made the signal to re-form, to cover the disabled ships and the prizes—and so the action ended.

Nelson's share in the battle had been brilliant and conspicuous. It was not so much that his prompt decision, and that alone, had rendered it something more than a mere passing skirmish: that passed comparatively unnoticed. What attracted more general attention, both in the fleet,

[1] Now in the Painted Hall at Greenwich.

and afterwards at home, was his "patent bridge for boarding first-rates." For a 74-gun ship to carry by boarding, first an 80-gun ship and then a 112-gun ship, was a thing without parallel, and no one stopped to consider how far it might be explained by the condition to which the captured ships had been previously reduced. As the Victory and the other ships astern passed the Captain they cheered her; and in the evening, when Nelson went on board the Victory, the admiral received him on the quarter-deck, embraced him, said he could not sufficiently thank him, and, wrote Nelson, "used every kind expression which could not fail to make me happy."

The Captain being, for the time, completely disabled, Nelson moved into the Irresistible with Captain George Martin — afterwards admiral of the fleet and G.C.B. The next day he wrote to the captain of the Excellent, his old West Indian friend, Cuthbert Collingwood, thanking him for his timely help. His letter ran :—

"My dearest Friend,—'A friend in need is a friend indeed,' was never more truly verified than by your most noble and gallant conduct yesterday in sparing the Captain from further loss; and I beg, both as a public officer and a friend, you will accept my most sincere thanks. I have not failed,

by letter to the admiral, to represent the eminent services of the Excellent. . . . We shall meet at Lagos; but I could not come near you without assuring you how sensible I am of your assistance in nearly a critical situation.—Believe me, as ever, your most affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

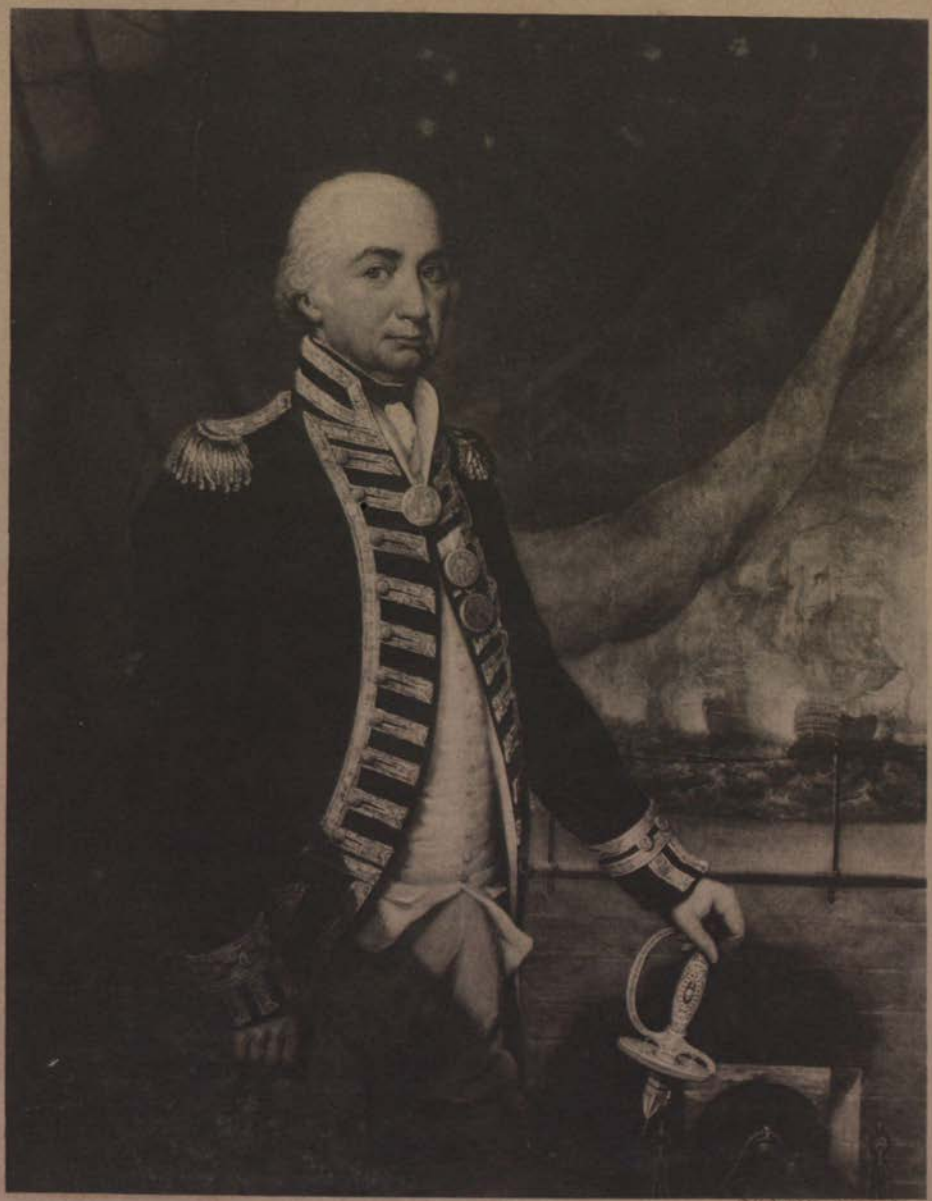
To this Collingwood replied the same day:—

"MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND,—First let me congratulate you on the success of yesterday, on the brilliancy it attached to the British Navy, and the humility it must cause to its enemies; and then let me congratulate my dear commodore on the distinguished part which he ever takes when the honour and interests of his country are at stake. It added very much to the satisfaction which I felt in thumping the Spaniards, that I released you a little. The highest rewards are due to you and Culloden. You formed the plan of attack; we were only accessories to the Don's ruin; for had they got on the other tack they would have been sooner joined, and the business would have been less complete. . . . I beg my compliments to Captain Martin. I think he was at Jamaica

when we were.—I am ever, my dear friend, affectionately yours,

That Nelson's conduct had been admirable was generally, indeed universally, admitted; but a narrative drawn up by him and sent home, having found its way into the papers, caused some bitterness, by seeming to claim what others, and especially Sir William Parker—he had just been made a baronet—considered an undue share of the credit. Parker accordingly wrote a long letter to Nelson, in which he asserted—(1) that the Blenheim, Prince George, and Orion were closely following the Culloden, and that the statement that the Captain and Culloden were unsupported for "near an hour" was inaccurate; and (2) that the San Josef struck her colours to the Prince George, which had then passed on, leaving the prize to be taken possession of by the Captain.

A very different estimate of time on board ships in the very different positions of the Captain and Prince George—the first waiting for, the second bringing, the support—is almost the rule in accounts



W. H. Ward & Co. Lt.ae

Lord Collingwood.

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of actions, and it is not improbable that Nelson's "near an hour" was an exaggeration.[1] Still, the evidence of several independent witnesses is sufficient to prove that there was a considerable interval. As to the San Josef, Nelson had made no special claim that she struck to him; that, under the circumstances, might clearly be doubtful: what he claimed was that he took possession of her when otherwise she might have slipped away, as the Santisima Trinidad actually did. There is no reason to doubt that both Parker and Nelson wrote in perfect good faith, though each of them was naturally inclined to emphasise what his own ship had done.

Nelson refused to discuss the point; and Parker allowed it to drop, after drawing up a very moderate narrative, in which he said: "Commodore Nelson, in the Captain, being in the rear of our line upon the starboard tack [when standing towards the south], tacked,[2] and joined the ships with me in the van. . . . From the disabled state of the Captain, she fell on board one of the ships she had been opposed to, but whether from the exact intention of Commodore Nelson I am to learn; however, he

[1] Nelson's words are, however: "near an hour, I believe (but do not pretend to be correct as to time)"; *i.e.* he put it down at a guess.

[2] It is immaterial to the point at issue, except as marking accuracy of observation; but it is quite certain that the Captain did not tack; she wore.

boarded her and made her strike; and a three-decker, bearing a rear-admiral's flag, struck to the fire of the Prince George, and, from her disabled state, fell on board the same Spanish ship Commodore Nelson was on board of, upon the quarter, on the other side. . . . Too much cannot be said of the bravery displayed in the conduct of the ships with me, and I certainly feel it incumbent on me to say that the Captain, Culloden, and Blenheim, but more particularly the two former, bore more of the brunt of the action than the Prince George and Orion, from their being more in the van."

Before the battle was fought, Jervis had been raised to the peerage as a baron, though he had not received the notification of it. Before the news of the battle reached England, Nelson had been promoted, in course of seniority, to the rank of rear-admiral. When the news did arrive, the enthusiasm was in proportion to the previous despondency. All the gifts in the hands of the Government were showered on the victors. The thanks of Parliament were voted by acclamation. Jervis's barony was converted into an earldom, and endowed with a life

pension of £3000 a year. The King himself suggested that he should take his title from the scene of the victory. The second in command, Vice-Admiral Charles Thompson, and the fourth, Rear-Admiral William Parker, were made baronets. The third in command, Vice-Admiral Waldegrave, having, as an earl's son, precedence over baronets, was passed over for the time; but three years later he was made an Irish peer, as Lord Radstock. It was his son, the second Lord Radstock, who formed that valuable collection of pamphlets and other rare works on naval history which his widow presented to the library of the Royal United Service Institution. In accordance with his own wish, Nelson was made a Knight of the Bath, instead of a baronet; he received also the thanks of the city of London and a sword. Calder, the captain of the fleet, was knighted; and the gold medal was given to every flag-officer and captain.

After the battle and the retreat of the Spaniards into Cadiz, Nelson had command of the inshore squadron, closely blockading the port. On 1st April he received the announcement of his promotion, and the same day hoisted his flag on board the Captain, to which he had returned during the previous week. He was then again sent into the Mediterranean to bring away the troops from Elba,

and on his return shifted his flag to the Theseus, a ship newly come from England, with a crew reported to be strongly infected with a mutinous disposition. Miller, the captain of the Captain, accompanied him to the Theseus, and under his firm but considerate discipline directed by Nelson, the spirit of mutiny died out, and the Theseus became as orderly as any ship in the fleet.

It was, however, at this time that a most dangerous wave of mutiny swept over the navy. The mutiny at Spithead, which was provoked by legitimate grievances and the neglect of the Admiralty, was followed by the seditious and treasonable mutiny at the Nore; and from there the feeling had spread to the most distant stations—the Cape of Good Hope and the West Indies. Naturally it reached the fleet off Cadiz, the more so as it was thought at the Admiralty that the iron rule of the Earl of St. Vincent—who now signed *St. Vincent* —might be wholesome for the disaffected, and they accordingly sent out to him the worst ships and drafts of the worst men. Many of these were not mutineers in the strict sense of the term, but rebels, United Irishmen, not to speak of the thieves and murderers,

actual or potential, whom it was the fashion of the day to press from the prisons and the slums. Amid such material an epidemic of mutiny easily became dangerous, and for some time there was every probability of a violent outbreak in the fleet before Cadiz. That no such took place was due to the stern, unrelenting justice administered by St. Vincent, with whose measures Nelson fully concurred. The only mention of them that appears in his correspondence is an expression of his satisfaction that two mutineers, condemned late on Saturday night, had been hanged first thing on Sunday morning. "Had it been Christmas day. instead of Sunday," he wrote to Sir Robert Calder, "I would have executed them." And to St. Vincent himself he wrote: "The particular situation of the service requires extraordinary measures. I hope this will end all the disorders in our fleet. Had there been the same determined spirit at home, I do not believe it would have been half so bad."

Early in July, Nelson was sent with a strong squadron to Teneriffe, to demand the surrender of a rich Manila ship which had taken refuge there. He had some weeks before proposed to the admiral to capture some treasure ships reported to have put in there, with the help of the

soldiers coming down from Elba. But the soldiers had been sent home, and he was now ordered to attempt a similar service with a force of ships alone.

Besides the Theseus, he had with him the Culloden, and the Zealous, commanded by Samuel Hood, a cousin, or, more exactly, the son of a first cousin of his great namesake, Lord Hood, and himself a man of very distinguished service both before this time and after it. As a midshipman of the Robust, with his cousin, now Lord Bridport, he had been present in Keppel's action off Ushant in 1778; and afterwards, as a lieutenant of the Barfleur with Sir Samuel Hood, he had been in the several actions with De Grasse in the West Indies and off the mouth of the Chesapeake.

At the beginning of the present war he had come out to the Mediterranean as captain of the Juno frigate, and had been sent from Toulon by Lord Hood to bring up some supernumeraries. He did not return till the night of 9th January 1794. It was very dark, with drizzling rain, and Captain Hood, not knowing of the departure of

the English, ran right into the harbour and let go the anchor. A French boat came on board and directed him to go to another part of the harbour for quarantine. But, as he was trying to find out from these pretended health-officers where the English fleet was, a gleam of moonshine showed him that they were wearing tricoloured cockades. His quick intelligence seized the fact, and taking advantage of a puff of wind off the land, he bundled the Frenchmen below, made sail, and cut the cable. As the Juno ran out of the harbour, the batteries opened their fire on her, but, in the dark, without much effect, and she got outside with very little damage.

He had shortly afterwards been moved into the Aigle, a larger frigate, and early in 1796 to the Zealous, which, in February 1797, having narrowly escaped from the fate of the Courageux, was refitting at Lisbon when the battle of St. Vincent was fought. In the following year he was intimately associated with Nelson, and had a very distinguished part in the battle of the Nile. In 1806 he lost his right arm in action with a squadron of French frigates in the Bay of Biscay. Afterwards, as a rear-admiral, he saw some brilliant service in the Baltic. He was made a baronet; became a

vice-admiral in 1811; and died, as commander-in-chief, in the East Indies, in 1814.

A portrait by Beechey, with his right arm, and one by Hoppner, without it, have been engraved. In this last the attitude is very much the same as that of Nelson in the portrait by Hoppner in St. James's Palace; and, as it also wants the right arm, it is often, at a careless glance, mistaken for a portrait of Nelson, as well as—from the name—for a portrait of Lord Hood. The resemblance of his left-handed writing to that of Nelson is also noticeable—more so, indeed, in the body of a letter than in the signature—and seems to bear out the assertion of the Abbé Faria, that all left-handed writing is the same.

The three line-of-battle ships, with the three frigates Terpsichore, Seahorse, and Emerald, and the Fox cutter, came off Santa Cruz on July 21, and an attempt was made to land the marines and small-arm men near the town; but the wind, coming foul, prevented the attempt. From the journal of the Theseus, it appears that the signal to send the men to the frigates was made at 8 A.M. on the 21st; that the several captains were afterwards assembled

The Cullodens Officers Men Will only
Take Arms & be ready & go on board the
Telescope at 1 Oclock This day & carry
with them, Iron Ladders, (each of which
Have a Lanyard 45 Ft: Long) a
Hedge Lanern & Wedges, & a Broad Axe

Teneriffe July 20: 1797.

The Boats are to be fitted with
Harpins & Lines

Received July 20: 8. Telegraph Teneriffe

MEMORANDUM AT TENERIFFE

July 20, 1797

on board the Theseus to receive their instructions; and that the frigates, with all the captains and the landing party, separated from the ships of the line some little time before noon, when still ten or twelve miles from Santa Cruz. The preparations had, of course, been made beforehand; and the accompanying memorandum, dated the previous day, is interesting not only as one of the last that Nelson wrote with his right hand, but as showing the very close attention he gave to minute details:—

"The Culloden's officers and men, with only their arms, to be ready to go on board the Terpsichore at 1 P.M. this day; to carry with them four ladders (each of which to have a lanyard four fathoms long), a sledge hammer, wedges, and a broad axe.

"THESEUS, 20*th July* 1797.

"The boats' oars to be muffled with either a piece of canvas or kersey. H. N."

"Delivered 20th July, to Culloden, Zealous, and Theseus."

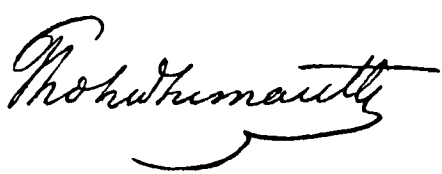
The scribble, here shown in fac-simile, was for the admiral's secretary, by whom fair copies would be made for the different ships, changing the names as necessary.

On the 24th the squadron was reinforced by the 50-gun ship Leander; and the same night, the plan attempted on the 21st being considered impossible, the boats were sent in to land at the mole, and from it to seize the town. In the darkness the boats lost their way; several were stove in the surf; four or five only reached the mole, which they held till daylight. Nelson himself, in the act of landing, had his right elbow shattered by a grapeshot, and fell back into the arms of his stepson, Josiah Nisbet, a lad of about sixteen, who, after serving with him in the Agamemnon and Captain, was at this time a lieutenant of the Theseus. Nisbet applied his neckerchief in the fashion of a tourniquet, and immediately returned to the ship, where the wounded arm was amputated. On shore the command had devolved on Troubridge, who, in the early morning, with 340 men, advanced into the town to find himself confronted by a force of 8000 men under arms, with five field-pieces. He sent Hood, who spoke Spanish well, to negotiate; and a truce was concluded, by the terms of which the English were allowed to return to their ships, and boats were provided for them, on the condition that they were to attempt no further hostilities.

And so the affair ended. If the boats had all reached the mole, and the men had landed with dry

ammunition, the result might have been different; for the Spanish troops were only raw militia on whom much dependence could not be placed. But the darkness of the night, added to the ignorance of the locality, rendered success almost impossible. As it was, the English losses were very heavy. Besides the crew of the Fox cutter, which was sunk by a round shot, and all on board, to the number of 98, drowned, there were 50 killed and 115 wounded. Among the killed was Richard Bowen, the captain of the Terpsichore, who had been promoted by Jervis for gallant conduct at Martinique; "than whom," Nelson now wrote, "a more enterprising, able, and gallant officer does not grace his Majesty's naval service." Captain Thompson, of the Leander, was slightly wounded; and Captain Fremantle, of the Seahorse, severely.

Thomas Francis Fremantle—his signature, which is rather difficult to decipher, is Tho. Fra. Fremantle—



came out to the Mediterranean with Hood, in command of the Tartar, in which, and afterwards in the Inconstant, he had repeatedly distinguished himself, and especially in bringing the Ça Ira to

action on 13th March 1795. He had afterwards been continually with Nelson in the Gulf of Genoa and on the coast of Italy; and when the fleet quitted the Mediterranean, as also in January 1797, when the commandant of the troops at Elba refused to evacuate the island, the Inconstant had been left for the support of the garrison. Fremantle had relieved the tedium of the winter by getting married at Leghorn; and, when in April the soldiers and ships at Elba were ordered down to Gibraltar, Mrs. Fremantle had accompanied her husband in the Inconstant, believing that she would go on to England. So she did; but Fremantle was moved into the Seahorse, and his wife perforce accompanied him, and was still in the ship at Santa Cruz.

Notwithstanding the serious nature of Nelson's wound, received on the morning of 25th July, his official letter to Lord St. Vincent was dated on the 27th, and sent on by the Emerald frigate, together with an autograph letter to St. Vincent, expressing a hope that his stepson might be promoted in the vacancy caused by the death of Bowen. As to himself, he wrote: "I am become a burden to my friends and useless to my country. . . . When I leave your command, I become dead to the world; I go hence and am no more seen. . . . I hope you will be able to give me a frigate to convey the

remains of my carcass to England." The letter, which has a postscript, "You will excuse my scrawl, considering it is my first attempt" (in writing with his left hand), is given in fac-simile by Clarke and M'Arthur.

On 3rd August he wrote to his wife: "It was the chance of war, and I have great reason to be thankful; and I know that it will add much to your pleasure in finding that Josiah, under God's providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life." The copy appears to be inaccurate, and, so far as is known, neither the original of this nor of the earlier one is now in existence. As the little squadron rejoined the fleet he wrote again to St. Vincent, of whose peerage he was not yet aware:—

"THESEUS, 16*th August* 1797.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I rejoice at being once more in sight of your flag, and with your permission will come on board the Ville de Paris and pay you my respects. If the Emerald has joined, you know my wishes. A left-handed admiral will never again be considered as useful; therefore the sooner I get to a very humble cottage the better, and make room for a better man to serve

the State. But, whatever be my lot, believe me, with the most sincere affection, ever your most faithful HORATIO NELSON."

To this St. Vincent replied the same day :—

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—Mortals cannot command success; you and your companions have certainly deserved it by the greatest degree of heroism and perseverance that ever was exhibited. . . . I hope you and Captain Fremantle are doing well. The Seahorse shall waft you to England the moment her wants are supplied. Your son-in-law[1] is captain of the Dolphin hospital-ship, and all other wishes you favour me with shall be fulfilled as far as is consistent with what I owe to some valuable officers in the Ville de Paris. . . . Give my love to Mrs. Fremantle. I will salute her and bow to your stump to-morrow morning if you will give me leave.

"Yours most truly and affectionately,

"ST. VINCENT."

The commander-in-chief was, of course, in the position to know and judge what had been done; but the uninformed opinion in the fleet took a less

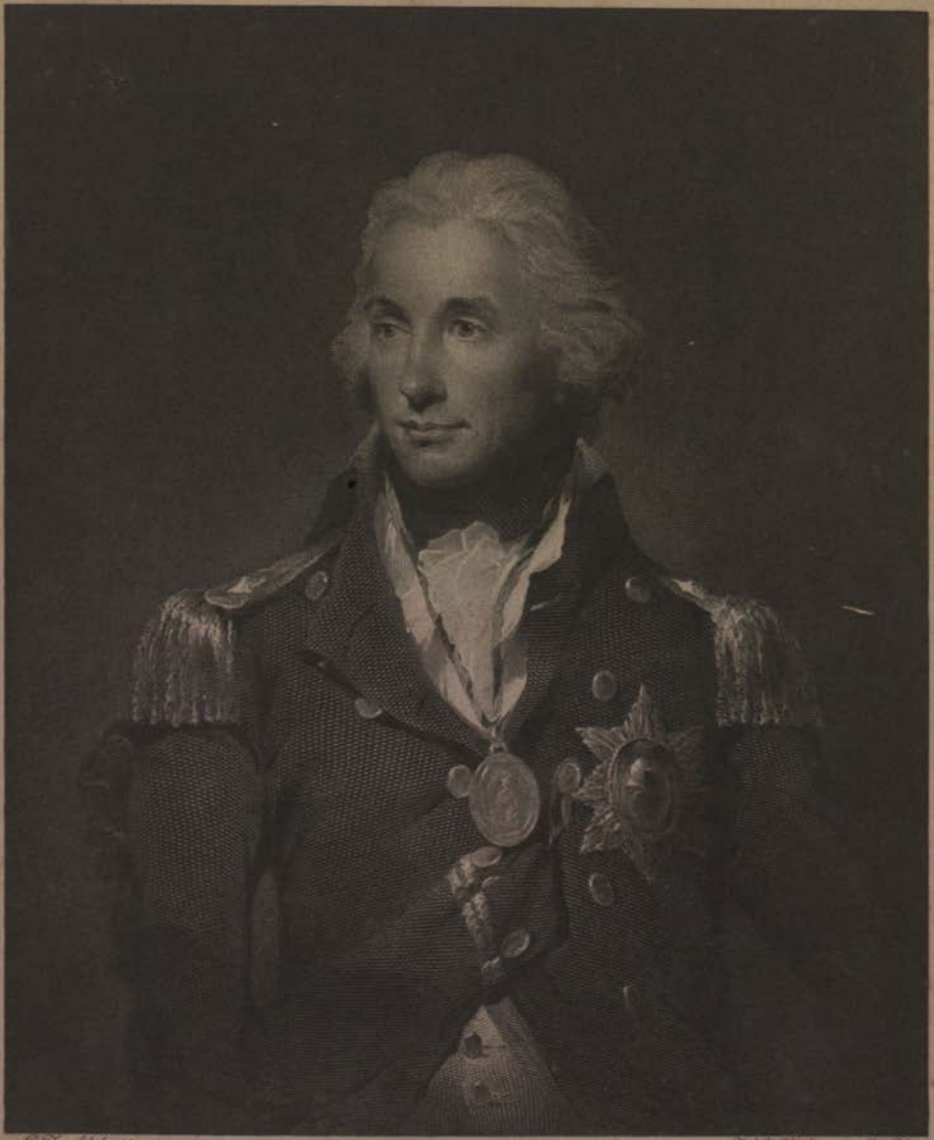
[1] *Sc.* stepson.

favourable view of the matter. A young mate of the Excellent, a lad of twenty, repeating, it would seem, or rather paraphrasing, what he had heard at his captain's table, wrote to his father: "The service has lost a very brave officer in Captain Bowen. He is regretted by every one that knows him. It is a pity such a rash man as Admiral Nelson should have a command; but I am in hopes that the loss of his arm will hinder him from taking any command again this war."

CHAPTER III

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE

THE Seahorse arrived at Spithead on 1st September, and, on the 2nd, Nelson—who had been nursed by Mrs. Fremantle during the passage—struck his flag and went to Bath. His health continued to be surprisingly good; but the arm gave him a great deal of pain, so that he could only obtain rest by the free use of opium. It afterwards appeared that, in performing the amputation, a nerve had been tied with the artery, thus causing intense pain for many weeks, and leaving behind a neuralgic predisposition and nervous irritability which permanently affected his health. As soon, however, as it appeared likely that he would be able to serve again, he was given to understand that he would be sent out to rejoin St. Vincent. At the same time the Foudroyant was spoken of as his flagship. This was a new 80-gun ship, not yet launched, and should not be confused with the older Foudroyant which Jervis had commanded



L.F. Abbott. W.H. Ward & Co. Lith. sc.

Nelson.

in 1778 or 1782—the Foudroyant which was gallantly captured by the Monmouth and Swiftsure in 1758. In the end, the Foudroyant was not ready in time, and it was settled that Nelson should go out in the 74-gun ship Vanguard, with Berry as his flag-captain. Berry is supposed to have been in more general actions than any man living, even in his time. As a volunteer and midshipman he was present in the five actions fought by Sir Edward Hughes in the East Indies, and had been promoted by Jervis in the West Indies in 1794. He had afterwards been with Nelson in the Agamemnon and Captain, and was promoted to the rank of commander in November 1796, but had remained in the Captain as a volunteer, and had specially distinguished himself in boarding the San Nicolas in the battle of St. Vincent. For his gallantry on this occasion he was at once promoted to be captain. In October, Nelson took him with him to wait on the King, who condoled with the wounded admiral on the loss of his arm. Nelson answered that he had indeed lost his right arm, but—presenting Berry—not his right hand. A portrait, by Phillips, was lent to the Naval Exhibition of 1891, by the Rev. E. Stanley Carpenter, of Shrewsbury. Another, by Copley, is in the Painted Hall at Greenwich.

On 28th November, Nelson wrote to him, congratulating him on his approaching marriage; and again on 8th December: "If you mean to marry, I would recommend your doing it speedily, or the to-be Mrs. Berry will have very little of your company; for I am well, and you may expect to be called for every hour. We shall probably be at sea before the Foudroyant is launched." It is impossible to say whether the arrangements were hurried by this strong hint, but Berry was married on the 12th. On the 19th he accompanied Nelson to St. Paul's, where the King went in state, to offer up thanksgiving for the victories, and formally presented the flags taken, on the 1st of June, at St. Vincent and at Camperdown—a gift which the authorities of the cathedral so little valued that even the memory of them has entirely vanished. The oldest verger has no recollection of ever having seen them.

In the last days of December the Vanguard was commissioned at Chatham; but it was not till three months later, on 29th March 1798, when she had gone round to Spithead, that Nelson hoisted his flag on board her. She sailed from St. Helen's on 10th April, and joined the fleet off Cadiz on the 30th.

Nelson's arrival had been anxiously expected.

In the eighteen months that he had had him under his command, St. Vincent had learnt to know him, and to trust him as he trusted few, and had already resolved to send him at once into the Mediterranean with a small squadron, to try and ascertain the designs of the French, who, according to his latest intelligence, were preparing a mighty armament at Toulon, the purpose of which was entirely unknown. There was therefore no delay, and, on 2nd May, Nelson went on to Gibraltar, whence he sailed on the 9th, in company with the 74-gun ships Orion and Alexander, four frigates, and a brig.

Sir James Saumarez, the captain of the Orion,

who was a year older than Nelson, had been made a lieutenant for his good conduct in the murderous attack on Fort Sullivan on 28th June 1776; a commander for his share, as lieutenant of the Fortitude, in the hard-fought action on the Dogger-bank, 5th August 1781; and a captain for his intelligent service with Hood at St. Kitt's in January 1782. As a young captain, then only twenty-five,

he had commanded the Russell in the battle of 12th April, and was for some time closely engaged with the Ville de Paris. In 1793, when in command of the Crescent frigate, he had captured the French frigate Réunion, of somewhat superior force, a brilliant piece of service, for which he had been knighted. Afterwards, as captain of the Orion, he had again distinguished himself in Lord Bridport's action off Isle Groix on 23rd June 1795, and more especially in the battle of St. Vincent. He was thus a man of long experience and most meritorious service, with the additional advantage that, being a native of Guernsey, he spoke French as readily as English.

The captain of the Alexander, Alexander John Ball, also a year older than Nelson, was a lieutenant of the Formidable on 12th April 1782; was promoted out of her two days afterwards, and came home a post-captain in 1783. He also went to France on the peace, to economise and learn the language, and was at St. Omer when Nelson was there, but did not make his personal acquaintance. Nelson apparently considered that

Ball, being four years his junior as a captain, ought to have called on him; and it was probably this, more than the alleged cause, which gave Nelson an unfavourable impression. He wrote to Locker: "Two noble captains are here, Ball and Shepard; they wear fine epaulettes, for which I think them great coxcombs. They have not visited me; and I shall not, be assured, court their acquaintance."

With Saumarez, Nelson was already well acquainted, though there was no intimacy. Ball was appointed to the Alexander in August 1796, but had not joined the fleet off Cadiz till after Nelson had gone home in the Seahorse, and the two men met for the first time when Nelson took the Alexander under his command at Gibraltar. It is said that when Ball went on board the Vanguard to pay his respects, Nelson greeted him with, "What, are you come to have your bones broken?" Ball answered that he had no wish to have his bones broken, unless his duty to his king and country required it, and then they should not be spared. Such a meeting was not a favourable prognostic for the future; but the omen was happily falsified.

By 18th May the little squadron was off Toulon, and one of the frigates captured a small corvette, from whose crew Nelson ascertained that there were fifteen ships of the line ready for sea, and

a great many transports, which were embarking troops, cavalry as well as infantry. "Reports say," he wrote, "they are to sail in a few days, and others that they will not sail for a fortnight. . . . They order their matters so well in France that all is secret." All that he could hope to do was to watch for their sailing and keep touch with them; but, unfortunately, on the night of the 20th a violent storm from the north-west drove the squadron far to the southward and dismasted the Vanguard. She was in imminent danger of sinking; so much so, that, when the Alexander took her in tow, Nelson, afraid that the two ships might be sent to the bottom together, called to Ball to cast off the tow-rope. Ball, however, persevered, and succeeded in bringing her safely into the roadstead of San Pietro in Sardinia. As soon as they anchored, Nelson went on board the Alexander, and cordially embracing Ball, exclaimed—as fifteen months before he had written to Collingwood—"A friend in need is a friend indeed." It was the beginning of a friendship between the two which later years only strengthened.

By the joint exertions of Berry, Saumarez, and Ball, the Vanguard was jury-rigged and ready for sea in four days, and on 31st May the three ships were again off Toulon; but the harbour

was empty. The French had, in fact, sailed with the same northerly wind which had treated the Vanguard so roughly. They had gone, they had vanished; the water left no trail; and by an extraordinary mischance, which has never been explained, all the frigates had separated in the storm, after seeing the Vanguard dismasted. They had taken for granted that she would be obliged to return to Gibraltar to refit; they had accordingly gone to Gibraltar, had rejoined the fleet, and were not sent back. Their absence paralysed Nelson's hands, not only at the outset, but throughout the campaign. As it was, he neither knew nor had means of finding out what had become of the French. They might have gone south. St. Vincent had suggested Sicily as their possible aim; but he had equally suggested Portugal or Ireland. Nelson thought it at least as probable that they were in some roadstead in the Gulf of Genoa, collecting and organising their forces, and he was unwilling to leave the neighbourhood till he had some certain knowledge. He was thus still to the north of Elba on 7th June, when he was joined by a strong squadron of ten 74-gun ships, the Leander, of 50 guns, and the Mutine brig, all under the command of Nelson's old friend Captain Troubridge, in the Culloden.

This large force was sent in obedience to special orders from the Admiralty, dated 2nd May, the very day on which St. Vincent had given his first orders to Nelson; and, in a private letter accompanying them, Lord Spencer suggested that Nelson would be the proper man to command it. As Nelson was already in the Mediterranean, it would have been invidious to make any other arrangement; but in any case St. Vincent would have concurred with Lord Spencer's suggestion; for of Sir William Parker, the second in command, and of Sir John Orde, the third, he had not formed a very high opinion. They were, however, excessively angry at a junior's being detached on what was practically an independent command, and both of them remonstrated. St. Vincent smoothed matters over for the time by representing the appointment as really made from home; but Orde felt more particularly aggrieved, and the circumstance gave rise to a feeling of antagonism, which resulted in St. Vincent's summarily sending him home—a proceeding which the Admiralty did not approve of, and for which, on his return to England, he was challenged by Orde, though the duel was happily prevented. Between Nelson and Orde, too,

it left a bitterness and jealousy which found expression in many of Nelson's later letters.

For some days after the reinforcement had joined him, Nelson continued examining the northern coast of Italy. On the 14th he learned that the French had been seen near Sicily, and on the morning of the 17th he lay-to off the Bay of Naples, and sent Troubridge on shore to gain intelligence, and at the same time to learn the attitude of the Neapolitan Government. Troubridge went at once to call on Sir William Hamilton, the English Minister, and, with Hamilton, to see Sir John Acton, the Neapolitan Captain-General and Premier. Acton gave him every assurance of goodwill on the part of the Government, although, he explained, pending the negotiations on foot with Vienna, they were unable openly to take part with the English; but as to supplies, he gave him there and then an open order to the governors of all the ports of Sicily to assist them in every possible way.

With this, and the information that the French were at Malta, Troubridge returned to Nelson, who immediately made sail through the Straits of Messina, hoping to find his enemy still at Malta. The strength of the fortress would, he believed, detain them till his arrival. He had not reckoned on the incapacity or treachery of the grand master, who

delivered up the place on the first summons; and when passing Messina he received the disagreeable news that the French had taken possession, had garrisoned the town, and left hurriedly. This was confirmed off Cape Passaro; but their destination was quite unknown.

His instructions spoke vaguely of "the Adriatic, Morea, Archipelago, or even the Black Sea"; but Nelson, considering all the circumstances of the armament—"40,000 troops in 280 transports, many hundred pieces of artillery, waggons, draught-horses, cavalry, artificers, naturalists, astronomers, mathematicians, &c."—came to the conclusion that Egypt and India was their aim. "Strange as it may appear," he wrote, "an enterprising enemy may with great ease get an army to the Red Sea; and if they have concerted a plan with Tippoo Sahib to have vessels at Suez, three weeks at this season is a common passage to the Malabar coast, when our India possessions would be in great danger."

Acting on a carefully reasoned-out opinion, which was, too, correct in its main features, Nelson made up his mind to look for them at Alexandria, which he reached on 29th June, seven days after passing Cape Passaro. At Alexandria the French had not been seen or heard of. He could find no flaw in his argument; and though he now knew that they

were not at Alexandria, he maintained that he had been right in looking for them there. And so, in fact, he had; for, on leaving Malta on 16th June, it was for Alexandria they steered. Nelson left Cape Passaro on the 22nd, steering in the same direction, passed them unseen in the night of the 23rd, and reached Alexandria before them.

It has often been said that, being so firmly convinced of the intention of the French, he ought to have seen that he must have passed them, and ought, therefore, to have waited for them. It is so easy to be wise after the event. It must be remembered that Nelson did not know that the French were going to Alexandria, though he had believed it. He did not know that his squadron of 74-gun ships, one of them under jury-masts, sailed nearly twice as fast as the French fleet; and as, having sailed from Malta six days before he sailed from Cape Passaro, they had not reached Alexandria before him, he could only suppose that they had, after all, gone in some other direction. So he steered to the north till he sighted the coast of Caramania; and then, having still heard nothing of the object of his search, and his ships being short of water, he went to Syracuse, where he anchored on 19th July.

So much romance and imaginative falsehood—

not to give it a worse name—has been piled up round the story of this visit to Syracuse, that it will be satisfactory to relate what really happened in the words, or rather a translation of the words, of the governor, Don Giuseppe delle Torre, as he wrote them to Sir John Acton, on 22nd July.

"On the morning of Thursday, the 19th instant, several ships were seen coming from the east, the number of which increased, though slowly, as the wind was very light, until fourteen ships of the line could be made out; but, as the distance did not permit us to distinguish either the cut of the sails or the flag, we remained in doubt as to what nation they belonged to.

"Presently, however, the wind freshening from the east, and the ships bearing up towards this place, I ordered the castle flag to be hoisted, which they answered by showing English colours. On this, I at once sent off a boat with the captain of the port and an adjutant of the town, to offer them whatever refreshments they might be in need of; but seeing that, taking advantage of the wind, they were steering straight for the harbour, I despatched a second boat with the town major and the second commandant of artillery, to confer with the commandant of the squadron, to repeat the compliments and offers of assistance, and at the same time to

acquaint him that our orders and instructions prevented our admitting into the harbour more than three or four ships of war at one time, even though they should belong to an allied and friendly power, as the English nation was.

"But at half a mile from the mouth of the harbour they met a boat from the squadron, bringing the vice-admiral[1] to me from the admiral, who showed my officers a royal letter, telling them that it contained the royal orders to admit the whole squadron, which meantime was coming on as though to enter the harbour, without waiting for any answer. The vice-admiral, accompanied by my officers, coming to my house, presented a royal despatch, written in the name of his Majesty, and signed by the captain-general, the Chevalier Acton, enjoining me in the most pressing manner to welcome and assist the English squadron, going beyond what is usual, and mentioning many novel and unexpected possibilities, by reason of his Majesty's goodwill and friendship towards the English nation.

"And although in this royal despatch it was not directly stated nor openly implied that the entire squadron was to be admitted, still, as it had almost arrived in the harbour while I was reading the

[1] Very possibly Berry the flag-captain.

royal order, and the admiral having sent me a letter written with his own hand—at best, barely intelligible—in which he referred to necessity to justify his entering with his whole squadron, it seemed better to waive the point; and the circumstances already mentioned, as well as other reflections, counselled me not to oppose or resent the entry of the squadron; the more so, as I should otherwise be obliged to have recourse to our cannon, a measure which might be productive of the most deplorable consequences, especially as the townspeople, mad with delight, were rushing headlong to the harbour, and would have carried the ships, one by one, to their own houses, if it had been possible; and considering also the very warm interest expressed by your Excellency, in the King's name, in the despatch of June 17th, which the admiral had presented to me, and the strict injunctions to welcome and assist the said squadron, I felt obliged to allow it, and to content myself with friendly protests and messages, requesting the admiral to send four ships to the neighbouring harbour of Augusta, and to direct five or six others to cruise outside, standing off and on within sight of the port, as your Excellency will see by the enclosed copy of my letter to him. In reply to which he sent me his vice-admiral to say that

he hoped to put to sea again as soon as possible, and to hand me the enclosed packet for the Minister-Plenipotentiary Hamilton, which I transmit to your Excellency to be given to him.

"Meanwhile, cultivating the most amicable relations with the admiral, I have not ceased dropping friendly hints as to the propriety of his quitting this port, or at least of his sending away part of his force, so as not to throw suspicion on the King's neutrality; trusting that your Excellency, in laying this, my humble report, before his Majesty, will not represent me as meriting his royal disapprobation. Throughout this whole business the squadron has complied with my requests to the admiral. In these three days not a soldier has set foot on shore, but only officers and the boats' crews, who all returned to their ships at the closing of the gates at sunset. They spend their money with extreme freedom, even the lowest sailors paying at least double for what they buy, notwithstanding an order I had published, strictly forbidding the country people to raise the price of their provisions.

"The commander-in-chief of the squadron came to visit me on the second day, accompanied by his staff; and I, as in duty bound, received him with every courtesy except that of personally returning his visit on board his ship; his Majesty

having given a general order prohibiting all governors of towns from going on board any ship of war, whether of our own or any other nation. On this duty I therefore sent the town major with his adjutants and some other officers. I have thus laid the whole case before your Excellency for the information of his Majesty, having earnestly endeavoured, in fulfilment of my duty, to act, so far as circumstances permitted, for the best advantage of his Majesty's service." [1]

This letter of the governor's can only be considered as directly contradicting the popular story that the fleet was watered at Syracuse in consequence of secret orders sent by the Queen; and if corroboration was needed, it is given by Nelson's letters to Sir William Hamilton—letters, it may be said, written in a fit of extreme pique at Don Giuseppe's "friendly protests and messages." On 22nd July he wrote: "I have had so much said about the King of Naples' orders only to admit three or four of our ships into his port, that I am astonished. I understood that private orders, at least, would have been given for our free admission." This would appear to be the letter which he sent to the governor to be forwarded. On the 23rd he wrote again: "Our present wants have been

[1] "Foreign Office Records, Sicily," vol. 44.

most amply supplied, and every attention has been paid to us; but I have been tormented by no private orders being given to the governor for our admission." A short extract from the Vanguard's log will be the best practical comment on the words "amply supplied":—

"20th July, employed watering the ship; received on board 664 lbs. fresh beef. 21st, employed watering; killed 2 bullocks. 22nd, employed watering; killed 2 bullocks; received on board 29 pipes of wine. 23rd, received 8 bullocks; completed our water. 24th, received on board 11 bullocks; 2 P.M. unmoored ship. 25th, at 4 A.M. came on board a pilot; at 5 weighed."

The other logs tell the same tale. All the ships completed their water and took on board an "ample supply" of wine and of bullocks, many of which, poor beasts, were thrown overboard,[1] a few days later, in clearing for action. For, on 28th July, Troubridge stood into the Gulf of Coron and brought out a small French vessel laden with wine, and intelligence that the French fleet, with transports innumerable, had been seen, about a month before, steering to the eastward along the coast of Candia. In a moment it was clear to Nelson that his first judgment was correct, that the French had gone to

[1] No less than ten were thrown overboard by the Zealous.

Egypt, and he at once determined to go there again to look for them.

On 31st July, as he was approaching Alexandria, he sent on two of his ships, the Alexander and Swiftsure, to examine the harbour; but by noon on 1st August he was sufficiently near with the whole squadron to see that it was crowded with French merchant-ships, but that no men-of-war were there. If not there, it was clear to him that they must be to the eastward, and in that direction he turned to look for them, the two advanced ships being thus left a long way astern; the others in a cluster, in no order of sailing; the Culloden, with the wine brig in tow, bringing up the rear, and the Goliath, Captain Thomas Foley, leading, with the Zealous, still commanded by Hood, close up to her.

It was about three o'clock when Hood made the signal for seeing the French fleet. The story of this is curious, but is related by the principal actor in it, Sir George Elliot, a younger son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Minto, who had been Viceroy of Corsica, where he had contracted a lifelong friendship for Nelson.

George Elliot, at this time fourteen years old—it was his birthday—was signal midshipman of the

Goliath, and perched on the royal yard, was sweeping the horizon with his glass, when he discovered the French fleet at anchor. In his own words:—

"The Zealous was so close to us that had I hailed the deck they must have heard me; I therefore slid down by the backstay and reported what I had seen. We, the Goliath, instantly made the signal, but the under toggle of the upper flag at the main came off in breaking the stop, and the lower flag came down; but the compass signal was clear at the peak. Before we could recover our flag, the Zealous made the signal for the enemy's fleet, whether from seeing our compass signal or not, I never heard; but we thus lost the little credit of first signalling the enemy."[1]

The signal made by the Zealous announced sixteen sail of the line—accurate in effect, though three of the sixteen were large frigates. Into this Nelson did not stop to inquire. He had, in fact, supposed all along that the number of the French ships would be about sixteen: fifteen had been reported to him as ready for sea when he was first off Toulon; but he was fully persuaded that, to the fleet under his command, the odds of a few ships was a trifling matter. It was not only that he had

[1] *Memoir of Sir George Elliot, Written for his Children.* Privately printed, 1863.

confidence in himself and in the discipline of his ships, but also, and to an extreme degree, in the merit of the captains.

They were all men in the very prime of life, mostly between thirty-five and forty. Saumarez and Ball were forty-one; Berry, perhaps the youngest, was thirty. Many of them had known each other as young men in the fleet under Rodney in the West Indies, sixteen or seventeen years before, and had taken part in the great battle of April 12, 1782. Others had been with Hughes in the East Indies, where the fighting, if not scientific on the side of the English, was at any rate very sharp. One had commanded a ship on the First of June. Four had commanded ships, two others had been present as volunteers, in the battle of St. Vincent. Seldom has a body of officers been got together of such a high and uniform standard of merit and experience. The uniformity of age, also, perhaps counted for something. There might be rivalry amongst them, but there were no petty jealousies, and Nelson's genial and considerate temper was a bond of union. They had become, as Nelson called them, a "band of brothers"; and, though several of them lived to achieve further distinction and attain high rank, it is by their share in the battle of the Nile that

they are now principally remembered. It was a victory that ennobled all who fought in it; and, following up Nelson's own allusion, we may picture him as saying:—

"This day is called the feast of *Lammas*.
He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of *Lammas*.
He that shall live this day and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours. . . .
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words.
Nelson the chief, Foley and Saumarez,
Miller and Hood, Ball, Westcott, Hallowell,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. . . .
And *Lammas-tide* shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers."

During the long and anxious quest for the French fleet, Nelson had lost no opportunity of summoning the several captains on board the Vanguard, and with them, in friendly converse, discussing the plan of the battle which was the goal of their hopes. It is not to be supposed that he consulted them as to what was to be done. No man ever lived more firm in his own convictions, more

absolutely fearless of responsibility, than was Nelson. But having formed his plan, he explained it fully to them in all its bearings. No one could say that they might not meet the enemy's fleet at sea, or, if so meeting it, whether they would be to windward or leeward of it. Each possible situation required to be considered, and for each case it was fully explained what would probably be done, Nelson reserving the final decision till the occasion should arise and show him what would be most fitting.

As under a press of sail, on the afternoon of 1st August, he drew near the French fleet and discovered it in Aboukir Bay, at anchor in single line along the coast, almost in the direction of the wind, he immediately saw that, by concentrating his attack on the weathermost end of the line, the French ships towards the other end, however good their will and prompt their resolution, would be, for a considerable time, unable to support their friends or to take any part in the fighting. Before they could possibly interfere, the ships of the weathermost end must be overpowered by numbers and taken or destroyed. All this appears now so self-evident, so much a matter of course, that it has become a commonplace of naval tactics; and at the present day, especially since the employment of more

speedy and more certain means of destruction, any admiral who allowed his fleet to be caught at anchor in such a position would be rightly held guilty of criminal negligence and stupidity. A hundred years ago this was not the case, and though some English officers—probably also some French—had suggested the method of attack, it had never been carried out, either from want of nerve in the commander-in-chief, or from some other untoward circumstances.

There is, however, no doubt that the possibility of such a case arising had suggested itself to Nelson, and that it had been examined in all its details. It had been pointed out that where there was room for the French ships to swing there must be room between them and the shore for English ships to pass; and the possible advantage of going inside the French line, if at anchor along the coast, had been explained. For many months Nelson had enjoyed the confidence of Lord Hood, so far as a man of thirty-six can have the confidence of one twice his age, and from him had learned the minute details of his exploit at St. Kitt's in January 1782, and of Rodney's celebrated action of 12th April 1782. He thus knew that on that day, when the French were clearing for action, they had piled up all the mess gear—tables, stools, chests, buckets, crockery, and such like—on the larboard side of the

decks, in expectation of being engaged only on the starboard side, the side nearest to the advancing English, and were thus at a terrible disadvantage when Rodney, followed by a large part of his fleet, passed through their line and engaged them on the larboard side. Their guns on that side were blocked up and could not be worked, and the tables, stools, &c., struck by shot, became formidable missiles, and swept away the men by wholesale. Several of the captains now with Nelson—notably Foley, Hood, Miller, Saumarez, and Ball—had been with Rodney on that great day, and must often have heard the circumstance spoken of; so that the suggestion that it might be well to pass inside, if the depth of water permitted, at once commended itself to them. But this was a question which could not be answered beforehand, and as to which the decision, even at the time, must be left to the leading ship.

And meanwhile the French were making what preparations they could. Their admiral, Brueys, believed that, lying, as he was, with a battery of guns on the island of Aboukir supporting the head—the western extremity—of his line, he was not in much danger of immediate attack, though he thought that very probably the English might next morning make some desultory attempt on his rear, out of range of the battery on Aboukir Island. None the

less, he had taken all reasonable precautions according to the science of the age. From the merchantmen and transports in Alexandria he had already filled up the complements of his ships, which, on account of the number of soldiers on board, had left France much below their normal strength. The parties on shore watering when the English were first discovered, were hastily recalled, and many men from the frigates were drafted to the ships of the line, so as to increase the available force at the guns. The ships were brought into more exact line by springs on their cables or other means; and there was nothing to show Brueys that his fleet was not quite equal to any emergency—more especially as the English, though equal in number of ships, were inferior in size, tonnage, number and weight of guns, and number of men. The French flagship, a huge three-decker of 120 guns, first built as the Dauphin Royal, renamed the Sans Culotte in the time of revolutionary frenzy, and now, in a third edition, named the Orient, was, in material force, equal to any two of the English 74-gun ships. Similarly, the French 80's—the Franklin, Tonnant, and Guillaume Tell—were large, heavily armed ships, to which the English could only oppose 74's; and, fighting at anchor, any advantage which the English might have from superior seamanship was lost to

them. Still, as has been said, the French had no expectation of immediate action, and still less of an action of the peculiar, the unprecedented character of that which followed. It was altogether of the nature of a surprise, in itself most demoralising; and though they made a stout defence, they were virtually beaten by the first broadsides of the English ships.

As the English advanced, drawing into line as they did so, a deplorable accident occurred, which, by weakening the fleet of one of its best ships, may fairly be considered the cause of the want of absolute completeness in the victory. When the French fleet was first sighted, the Culloden, with the French brig in tow, was a considerable distance astern. On a signal from the Vanguard, she cast off the incumbrance; but in an attempt to take up what Troubridge conceived to be her proper station, at the head of the line, she gave one more illustration of the truth of that proverbial philosophy which tells us that "the more haste the worse speed." She stuck fast on the extreme end of the shoal which is a prolongation, for some miles to the north, of Aboukir Point, rising above the surface, about midway, as Aboukir Island, or, as it has been since called, Nelson Island. Every effort which Troubridge's skill or experience could suggest was made,

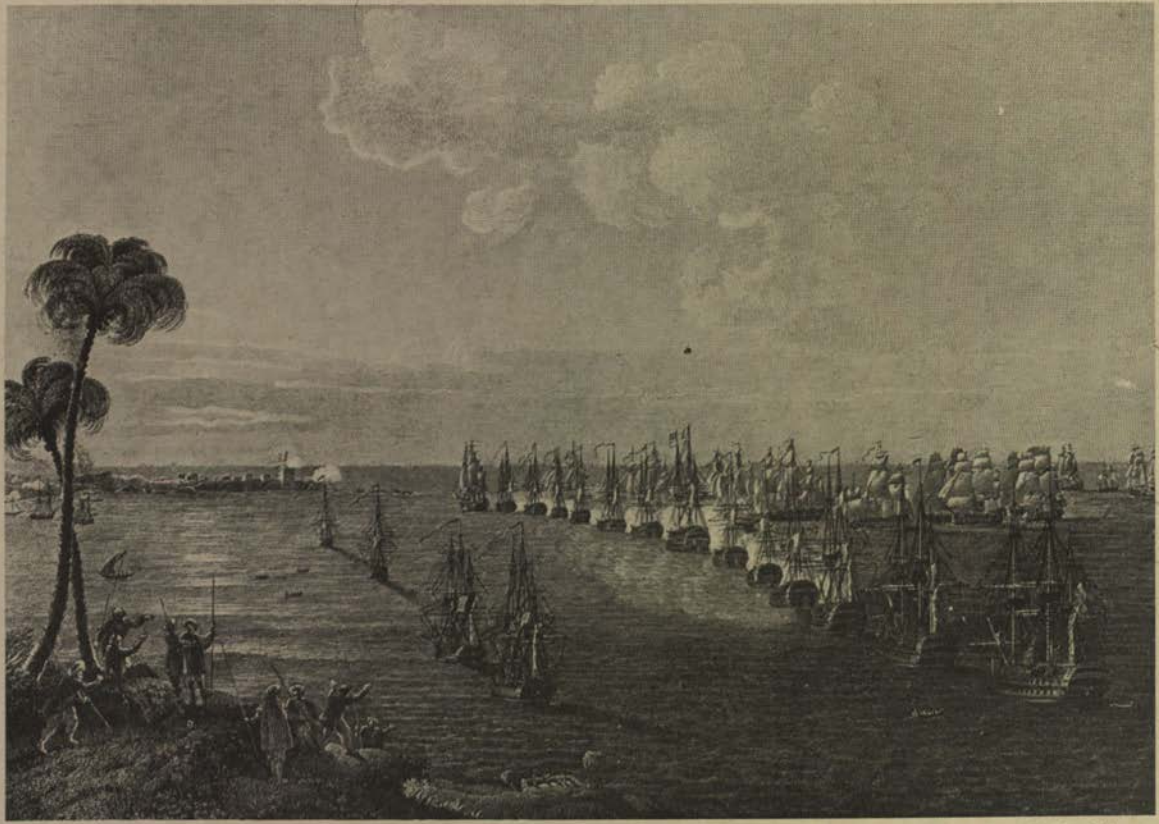
but in vain; and the only consolation for the misfortune was that she served as a buoy for the benefit of the Alexander and Swiftsure, which, being still farther astern, and not coming up till after dark, would infallibly have stuck on the same shoal had they not been warned by the fate of the Culloden.

As the English ships formed into line as most convenient, the accident of position placed the Goliath first, the Zealous and Theseus closely following. Nelson had signalled that he meant to attack the enemy's van. It was thus left for Foley to determine whether he was to pass inside or not —that is, to ascertain whether there was sufficient depth of water for the Goliath and other 74's to pass ahead of and inside the French line. The problem was cleverly solved by young Elliot. "Standing," he says, "as aide-de-camp, close to the captain, I heard him say to the master that he wished he could get inside of the leading ship of the enemy's line. I immediately looked for the buoy on her anchor, and saw it apparently at the usual distance of a cable's length, 200 yards, which I reported. They both looked at it and agreed there was room to pass between the ship and her anchor, and it was decided to do it."

As the Goliath was running along the French line, thus obliquely towards their headmost ship,

the Guerrier, their ships and the battery on the island opened their fire briskly enough, but with singularly little result. It is this advance of the English, the position just as they were about to begin the action, that is shown in the picture, the supposed point of view being south of the French centre. A minute later the scene was obscured by smoke; for the Goliath, having reserved her fire, passed close under the bows of the Guerrier, pouring in her broadside at the distance of but a few yards with unerring aim and most destructive effect. The Zealous, closely following her, did exactly the same, bringing down the Guerrier's foremast, and making a hole in her bow that "a coach and four might be driven through." Miller's account of the Theseus, in a letter to his wife, is:—

"In running along the enemy's line in the wake of the Zealous and Goliath, I observed their shot sweep just over us; and knowing well that at such a moment Frenchmen would not have coolness enough to change their elevation, I closed them suddenly, and running under the arch of their shot, reserved my fire—every gun being loaded with two, and some with three round shot—until I had the Guerrier's masts in a line, and her jib-boom about six feet clear of our rigging. We then opened with such effect that a second



N. Pocock. *W. H. Ward & Co., L'd. sc.*

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE

breath could not be drawn before her main and mizen masts were also gone. This was precisely at sunset, or forty-four minutes past six."

Almost at the same moment, and nearly abreast of the Theseus, the Orion passed round a little further off, and the Audacious passed between the Guerrier and the ship astern of her—the Conquérant—treating the Conquérant very much as her friends had treated the Guerrier. This tremendous attack practically disposed of the French van. The Vanguard and other ships following anchored outside, and by half-past eight the five headmost ships of the French line had surrendered and been taken possession of.

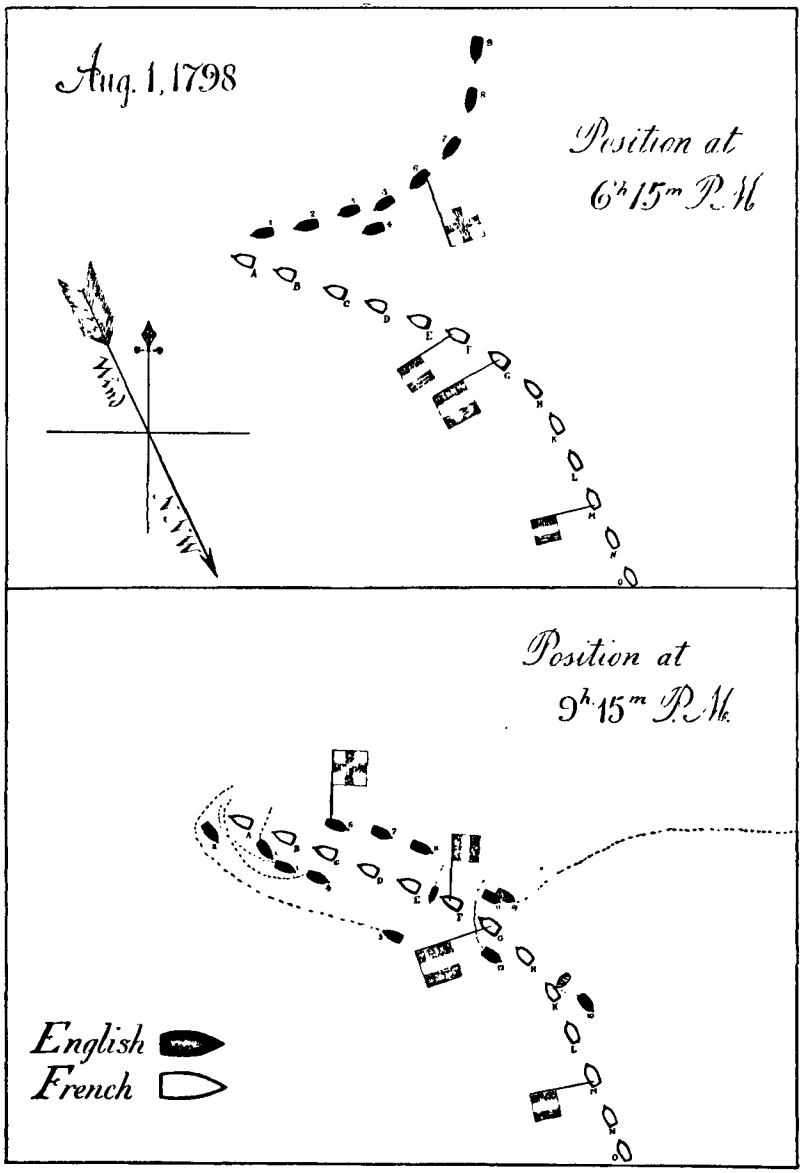
And so the tide of battle gradually rolled down towards the French rear, which, as though paralysed, made no effort, and quietly awaited its doom. The ships individually fought bravely, but there was no attempt at collective action, and they were singly overpowered. The huge Orient was at first engaged by the Bellerophon alone, which, by a mischance, lay exposed to her tremendous broadside and was speedily reduced to a wreck. She cut her cable and drifted out of the fight, but her place was taken by the Alexander and Swiftsure, which did not come into action till about eight o'clock, and anchored, one

EXPLANATION OF THE PLAN.

6h. 15m. P.M.—The French ships anchored in a bent line just outside the shoal water extending from the shore: A, Guerrier; B, Conquérant; C, Spartiate; D, Aquilon; E, Peuple Souverain; F, Franklin, with the flag of Rear-Admiral Blanquet-Duchayla; G, Orient, with the flag of Vice-Admiral Brueys, the commander-in-chief; H, Tonnant; K, Heureux; L, Mercure; M, Guillaume Tell, with the flag of Rear-Admiral Villeneuve; N, Généreux; O, Timoléon. Aboukir Island, on which the French had erected a heavy battery, about the position of the word *Aug.* The English ships advancing to the attack: 1. Goliath; 2. Zealous; 3. Orion; 4. Theseus; 5. Audacious; 6. Vanguard; 7. Minotaur (Capt. Louis); 8. Defence; 9. Bellerophon; and following (not shown in the plan), 10. Majestic (Capt. Westcott); 11. Swiftsure; 12. Alexander, and the little Leander. The Culloden on shore, about the position of the TT in the headline.

9h. 15m. P.M.—The French ships as before. The English anchored alongside of them, numbered as above. 9, being disabled, cut her cable and withdrew by the dotted line; her place was taken by 11. 10 caught her bowsprit in the rigging of K, and suffered heavy loss; as she got free she took up the position shown. The Leander anchored athwart the bow of F, where, comparatively safe, she kept up a most destructive fire on E, F, and G.

BATTLE OF THE NILE



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on the bow, the other on the quarter, of the Orient. Even before this time it had been seen that the Orient was on fire between decks. This was apparently extinguished; but some little time after she was again on fire under the poop. It was never certainly known how this fire originated, but it was supposed, with every appearance of probability, to have been caused by the ignition of a pile of carcasses—shells filled with inflammable composition—on the poop. French writers have indeed denied the possibility of this; but that the French ships did carry such things was proved by their actual presence on board some of the prizes. As the fire gathered strength, the Alexander directed her guns on the spot, so as to prevent its being extinguished, and about ten o'clock the ship blew up with a terrific explosion.

This is Captain Miller's account of an incident which has been a fertile source of inspiration for painters and poets: "The Orient caught fire on the poop, when the heavy cannonade from all the Alexander's and part of the Swiftsure's guns became so furious that she was soon in a blaze, displaying a most grand and awful spectacle, such as formerly would have drawn tears down the victors' cheeks; but now pity was stifled as it rose, by the remembrance of the numerous and horrid

atrocities their unprincipled and bloodthirsty nation had been and were committing, and when she blew up about eleven o'clock, though I endeavoured to stop the momentary cheer of the ship's company, my heart felt scarce a single pang for their fate." Some of the men and officers were, however, picked up, but the greater number went down with the ship and the £600,000 which she had on board. About eight years ago a company was formed to recover this and other treasure from the sunken ships; but, though they claimed to have determined the position of the wrecks, the search for the coin proved fruitless. The Casabianca legend, as related by Mrs. Hemans in verses dear to little girls, is fictitious in all save the fact that the Casabiancas, father and son, did perish. They were hurled into the water together, and were seen swimming, but were lost sight of in the darkness and were drowned.

With the blowing up of the Orient the victory, already certain a couple of hours before, was won. What remained was to make it as complete as possible, and in that the remainder of the night was passed. The fighting was desultory, but often renewed. "Towards morning," wrote Miller, "my people were so extremely jaded that, as soon as they had hove our sheet-anchor up, they dropped

under the capstan bars, and were asleep in a moment in every sort of posture, having been then working at their fullest exertion or fighting for near twelve hours, without being able to benefit by the respite that occurred; because while the Orient was on fire I had the ship completely sluiced, as one of our precautionary measures against fire or combustibles falling on board us when she blew up."

By the forenoon of 2nd August nine of the French ships had been taken or destroyed. The Tonnant, though not yet surrendered, had been dismasted, had cut her cables, and had drifted on shore. The Généreux, the Guillaume Tell, and the Timoléon, with two frigates, attempted to fly; but the Timoléon was cut off, turned, and ran herself on shore, where, by the shock, her masts went over the side. The other two with the frigates escaped for the time, but were both captured some eighteen months later. During the 2nd the Timoléon and Tonnant were left to themselves while more pressing work was being attended to; but on the 3rd the Tonnant was taken possession of by a party from the Theseus, and the Timoléon was set on fire by her own men, who escaped to the shore.

This, then, was the end of the battle. Eleven out of thirteen French ships of the line had been

taken or destroyed, and two of the four frigates. It was not a victory; it was a conquest. So wrote Nelson concerning it. For the moment he used the word merely as a superlative; it was an overwhelming victory. In reality it was a great deal more. In the strictest sense it was a conquest; it was the conquest of Egypt; it was the isolation and virtual imprisonment of the French army. Bonaparte understood this from the first, and after a vain and hopeless campaign in Syria—hopeless against the power which commanded the communications by sea—he made an ignominious flight, leaving Kléber to get the army out of the mess in which he had put it. Nelson, too, understood it, and wrote on 11th August: "The French army is in a scrape. They are up the Nile without supplies. The inhabitants will allow nothing to pass by land, nor H. N. by water. Their army is wasting with the flux, and not a thousand men will ever return to Europe." And some months later, 22nd March 1799, he wrote: "The ambassador of Bonaparte has been intercepted by Troubridge on his way to Constantinople, and amongst other articles of his instructions is . . . an offer to enter on terms for his quitting Egypt with his army. This offer is what I have long expected the glorious battle of the Nile would produce; but it was my determination

from that moment never, if I could help it, to permit a single Frenchman to quit Egypt. . . . To Egypt they went with their own consent, and there they shall remain whilst Nelson commands the detached squadron."

It is probable that Kléber did not realise the fix they were in till he became commander-in-chief. It was not his business, and very likely he had not the data before him. But a month after Bonaparte had deserted his post he wrote: "I know all the importance of the possession of Egypt. I used to say in Europe that this country was for France the fulcrum by means of which she might move at will the commercial system of every quarter of the globe. But to do this effectually a powerful lever is required, and that lever is a navy. Ours has ceased to exist. Since that period everything has changed, and peace with the Porte is, in my opinion, the only expedient that holds out to us a method of fairly getting rid of an enterprise no longer capable of attaining the object for which it was undertaken."

A victory so transcendent was, of course, not won without serious loss. Out of 7401 men of all ranks present in the action, 218 were killed and 678 wounded. Among the killed were Captain Westcott of the Majestic, five lieutenants, and a captain of marines. Three of the captains—

Saumarez, Ball, and Darby of the Bellerophon—were slightly wounded; Nelson himself more severely. He was struck on the forehead by a piece of langridge—scrap iron—which cut a great gash, and caused a large flap of flesh and skin to hang down over the eyes. This was sewn up and dressed easily enough; but the effect of the blow was more serious, and caused him much suffering for many months.

Within a day or two after the battle, Berry was charged with the admiral's despatches and sent to the commander-in-chief in the Leander. Unfortunately, on the coast of Candia the Leander fell in with the 74-gun ship Généreux, and was captured after a brilliant defence, in which both Thompson and Berry were severely wounded. The Frenchmen, smarting under the defeat from which they had themselves so narrowly escaped, treated the prisoners with the greatest contumely, plundering them even of their clothes, and landed them destitute at Corfu, whence they were afterwards sent to Trieste and released on parole. Berry did not reach England till December, when he was received by the King and knighted. But his news had come two months before by the duplicate despatches which Nelson had sent to Naples, and thence overland, by Captain Capel. He arrived in London on

2nd October, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm, some idea of which may be formed from Lady Spencer's letter to Nelson of the same date :—

"Captain Capel just arrived!

"Joy, joy, joy to you, brave, gallant, immortalised Nelson! May that great God, whose cause you so valiantly support, protect and bless you to the end of your brilliant career! Such a race surely never was run. My heart is absolutely bursting with different sensations of joy, of gratitude, of pride, of every emotion that ever warmed the bosom of a British woman on hearing of her country's glory—and all produced by you, my dear, my good friend. . . . This moment the guns are firing, illuminations are preparing, your gallant name is echoed from street to street, and every Briton feels his obligations to you weighing him down. . . . I am half mad, and I fear I have written a strange letter, but you'll excuse it. Almighty God protect you!"

The next day the city of London voted to Nelson a sword of the value of 200 guineas, and thanks to the officers and seamen of the fleet. On the 6th the *Gazette* announced the creation of Nelson to the dignity of a baron, by the title of "Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe." It had been informally announced

before; for the vote of the city on the 3rd was to "the Right Honourable Lord Nelson." Prayer and thanksgiving for the victory were read in all churches on Sunday the 21st—October 21st[1]—and repeated on the two following Sundays. When Parliament met on 20th November,[2] the "great and brilliant victory" was prominently mentioned in the King's speech. On the 21st, votes of thanks were passed by both Houses of Parliament; and, by the Commons, an address to the King, praying that "he would give directions that a monument be erected in St. Paul's to the memory of Captain George Blagdon Westcott, of the Majestic, who fell gloriously in the battle"; and on the 22nd, on a recommendation from the King, the House of Commons unanimously granted an annuity of the net sum of £2000 to "Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson and to the two next heirs male on whom the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile and Burnham Thorpe shall descend."

A gold medal to the admiral and captains was not exceptional; what was exceptional was the gift of a medal—gold to the admiral and captains, silver to lieutenants and officers ranking with them, copper gilt to inferior officers, and copper

[1] The date of the battle of Trafalgar, seven years later.

[2] The anniversary of the great battle of Quiberon Bay in 1759.

bronzed to the men—by Mr. Alexander Davison, a very intimate personal friend of Nelson's, and, in this case, agent for the sale of the prizes.

The gift of a medal, under such circumstances, by a private individual, was exceptional; but the device is truly remarkable, showing, on the one side, Nelson's profile supported by a figure of Hope, and on the reverse the French fleet at anchor, the British fleet advancing to the attack, and the sun setting in the east. It has often been pointed out that Turner made a similar blunder in his celebrated picture of the Téméraire, which has been defended on the plea of artistic necessity; the blunder on the medal can scarcely have proceeded from anything but artistic ignorance.

From the East India Company Nelson received £10,000, a sword from the captains who had fought with him, and rich presents from the Sultan, the Tsar, the King of Naples, and the King of Sardinia. The most extraordinary of all was from Captain Hallowell, of the Swiftsure, who, it has been suggested, "fearing the effect of all the praise and flattery lavished on his chief, determined to remind him that he was mortal," and sent him a coffin, with a signed certificate pasted on the bottom that "Every part of this

coffin is made of the wood and iron of l'Orient, most of which was picked up by his Majesty's ship under my command, in the Bay of Aboukir;" and with it a letter :—

"SWIFTSURE, 23*rd May* 1799.

"MY LORD,—Herewith I send you a coffin made of part of l'Orient's mainmast, that when you are tired of this life you may be buried in one of your own trophies; but may that period be far distant is the sincere wish of your obedient and much obliged servant,

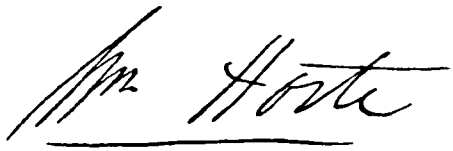
Hallowell served with distinction throughout the war, and in 1815 was made a K.C.B. By a curious chance, he succeeded in 1828, when he was sixty-eight, to the estates of the Carews of Beddington, with whom he was only distantly connected. To a friend who congratulated him on it he answered: "Half as much twenty years ago had indeed been a blessing, but I am now old and crank." He was made a G.C.B. in 1831, and died in 1834. His portrait, by Hayter, as an old man wearing the sash of the G.C.B., is in the National Por-

trait Gallery. Another, unnamed, was lent to the Naval Exhibition of 1891 by the late Sir Edward Inglefield.

When Berry was ordered a passage in the Leander, Nelson promoted the commander of the Mutine to be captain of the Vanguard in his room. This was Thomas Masterman Hardy, whose gallantry had attracted Nelson's notice when, shortly before the battle of St. Vincent, he went to Elba in the Minerve frigate, of which Hardy was then a lieutenant. In May 1797, Hardy, still in the Minerve, had commanded the boats in cutting out the Mutine brig from under the batteries of Santa Cruz, and had been promoted by St. Vincent in consequence. Capel, the youngest son of the Earl of Essex, and a lieutenant of the Vanguard, was promoted to the Mutine; and when it was determined that he should go home with the duplicate despatches, Hoste was appointed to succeed him in the command of the Mutine, though not yet eighteen.

Of all the young officers brought forward by Nelson, none had a more brilliant career than William Hoste, who, as a lad of twelve, had

joined the Agamemnon when first commissioned, and had continued with Nelson in the Captain and the Theseus, distinguishing himself by his cheerful and dashing bravery on a score of difficult occasions. When



Nelson went home in the Seahorse, young Hoste had remained with Miller in the Theseus, and had been promoted in February to be one of her lieutenants. In January 1802, Hoste—then a few months over twenty-one—was made a post-captain by Lord St. Vincent; and from 1808 to 1814 he commanded a detached squadron in the Adriatic, stopping the coasting trade, and engaging in a series of adventurous attacks on the coast batteries or on vessels sheltered under them, the stories of which read more like romance than sober history. In 1814 he was made a baronet and a K.C.B.; but his health was broken by the hardships and exposure of his service, and, after being more or less an invalid for many years, he died, at the age of forty-eight, in 1828.

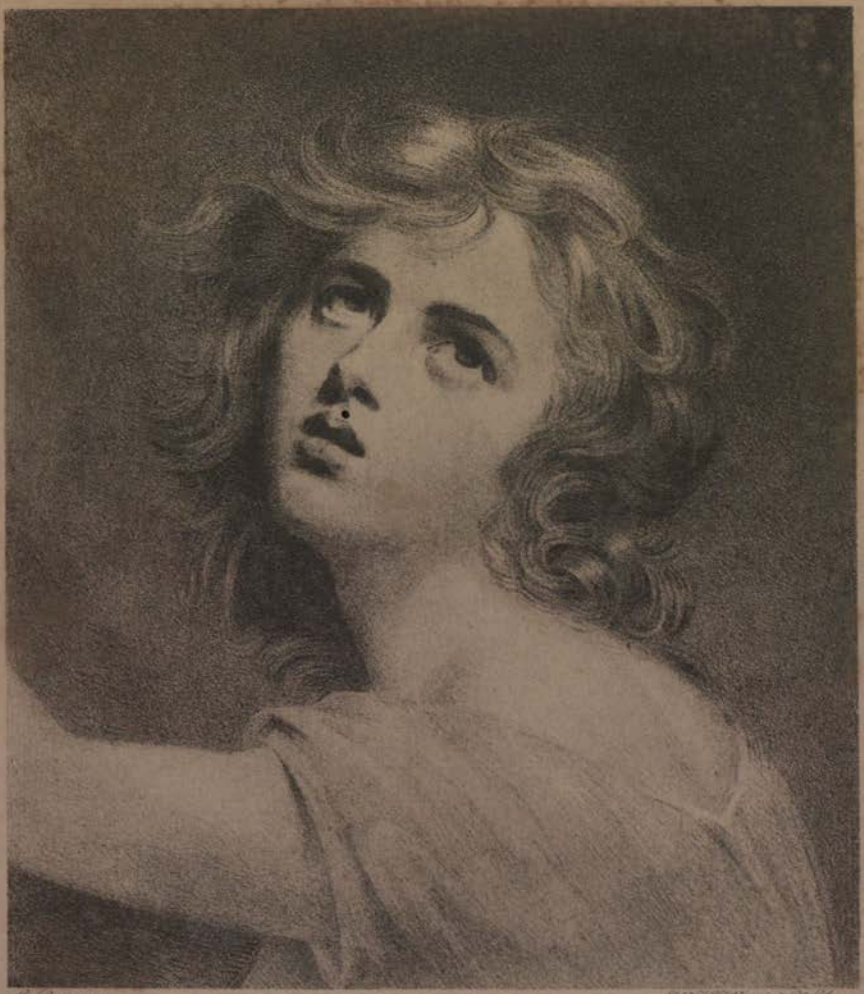
CHAPTER IV

NAPLES

WHEN Capel arrived at Naples, the news which he brought threw the town into the wildest delirium. Acton and Sir William Hamilton wrote to Nelson in terms of warm congratulation and delight, but were thrown far into the shade by Hamilton's wife, who, after driving through Naples with a bandeau on her head showing the motto NELSON AND VICTORY, wrote to him the following letter:—

"NAPLES, *September* 8, 1798.

"MY DEAR, DEAR SIR,—How shall I begin? What shall I say to you? 'Tis impossible I can write, for since last Monday *I am delirious with* joy, and assure you *I have a fever caused by* agitation and pleasure. *Good God, what a victory!* Never, never has there been *anything half so* glorious, so complete. I fainted when I heard the joyful news, and fell on my side, and am hurt. But what of that? I should feel it a glory



G. Romney. W. H. Ward & Co. Lt.e sc.

Lady Hamilton

(Miranda)

to die in such a cause. No, I would not like to die till I see and embrace *the victor of the* NILE. How shall I describe to you the transports of Maria Carolina? 'Tis not possible. She fainted, cried, kissed her husband, her children, walked frantic with pleasure about the room, cried, kissed and embraced every person near her, exclaiming: 'Oh, brave Nelson! Oh, God, bless and protect our brave deliverer! Oh, Nelson, Nelson, what do we not owe to you! Oh, victor, saviour of Italy! Oh, that my swollen heart could now tell him personally what we owe to him!'

"You may judge, my dear Sir, of the rest; but my head will not permit me to tell you half of the rejoicing. The Neapolitans are mad, and if you was here now you would be killed with kindness. Sonnets on sonnets, illuminations, rejoicing. Not a French dog dare show his face. How I glory in the honour of my country *and my countryman!* I walk and tread in air with pride, feeling I was born on the same land with the victor Nelson and his gallant band. But no more. I cannot, dare not trust myself, for I am not well.

"Little dear Captain Hoste will tell you the rest. He lives with us in the day, for he will not sleep out of his ship, and we love him dearly. He is a fine, good lad. Sir William is delighted with

him, and says he will be a second Nelson. If he is only half a Nelson he will be superior to all others.

"I send you two letters from my adorable Queen. One was written to me the day we received the glorious news; the other yesterday. Keep them, as they are her own handwriting. I have kept copies only, but I feel that you ought to have them. If you had seen our meeting after the battle—but I will keep it all for your arrival; I could not do justice to her feeling nor to my own, with writing it. We are preparing your apartment against you come. I hope it will not be long, for Sir William and I are so impatient to see and embrace you.

"I wish you could have seen our house the three nights of illuminations; it was covered with your glorious name; there were three thousand lamps, and there should have been three millions if we had had time. All the English vied with each other in celebrating this most gallant and ever-remarkable victory. Sir William is ten years younger since the happy news, and he now only wishes to see his friend to be completely happy. How he glories in you when your name is mentioned! He cannot contain his joy. For God's sake, come to Naples soon!

"We receive so many sonnets and letters of con-

gratulation. I send you some of them to show you how your success is felt here. How I felt for poor Troubridge! He must have been so angry on the sandbank—so brave an officer! In short, I pity all those who were not in the battle. I would have been rather an English powder-monkey or a swab in that great victory than an emperor out of it. But you will be tired of all this. Write or come soon, to rejoice your ever sincere and obliged friend,

"EMMA HAMILTON.

"The Queen has this moment sent a diamond ring to Captain Hoste, six butts of wine [and] two calves for the officers, and every man on board a guinea each. Her letter is in English, and comes as from an unknown person, but a well-wisher to our country and an admirer of the gallant admiral. As war is not yet declared with France, she could not show herself so openly as she wished; but she has done so much and rejoiced so very publicly that all the world sees it. She bids me say that she longs more to see you than any woman with child can long for anything she may take a fancy to, and she shall be for ever unhappy if you do not come. God bless you, my dear, dear friend!

"My dress from head to foot is *alla* Nelson—ask Hoste; even my shawl is blue, with gold

anchors all over; my earrings are Nelson's anchors; in short, we are be-Nelsoned all over. I send you some sonnets, but I must have taken a ship on purpose to send you all what [is] written on you. Once more, God bless you! My mother desires her love to you. I am so busy, and write in such a hurry, I am afraid you will not be able to read this scrawl."

Without some knowledge of Lady Hamilton's antecedents, this letter, atrociously written and worse spelt, addressed to a man with whom she was barely acquainted, and had not seen for five years, might appear extraordinary. A slight sketch of her life will explain it.

Amy Lyon, daughter of the village blacksmith, was born at Great Neston, in Cheshire, probably in 1761. Her father died in 1765, and the girl was brought up by her mother and grandmother at Hawarden, where, at an early age, she was put into service. She was still very young when she went up to London, and, being extremely pretty and of a gay, giddy disposition, fell into evil ways. In the end of 1779 or beginning of 1780, when she was probably a few months under nineteen, and possibly a year or two younger, she gave birth to a little girl, which was taken care of by her grandmother. She

herself was left destitute, and is said to have been reduced to the lowest stage of degradation, from which she escaped in the summer of 1780, to appear as Hygeia, or the Goddess of Health, in the exhibition of the notorious James Graham. For eight or ten months in 1781 she was living under the protection of Sir Harry Fetherstonehaugh, of Up Park, Sussex, a dissolute and hard riding baronet, whom she nearly ruined. By Christmas her reckless extravagance and faithlessness had disgusted him, and, though she was within a few months of a second confinement, he packed her off with no more money than sufficient to pay her travelling expenses to Hawarden.

Among her too intimate friends at Up Park was Charles Greville, second son of the Earl of Warwick, who possibly had reason to believe himself the father of the expected infant. To him the girl, now signing herself Emly Hart, turned for assistance and support, and by the summer of 1782 — the child having been apparently still-born—she was living with Greville near Paddington Green, "his wife in everything except in legal title to the name," in the euphemistic language of one of her biographers. Greville had stipulated that she should drop all her old friends and connections, and it appears that for the next three

years and a half her life was one of comparative respectability. Greville was a man of taste and refinement, and Emma—as she was now called—received some education. She was introduced, too, to Romney the artist, and sat to him for a great many pictures—not portraits, in the strict sense of the word, but character pictures, and, as such, all more or less idealised.

How many of these pictures were painted cannot be told. John Romney, in the life of his father, has named twenty-three. Lord Ronald Gower, in his little monograph on Romney, mentions forty-two, and though some of the titles seem to be repeated, it is very probable that they refer to different pictures. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that some of the pictures are altogether wrongly named. Mrs. Gamlin has pointed out[1] that "Lady Hamilton as St. Cecilia" is almost certainly "Mrs. Smith as a Wood Nymph," painted in 1785; that "Lady Hamilton as a Nun" is not a nun; and that the title "Lady Hamilton reading in the *Gazette* the news of a Victory by Nelson," is chronologically absurd.

Among the very many which are undoubtedly correct, though the names and pictures may not always seem in agreement, the "Miranda," here

[1] *George Romney and his Art*, pp. 138–142.

reproduced, is one of the earliest; the "Sibyl," one of the most lovely; though why "Miranda," why "Sibyl," is not quite apparent. "The Spinstress," or "Lady Hamilton at the Spinning Wheel," was painted originally for Mr. Greville in 1786, but was sold to Mr. Christian Curwen for 150 guineas. It now belongs to Lord Iveagh. "Circe," a beautiful full length, now the property of Mr. Herbert C. Gibbs, was not completed by Romney, and is somewhat spoiled by the introduction of two wolves by an ambitious amateur. A leopard, similarly painted in, has been painted out by order of Mr. Gibbs. "Sensibility," a picture very well known by its engravings, was sold at Christie's, in 1890, for £3045, and was afterwards bought by Lord Burton. The face is lovely; but the punning reference to the sensitive plant on the table is disagreeable, and the headdress suggests rather the title of "Lady Hamilton with the Mumps."

In 1784, Greville's maternal uncle, Sir William Hamilton,[1] who had been for many years the English Minister at Naples, came home on leave. His wife had died about two years before, and it was commonly supposed that he had come to

[1] There are two portraits of him in the National Portrait Gallery, one by David Allan in 1775, the other by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

England to look out for a second. The idea was not pleasing to Greville, who had learned to consider himself as his uncle's heir, and he was perhaps not sorry to notice Hamilton's undisguised admiration of Emma's beauty, or to listen to the rapturous expression of it. "Yes," he answered, "she is, I think, about as perfect a thing as can be found in all nature." "My dear Charles," replied the uncle, "she is better than anything in nature. In her particular way she is finer than anything that is to be found in antique art." He easily fell into the habit of calling in every afternoon and spending some time in easy conversation with Emma, whom he taught to address him as Pliny; and gradually the girl, who at first spoke of him as "an old man," began to forget his age, and to think him charming. All this rested in Greville's mind, so that when, a few months later, his affairs fell into confusion, he had no scruple in suggesting to Hamilton to take the girl off his hands; and, after a correspondence extending over the best part of a year, this was agreed to, and Emma was sent out to Naples as if on a visit. There was no actual bargain, but there was a clear understanding that Hamilton was to help his nephew out of his difficulties.

To us nothing can well appear more cold-blooded

than Greville's behaviour in this matter, and it can only be explained on the supposition that, notwithstanding his protestations of affection, he regarded her simply as one of the frail sisterhood, void alike of feeling or sensibility. And yet, in truth, Emma ought not to be so classed. Whatever she was before she linked her fortunes to Greville's, it appears probable that she had become really fond of him. In her residence with him there was none of that gilded splendour which so often casts a false brilliance over vice. She was housed and dressed as became the wife of a man of very limited means—her yearly allowance for dress and pocket-money was only £20; and in other ways her life was retired, almost solitary, with, in Greville's absence, her mother for her sole companion, Romney her sole friend, reading and singing her sole amusement. Anything approaching to gaiety or dissipation was unknown. Such a manner of life was certainly as foreign to her later as it was to her earlier character, and may be taken as evidence that she honestly loved the man for whom she endured it. When he deliberately sold her to his uncle, he robbed her of that guiding principle which had ruled her for nearly four years; and her future conduct, if restrained by prudence, appears in a widely different light from that which

shone on it in the modest house by Paddington Green.

Making every allowance for emotional exaggeration, her early letters from Naples may still be accepted as indicating a very real distress at the proposed arrangement. Greville was obstinately silent. There was, of course, nothing for him to say. "I have been from you going of six months," she wrote to him in July 1786, "and you have wrote one letter to me, instead of which I have sent fourteen to you. So pray, let me beg of you, my much beloved Greville, only one line from your dear, dear hands. . . . For God's sake, my ever dear Greville, do write to me some comfort. . . . I am poor, helpless, and forlorn. I have lived with you five years, and you have sent me to a strange place, and no one prospect but thinking you was coming to me. Instead of which I was told I was to live, you know how, with Sir William. No: I respect him; but no, never! Shall he perhaps live with me a little while like you and send me to England? Then, what am I to do? What is to become of me?" In calmer mood she added, ten days later: "Pray write, for nothing will make me so angry, and it is not to your interest to disoblige me, for you don't know the power I have here. Only, I never will be his

mistress. If you affront me, I will make him marry me."

It was her last protest; she accepted the position, but apparently in the firm intention of carrying out her threat to Greville—the making Hamilton marry her. And, meantime, the public sense of morality, less cogent in Naples than in London, did not feel aggrieved when the sinners were, on the one hand, the English Ambassador, handsome, wealthy, and with an agreeable fund of wit and humour, and, on the other, an exceedingly beautiful woman, who sang delightfully, had a remarkable histrionic and mimetic talent, with a pretty turn for bantering and sprightly conversation. She had the best masters in Naples, and she worked hard, so that she soon acquired a fluent knowledge of Italian, and improved in her singing and music. She was not received at Court; but society was less punctilious, and readily yielded to Hamilton's insistence. "Sir William," she wrote to Greville in August 1787, "is very fond of me and very kind to me. . . . He is never a moment from me. He goes nowhere without me. He has no dinners but what I can be of the party. Nobody comes without they are civil to me."

Her singing had an extraordinary success. She was offered £6000 to go to Madrid for three years as "first woman in the Italian opera"; she was

offered £2000 for a season in London. She invented, too, a series of classic attitudes or statuesque representations, the outcome, probably, of Romney's instruction, which became famed throughout Europe. Goethe, who was at Naples in 1787, wrote :—

"Sir William Hamilton, after long love and study of art, has at length discovered the most perfect of the wonders of nature and art in a beautiful young woman. She lives with him—an Englishwoman, of about twenty years old. She is very handsome and of a beautiful figure. The old knight has had made for her a Greek costume, which becomes her extremely. Dressed in this, and letting her hair loose, and taking a couple of shawls, she exhibits every possible variety of posture, expression, and look, so that at last the spectator almost fancies it is a dream. What the greatest artists have aimed at, is shown in perfection, in movement, in ravishing variety. Standing, kneeling, sitting, lying down, grave or sad, playful, exulting, repentant, wanton, menacing, anxious—all mental states follow rapidly one after another. With wonderful taste she suits the folding of her veil to each expression, and with the same handkerchief makes every kind of headdress. The old knight holds the light for her

Rehberg. *Art Reproduction Co. sc.*

LADY HAMILTON.

(Attitude, No. 3.)

and enters into the exhibition with his whole soul."

The "old knight" was, in fact, so much pleased with these representations that he commissioned Frederick Rehberg, a young German artist, to make a series of twelve drawings of them, which were published in 1794, under the title of "Drawings faithfully copied from Nature at Naples." Two of these are here reproduced.

After five years' consideration, Hamilton finally decided to marry his charming companion, and did so during a visit to England in the summer of 1791. On their return to Naples she was presented to the Queen, who received her kindly, and, by degrees, as an intimate. She was recognised as the leader of Neapolitan society, which conveniently ignored her antecedents, and remembered only her beauty, her singing, her acting, and her good-humour. All the English who visited or passed through Naples had the same story. Only a few days after her return, Lady Malmesbury wrote to her sister, Lady Elliot: "You never saw anything so charming as Lady Hamilton's attitudes. The most graceful statues or pictures do not give you an idea of them. Her dancing of the tarantella is beautiful to a degree . . . the most lively thing possible." And five

years later, Captain James, of the Petrel brig, describing a dinner which he gave on board to Prince Augustus and the principal people then at Naples, wrote :—

"The loyalty of that exquisite and charming lovely woman, Lady Hamilton, outshone then, as upon every other occasion, the whole party; for, in the ecstasy of singing 'God save the King' in full chorus with the whole ship's company, she tore her fan to pieces and threw herself into such bewitching attitudes, that no mortal soul could refrain from believing her to be an enthusiastic angel from heaven, purposely sent down to celebrate this pleasant, happy festival."

A naval captain, fresh from the tedious blockade of Toulon, would naturally take the most favourable view of a beautiful woman in Lady Hamilton's position. Sir Gilbert Elliot, who, after the evacuation of Corsica, was at Naples in December 1796, was a more exacting critic, and wrote :—

"Lady Hamilton is the most extraordinary compound I ever beheld. Her person is nothing short of monstrous for its enormity, and is growing every day. She tries hard to think size advantageous to her beauty, but is not easy about it. Her face is beautiful; she is all nature and yet all art—that is to say, her manners are perfectly

unpolished, of course very easy, though not with the ease of good breeding, but of a barmaid; excessively good-humoured, and wishing to please and be admired by all ages and sorts of persons that come in her way. But, besides considerable natural understanding, she has acquired, since her marriage, some knowledge of history and the arts, and one wonders at the application and pains she has taken to make herself what she is. With men, her language and conversation are exaggerations of anything I ever heard anywhere."

That a man like Elliot thought it necessary to write about Emma at this length, is in itself strong evidence of her social success; but it is very doubtful whether she ever had that influence with the Queen which she loved to claim. It would seem, rather, that the Queen but flattered her vanity in order the better to make use of her. As the fury of the French Revolution extended, as her brother-in-law and sister were remorselessly sacrificed to it, the Queen's hatred of the Jacobins became more and more bitter, at the same time that she felt and knew herself to be surrounded by spies in the French interest. She leant for support on the English Government and the English Minister, but her private communication with him was necessarily restricted. The appearance of intimacy with

Emma removed the difficulty. She could see and speak with her whenever and wherever she liked; for their secret converse was supposed to be in the interests of immorality rather than of politics. The Italian Jacobins and French agents did not love the Queen or her *confidante.* To them, the Queen was Messalina; Emma, a vulgar courtesan; but the part of confidential agent between the Queen and the English Minister, which Emma was really playing, does not seem to have been suspected.

It was quite in the nature of things that Emma, thus trusted by the Queen on the one side, and by her husband on the other, with many and important secrets, should begin to consider herself a power in the State, and, in the end, to represent herself as the guiding spirit of the policy of Naples, if not also of England.

In September 1793, when Nelson was sent by Lord Hood to Naples, he was for a few days a guest in Hamilton's house, and carried away many pleasant memories of Hamilton's wife, who had been very kind to his stepson, and whom, in a letter to his wife, he described as "a young woman of amiable manners, who does honour to the station to which she is raised." During the following five years he was not once at Naples, and though he not unfre-

quently wrote Hamilton friendly letters about the course of events, and commonly concluded them with "my best respects to Lady Hamilton," there was certainly no intimacy; nor does it appear that Emma had any recollection of him more than she had of the hundreds of other people who passed across her horizon.

In the summer of 1798 things were different. Naples had been sorely pressed by the French. Emma, with all the emotional enthusiasm of her nature, flung herself into the Queen's quarrel, and was eager for the overthrow of the Queen's enemies. When she learned from her husband that the admiral now sent to the Queen's support was one whom she had formerly known, she immediately prepared to gush over him, to make him believe that she had never forgotten him. When he lay-to off Naples on 17th June, she scribbled a few lines to him, as to an intimate friend:—

"My dear Admiral,—I write in a hurry, as Captain Troubridge cannot stay a moment. God bless you and send you victorious, and that I may see you bring back Bonaparte with you. Pray send Captain Hardy out to us, for I shall have a fever with anxiety. The Queen desires me to say everything that's kind, and bids me say with her whole heart

she wishes you victory. God bless you, my dear, dear Sir. I will not say how glad I shall be to see you; indeed, I cannot describe to you my feelings on your being so near us.

"Ever, dear Sir, your obliged and grateful

"EMMA HAMILTON."

It was the same delusion that impelled her, on receiving the news of the battle of the Nile, to take the prominent part she did in the public rejoicings, and to write to Nelson the extraordinary letter which has been quoted; and it was still this which—when Nelson, having arranged for the continuous blockade of the coast of Egypt, and sent the most of his ships and the prizes to Gibraltar, came on himself to Naples—took her on board the Vanguard, where, without further warning, she flung herself fainting on Nelson's breast. She had scarcely recovered before the King arrived on board to greet Nelson as his saviour and deliverer. All Naples was in one mind to do him honour; but everywhere Lady Hamilton was the moving spirit; and Nelson, sick and ill at ease, yielded to the intoxication of the brilliant scene and the fascinations of the beautiful woman.

That their hero should thus have fallen has been a grief and pain and surprise to many who have not

considered the antecedents or the character of Lady Hamilton, nor yet those of Nelson. When it is remembered that Nelson had all his life shown himself extremely susceptible to woman's influence; that he had never been thrown into close communion with a woman without falling in love with her; that his knowledge of Society, with a capital S, was very limited; and that the attentions of a woman in the social position of Lady Hamilton, of whose history he was almost entirely ignorant, must have been most gratifying to his vanity; when, too, with a full knowledge of Lady Hamilton's previous career, we picture her as a woman beautiful, sweet-voiced, and tender; of a kindly nature and a soft heart, yet capable and energetic; but withal excessively vain, boastful, and an unblushing, irresponsible, perhaps unconscious, liar—the result of a familiar acquaintance needs no further explanation.

At Naples, Nelson, who was still suffering from the effects of the wound received in the battle of the Nile, and from the mental strain of the long search for the French fleet, lived in the Hamiltons' house, and Emma nursed him, fondled him, flattered him, fêted him. When, on the advance of the French and the utter rout of the Neapolitan army, the Court moved to Palermo, Nelson and the Hamiltons kept house together, and, according to report, which was

certainly exaggerated, plunged into reckless dissipation.

Lady Minto, at Vienna, was told that "every sort of gaming went on half the night. Nelson used to sit with large parcels of gold before him and generally go to sleep, Lady Hamilton taking from the heap without counting, and playing with his money to the amount of £500 a night. Her rage is play, and Sir William says when he is dead she will be a beggar." Sir Arthur Paget, whose correspondence has been recently published, heard a similar story in May 1800, when he came out to relieve Hamilton. "Lord Nelson's health," he wrote, "is, I fear, sadly impaired, and I am assured that his fortune is fallen into the same state, in consequence of great losses which both his Lordship and Lady Hamilton have sustained at faro and other games of hazard."

From Nelson's correspondence and his very frank discussion of his money matters, we are able to say that these stories were not true; but it is very probable that there was some foundation for them. That some years later, Lady Hamilton played—played high, recklessly, and with bad luck, is known; it may therefore fairly be supposed that she did so at Naples; and it is not impossible, or indeed unlikely, that Nelson occasionally advanced her

money, or himself joined in the game. He certainly did not lose heavily, or impair his fortune. That he sat, night after night, nodding over the table like a drunken dotard, is false on the very face of it. Still, there unquestionably was a great deal of scandal, and many of Nelson's best friends were extremely anxious to get him away from the scene of it. Troubridge, especially, wrote to him repeatedly, with the freedom of a five-and-twenty years' friendship, urging him to quit the Court, whose neglect to furnish the promised supplies seemed to be condoned by his presence.

It is not, however, to be supposed that Nelson was lingering there solely for his pleasure. His orders were explicit—to protect the kingdom of Naples from internal or external foes; and that he did most effectually, so far as the sea-power extended. He had not, indeed, been able to prevent the consequences of entrusting the land defence to a disorganised army and to an ignorant or imbecile general; but slowly and steadily he won the kingdom back from the invaders and their rebel partisans. His correspondence at this time, too, shows no lack of energy, and in one instance manifests a petulance peculiarly his own, when he fancied his position as commanding the detached squadron was invaded.

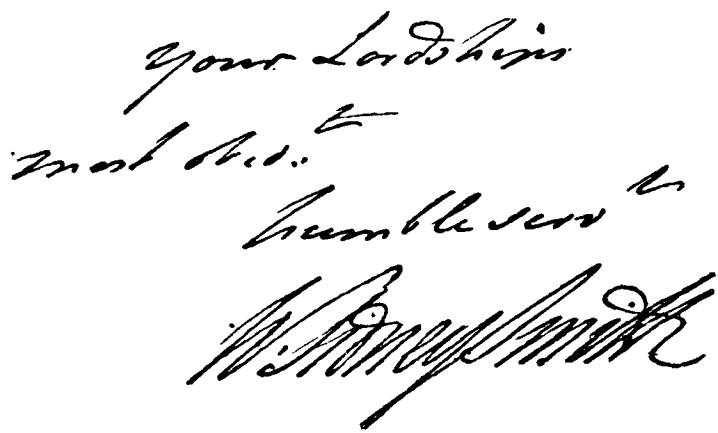
In 1792, Captain Sir William Sidney Smith, who

had been knighted in Sweden for service with the Swedish navy, had been sent by the Foreign Office on a secret mission to Constantinople, where his brother, Mr. J. Spencer Smith, was the accredited Minister. On his way back he joined Hood at Toulon, volunteered for service, and, on the evacuation of the place, had been appointed to burn the French ships, a task which, in the hurry and confusion, he did so imperfectly, that many of the burnt ships were at sea the next year, were in the fleets of 1795, at the Nile, and even at Trafalgar. Commenting on this in 1795, Nelson had referred to an old song, "Great talkers do the least, we see," in which he but echoed the general opinion that Smith was all gas.

He was therefore the more annoyed to learn, in December 1798, that he had been sent out to the Levant, independent of his authority; and that, without communicating with him, he had hoisted a broad pennant, had taken ships left on the coast of Egypt under his orders, and had given passes, in his own name, to trading vessels. Probably no other man but Smith could have done this; but Smith, with all his undoubted courage and ability, had a strong element of the charlatan in his character, and loved to pose as the hero of the situation.

Nelson wrote most bitterly to St. Vincent, to Spencer, and to Smith himself; and received ex-

planations from the two first, that it was altogether a mistake, and that Smith had no authority for what he had done. But, in truth, Spencer's letter was not by any means clear; and St. Vincent, misunderstanding it, had not given Smith instructions to put himself under Nelson's orders. To a man of Smith's temperament this was a sufficient intimation that he was appointed by the Admiralty to act as senior officer in the Levant; and though he did write officially to Nelson as



it was in the tone of an equal inviting co-operation, rather than of a subordinate reporting to a commander. When he understood the trouble that his vanity had caused, he made amends, like the gallant fellow he really was; but the whole entanglement,

which did give much annoyance, and might have caused very serious mischief, arose out of the want of official preciseness and formality in the orders under which Smith was sent out.[1]

All this, however, was merely a disagreeable interlude in the real work of the campaign—the blockade of Malta, and the reduction of Naples and the other ports held by the French. This was more seriously threatened in May 1799, by the French fleet coming into the Mediterranean. In expectation of an attack, Nelson collected his scattered squadron off the west end of Sicily; but the alarm having blown over, he returned to Palermo, shifted his flag to the Foudroyant—which had just come out from England—and went on to Naples, from which he had been obliged to withdraw the ships, leaving only a few small craft under the command of Captain Foote, in the Seahorse frigate. He was just, and only just, in time to find that Cardinal Ruffo, who commanded the royal army, had, in flagrant disobedience of his instructions, granted terms to the rebels, and had persuaded Foote to sign the treaty. As no part of it had been carried out, Nelson at

[1] A characteristically theatrical portrait of Smith, by Eckstein, is now in the National Portrait Gallery. It is engraved as the frontispiece to the *Life* by Barrow. Another and more pleasing portrait, by Chandler, has been engraved by E. Bell.

NELSON.
(From a Crystal Intaglio.)

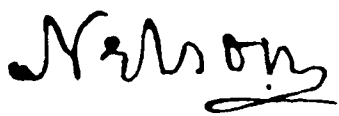
once declared that it was irregular, and annulled it. He compelled the rebels to surrender to the King's mercy; and when one of the ringleaders, Caracciolo, a captain in the King's navy — a deserter, a betrayer of his trust, a double-dyed traitor—fell into his hands, he had him tried and hanged with a stern promptitude which amazed those who thought that, because he was a kind-hearted man, he was likely to deal gently with mutineers or traitors. They had not read his letters to St. Vincent and Calder on the occasion of the mutinies off Cadiz; they did not know that, in his eyes, mutiny or treason was as the sin for which there is no forgiveness. By July 13th all the forts held by the French and the rebels had been captured, and the King's authority was everywhere recognised in Naples.

It was just at this time that St. Vincent, who was in very feeble health, resigned the command to Lord Keith, who, as Captain George Keith Elphinstone, had served with credit, but without any particular distinction, through the American War, and at Toulon, under Hood. As a rear-admiral, he had commanded the sea forces at the

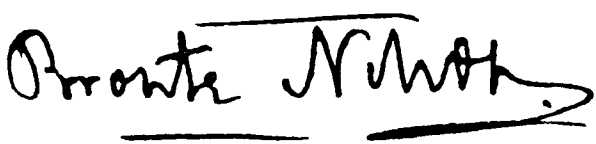
reduction of the Cape of Good Hope, and had been rewarded with an Irish peerage, under the title of Baron Keith of Stonehaven Marischal. He was a man of cool, sound judgment, who, throughout his whole career, did excellently well whatever he was called on to do, without at any time forcing an opportunity or rising to the height of genius. It is very possible that, in his inmost soul, Nelson despised him as a cold-blooded Scotchman, and he certainly felt some soreness at not having been himself chosen as the successor of St. Vincent.

When, therefore, he received Keith's order to go to Minorca, with the whole or greater part of his squadron, instead of obeying it, he proceeded to discuss its bearing on the state of affairs in Naples and Sicily, the importance of which the influence of Lady Hamilton and her devotion to the Queen very probably led him to overestimate. He came to the conclusion that by withdrawing the squadron from Neapolitan waters the French party would recover courage, the rebellion would reassert itself, and all the work would have to be done over again. If the French made an attack on Minorca, it might fall. If one or other must be risked, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies was of the greater consequence; so he determined to stay where he

was. And he did stay, till, after several repeated orders, he at last consented to send a part of his squadron. As no harm resulted from his disobedience, as the French quitted the Mediterranean, and, by Keith's following in pursuit, Nelson was left commander-in-chief, no special notice was taken of his breach of discipline, though he was told that the Admiralty could not consider that his reasons for disobeying the order were sufficient. The victory at the Nile was, naturally, held to atone for many irregularities.

In August, Nelson returned to Palermo, when, in recognition of his important services to the crown of Naples, the King created him Duke of Bronte, conferring on him, at the same time, the estate of Bronte, with a revenue estimated at about £3000 a year. The new title entailed a change of signature; and, in fact, many changes before he satisfied himself. The history of these has some personal interest. Since November 17, 1798, when he received the *Gazette* announcing his elevation to the peerage, he had signed, in due course,  ; and so, though with occasional exceptions, he continued to sign till

November 1, 1799, when he wrote to Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King of Arms, suggesting that the ducal arms of Bronte must have a place in the plan of the arms he was to bear, and continuing, "If his Majesty approves of my taking the title of Bronte, I must have your opinion how I am to sign my name. At present I describe myself as 'Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronte, in Sicily.' As the pelisses given to me and Sir Sidney Smith are novel, I must beg you will turn in your mind how I am to wear it when I first go to the King; and as the aigrette is directed to be worn, where am I to put it? In my hat, having only one arm, is impossible, as I must have my hand at liberty; therefore, I think, on my outward garment." This letter he signed

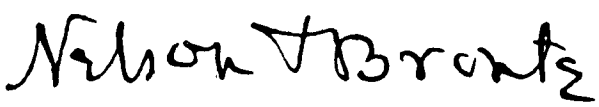


It was probably after an answer to this letter that, on 21st March 1800, he issued the following memorandum:—

"By my patent of creation, I find that my family name of Nelson has been lengthened by the words

"of the Nile." Therefore in future my signature will be

It would seem that on his return to England, in the following November, it was hinted to him that this signature was not quite in order. Two letters of 18th November 1800 are given as signed "Nelson of the Nile," but on the 21st he had reverted to his original signature of "Nelson." A letter of 24th January 1801 appears to be the first which he signed



And this was the signature which he finally adopted; though he again signed "Nelson" on 29th and 30th January.

After a short visit to Port Mahon in October 1799, Nelson had returned to Palermo, and was still there when, on 6th January 1800, he received formal notice of Keith's resuming the command. He made very little secret of his extreme morti-

fication, and, though he joined Keith off Leghorn, and accompanied him to Malta, it would seem to have been in a determination to take his own way, so far as possible. He had never felt any difficulty about disobeying orders if they were contrary to his judgment or inspiration; and to look out to the north-west when Keith ordered him to look out to the south-east was a peculiar happiness, more especially as by doing it he fell in with the French store-ships which were endeavouring to break the blockade, under convoy of the Généreux, the ship which, after escaping from Aboukir Bay, had captured the Leander. The frustration of the enemy's plan was gratifying to him; the capture of the Généreux still more so; but most of all, perhaps, was the being able to write to Lord Spencer that he had quitted Keith on his own responsibility, and if he had failed, might have been broke.

However, the capture or dispersion of the convoy permitted Keith to go to Genoa, leaving Nelson in command of the blockade. Nelson had no intention of continuing to act in subordination to Keith; he was, or fancied himself, extremely ill, and determined to return to Palermo. Troubridge, on whom the command devolved, expostulated with him in vain. His health, he said, required him to

go to Palermo; and to Palermo he went. It has, of course, been said that this determination was entirely due to the influence of Lady Hamilton, from whose society he could not tear himself. That his passion for Lady Hamilton was not without weight may be admitted, but a study of his letters at this time shows it as certain that his pique at having been superseded by Keith had much more to do with it. This pique, however, did not carry him so far as to detain a ship of force like the Foudroyant, which he ordered to return to Malta, his flag meantime flying on board a transport at Palermo.

It was by this time very well known that the French at Malta were in great straits, that their provisions and stores were exhausted, and that the capture of the Généreux had virtually sealed their doom. One chance remained to them—possibly of saving the fortress, but at any rate of saving a large ship and as many men as she could carry. The ship was the Guillaume Tell, of 80 guns, which had escaped from the battle of the Nile, and was at this time lying in the harbour of Valetta. It was known to the English that she was ready for sea and had taken on board a great many supernumeraries. A few minutes before midnight of March 29–30 she ran out of the

harbour with a fresh breeze, passing close by the frigate Penelope, which was already on the alert, and finding the private signal unanswered, followed her, firing continually, at once to distress the enemy and alarm such ships as were within hearing. From half-past twelve to daybreak of the 30th the little Penelope hung on to the chase, yawing from time to time and pouring in a raking broadside, to which the Guillaume Tell could only reply with her stern guns, not venturing to risk the delay of turning to destroy her puny antagonist.

When day broke it was seen that the Guillaume Tell had suffered considerably; had lost her main and mizen topmasts and mainyard, and her rigging everywhere badly cut. About five o'clock the 60-gun ship Lion came up, ran alongside of the Guillaume Tell, and closely engaged her for twenty minutes, at the end of which time she was obliged to drop astern to repair damages. The Penelope meantime had never ceased her fire; and a little before six the Foudroyant entered into the action, but in half-an-hour she too was disabled and fell astern. But the fire of the three ships was kept up at intervals, and brought down the Frenchman's main and mizen masts. After a short delay, the Foudroyant again closed; the Guillaume Tell's foremast went over the side, and at twenty minutes

past eight she struck her colours, after a most obstinate contest, creditable in the highest degree to all parties. To the Penelope, for hanging on to the chase with the hound-like determination which had alone rendered it possible for the other ships to come up. The Lion was, by her size, unable to meet an 80-gun ship on equal terms, but she made the attempt, in order still further to delay her. The Foudroyant ought, single-handed, to have been a match for her; but half of her men were on shore pushing the siege of the town on the land side, and the Guillaume Tell had thus about three men to her one. But the defence of the Guillaume Tell was also extremely brilliant, and the story of the action is one in which Englishmen and Frenchmen can rightly feel equal pride. The official report was written by the senior officer, Captain Dixon, of the Lion; but Berry sent a private note to Nelson:—

"In great haste.

"My dear Lord,—I had but one wish this morning—it was for you. After a most gallant defence, le Guillaume Tell surrendered. She is completely dismasted. The Foudroyant's lower masts and main topmast are standing, but every roll I expect them to go over the side, they are

so much shattered. I was slightly hurt in the foot, and I fear about forty men are badly wounded, besides the killed, which you shall know hereafter.

"All hands behaved as you could have wished. How we prayed for you, God knows, and your sincere and faithful friend, E. BERRY."

"Love to all. Pray send this to my wife, or write Admiralty."

The fac-simile of a page of this letter will testify as to the extreme excitement in which it was written. In answer to it Nelson wrote: "I am sensible of your kindness in wishing my presence at the finish of the Egyptian fleet, but I have no cause for sorrow. The thing could not be better done, and I would not for all the world rob you of one particle of your well-earned laurels. Thank kindly for me all my brave friends in the Foudroyant; and, whatever fate awaits me, my attachment to them will never cease but with my life. . . . My task is done, my health is lost, and the orders of the great Earl of St. Vincent are completely fulfilled—thanks, ten thousand thanks, to my brave friends!"

It was, however, and with a correct judgment, to Blackwood that he expressed the warmest acknow-

ledgments. "Is there," he wrote, "a sympathy which ties men together in the bonds of friendship without having a personal knowledge of each other? If so (and I believe it was so to you), I was your friend and acquaintance before I saw you. Your conduct and character on the late glorious occasion stamps your fame beyond the reach of envy; it was like yourself; it was like the Penelope. Thanks; and say everything kind for me to your brave officers and men. . . . I shall see you very soon, either here or at Malta; but in every situation I am your sincere and attached friend. . . ."

Blackwood, a younger brother of the second Lord

Dufferin, and grand-uncle of the present Marquis, was in after years more intimately associated with Nelson. At the peace he was made a baronet, later on a K.C.B., and died of scarlet fever, at the age of sixty-two, in 1832.

The capture of the last of the "Egyptian fleet" seemed to Nelson a fitting occasion for him to ask permission to resign his command; but, before he

received the letter, Lord Spencer had written, suggesting, in friendly terms, that it would be better he should do so if his health would not permit him to undertake active service. It was, he thought, unadvisable for him to remain inactive at Palermo. So it was agreed that Nelson should go home, and in company with the Hamiltons; Sir William having, to his disgust, been superseded somewhat summarily, in consequence, there can be little doubt, of a feeling that, under the influence of his wife, he had become very much a tool in the hands of the Queen. Nelson was very anxious that they should all go together in the Foudroyant, but to this Keith would not consent. His force had just been diminished by the loss of the Queen Charlotte, which had been accidentally burnt, and he felt that he could not further weaken it by sending away a fine 80-gun ship. His refusal was no doubt strengthened by an objection to lending even an appearance of official sanction to Lady Hamilton's presence; and, though he was obliged to offer Nelson a frigate, he had probably ascertained that her Ladyship would scorn such a conveyance.

So they determined to go home overland; and crossing over from Leghorn to Ancona, were landed at Trieste, whence they travelled by easy stages to Vienna, Prague, Dresden, and Hamburg—

Nelson everywhere fêted as the victor of the Nile, the saviour of Europe, and Lady Hamilton flattering herself that Nelson's glory was legitimately shared by her. At Dresden they stopped with the English Minister, Hugh Elliot, a brother of Lord Minto's, where they met Mrs. St. George, a lively young widow—mother of Archbishop Trench by her second marriage—whose journal, privately printed by her son in 1861, gives a very curious and unflattering account of the party. Mrs. St. George wrote with much bitterness, but her statements of fact are fully corroborated by other and more partial testimony. Under date 8th October she says :—

"Lady Hamilton is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal, but, excepting her feet, which are hideous, well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*.[1] She resembles the bust of Ariadne. The shape of all her features is fine, as is the form of her head and particularly her ears; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white; her eyes light blue, with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from her beauty and expression; her eyebrows and hair are dark, and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly marked,

[1] She was within four months of her confinement.

variable, and interesting; her movements in common life ungraceful; her voice loud, yet not disagreeable. Lord Nelson is a little man, without any dignity. . . . Lady Hamilton takes possession of him, and he is a willing captive, the most submissive and devoted I have seen. After dinner we had several songs in honour of Lord Nelson, written by Miss Knight and sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face; but he receives it with pleasure, and snuffs it up very cordially."

Miss Knight, the daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, had been living at Naples with her mother, on whose death she took refuge with the Hamiltons, and was now one of their party. She had been in the habit of celebrating the glories of Nelson and the loves of "Henry" and "Delia" in the feeblest of verse. In her journal, she says that at Vienna they made the acquaintance of Haydn, who "set to music some English verses, and, amongst others, part of an ode which I had composed after the battle of the Nile, descriptive of the blowing up of the Orient:—

"'Britannia's leader gives the dread command—
Obedient to his summons flames arise;
The fierce explosion rends the skies,
And high in air the ponderous mass is thrown.

The dire concussion shakes the land—
Earth, air, and sea, united, groan;
The solid Pyramids confess the shock,
And their firm bases to their centre rock.'

'Haydn accompanied Lady Hamilton on the piano when she sang this piece, and the effect was grand."

On 7th October, Mrs. St. George noted: "Breakfasted with Lady Hamilton, and saw her represent in succession the best statues and paintings extant." Her description of the attitudes closely resembles that of Goethe, written nearly fourteen years before. But, having exhausted her enthusiasm, she resumed the functions of censor.

"It is remarkable," she says, "that, though coarse and ungraceful in common life, she becomes highly graceful and even beautiful during this performance. It is also singular that, in spite of her imitation of the finest ancient draperies, her usual dress is tasteless, vulgar, loaded, and unbecoming. She has borrowed several of my gowns, and much admires my dress, which cannot flatter, as her own is so frightful. Her waist is absolutely between her shoulders. After showing her attitudes, she sung and I accompanied. Her voice is good and very strong, but she is frequently out of tune; her expression strongly marked and various; but she has

no shake, no flexibility, and no sweetness. She acts her songs, which I think the last degree of bad taste. All imperfect imitations are disagreeable, and to represent passion with the eyes fixed on a book and the person confined to a spot must always be a poor piece of acting *manqué*. She continues her demonstrations of friendship, and said many fine things about my accompanying her at sight. Still she does not gain upon me. I think her bold, daring, vain even to folly, and stamped with the manners of her first situation much more strongly than one would suppose, after having represented Majesty and lived in good company fifteen years. Her ruling passions seem to me vanity, avarice, and love for the pleasures of the table. She shows a great avidity for presents, and has actually obtained some at Dresden by the common artifice of admiring and longing. Mr. Elliot says, 'She will captivate the Prince of Wales, whose mind is as vulgar as her own, and play a great part in England.'"

It would appear, in fact, that she did make the attempt in the following January; but a temporary indisposition prevented her success at the time, and Hamilton, warned by Nelson of the danger, gave her no further opportunities.

At Hamburg, Nelson made the acquaintance of

Rehberg. *Art Reproduction Co. sc.*

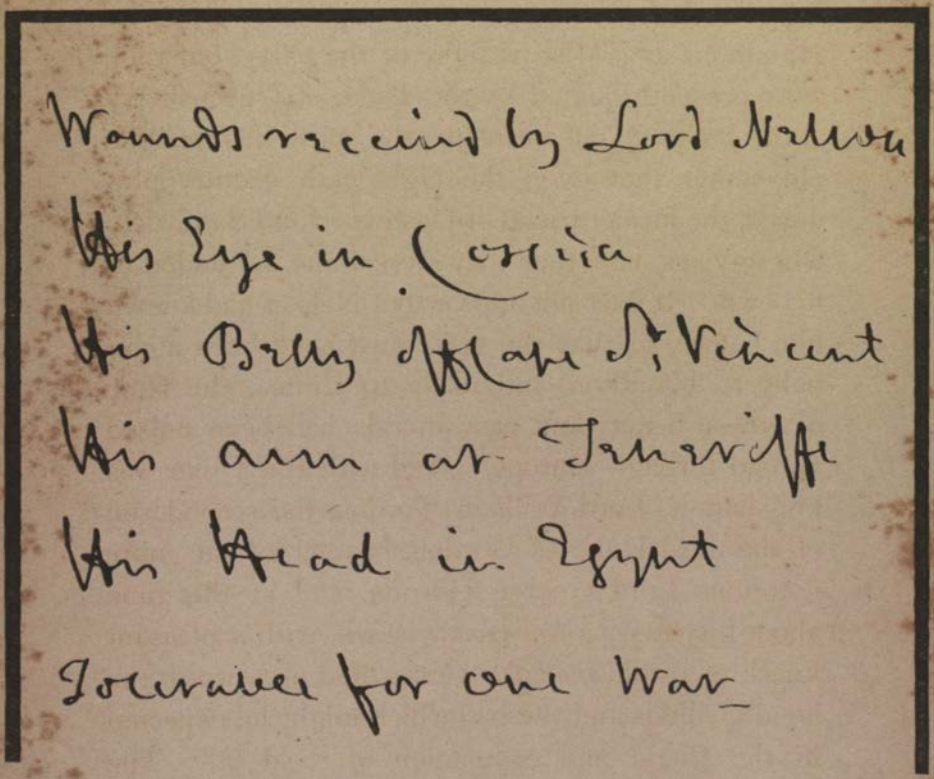
LADY HAMILTON.
(Attitude, No. 6.)

General Dumouriez, and, according to Miss Knight, the two took a great fancy to each other. "Dumouriez at that time maintained himself by his writings, and Lord Nelson forced him to accept a hundred pounds, telling him that he had used his sword too well to live only by his pen." The result of their friendship was a remarkable correspondence during the following year, when Dumouriez sent Nelson some suggestions as to the contemplated invasion of England by the Boulogne flotilla—a subject which, as a French soldier, he had studied for twenty years; and offered to come over to London secretly, to discuss the plans with the Ministry; "or else," he says, "I could be with you to second you, and, in rendering a service to your country and to my friend Nelson, I should be able to hasten the downfall of a Government which will overthrow all others if it continues." Nelson sent the note to Mr. Addington, then Prime Minister, and there, it would seem, the matter rested; Nelson presumably not feeling in want of the offered assistance.

From Hamburg, Nelson and his party crossed to Yarmouth, where they landed on 6th November 1800, and the next day proceeded towards London, which they reached on the afternoon of the 8th, joining Nelson's father and wife at an hotel in St.

James's Street. Lady Nelson's reception of her husband is said to have been markedly cold; but it may have been only the embarrassment of meeting him before strangers; for not only were the Hamiltons and Miss Knight of the party, but they were presently joined by the Duke of Queensberry —the "old Q" of scandal—the most disreputable old sinner that even the eighteenth century produced, the former friend of Dashwood and Sandwich, whose vices, now that they were gone, he added to his own. It does not appear that Nelson had known him before, so that the visit must have been nominally to Hamilton, and really to Emma, the fame of whose beauty and easy morals had been noised abroad through Europe. And with the Duke was his shadow, Lord William Gordon, the second son of the third Duke of Gordon, brother of the more notorious Lord George Gordon, and at this time about fifty-five; a *bon-vivant*, a wit, with a pleasant knack of turning society verses, and, in a word, the good qualities and the bad which might be expected in the friend and companion of "old Q." The acquaintance so begun between these two and Nelson led to a certain degree of intimacy, the connecting link of which, however, was unquestionably Emma, the licence of whose conversation endeared her to the old reprobate.

STATEMENT OF WOUNDS


Wounds received by Lord Nelson

His Eye in Corsica

His Belly off Cape St. Vincent

His arm at Teneriffe

His Head in Egypt

Tolerable for one War

MEMORANDUM—NOT DATED

(*probably December 1800*)

November 9th falling on a Sunday, Lord Mayor's Day was kept on the 10th; Nelson was, of course, invited to the dinner. At the top of Ludgate Hill the mob took the horses from his carriage, and dragged him in triumphal progress along Cheapside and to the Guildhall, amid waving handkerchiefs and loud huzzas. After dinner he was formally presented with the diamond-hilted sword voted him after the battle of the Nile. He was already, as ever since, the hero of the people, and wherever he appeared in public during the next two months he was welcomed with every demonstration of enthusiastic affection. At Court alone his reception was cold. The King barely acknowledged him, and turned away to speak to some one else. To "Farmer George" the domestic virtues seemed the one thing needful; and, though obliged to tolerate the scandalous debaucheries of his sons, he could show his horror of incontinence by turning his back on that one of his subjects to whom his crown was most deeply indebted. And he did so.

CHAPTER V

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN

MEANTIME the coalition in the north, commonly known as the "Armed Neutrality of 1801," was gradually taking form. The English determination to control the commerce of neutrals, and especially that from the Baltic, which they declared to be contraband of war, had given rise to a very bitter feeling in both Sweden and Denmark, which had been intensified in July 1800, when a fleet of Danish merchant-ships, under the convoy of a Danish frigate, was forcibly brought into the Downs. The Tsar, too, fancied that his wishes or interests were neglected by the allies; and Bonaparte, keenly alive to the possibilities of the situation, had completely won him to the French interest by flattering his ambition, offering to cede Malta to him, and by releasing some six or seven thousand Russian prisoners of war, as a mark of esteem.

Consequent on these negotiations, Paul had publicly announced his determination to revive the Armed Neutrality of 1780, and had sent a general

officer to Paris to command the liberated prisoners, and with them to take possession of Malta. Malta, however, had already fallen to the English; and Paul, rightly judging that, in view of his hostile attitude, they would certainly not make over their conquest to him, laid hands on all British property in Russia. In addition to such merchandise as was already warehoused, some three hundred British merchant-ships were seized, and their crews sent into the interior, the Tsar declaring that the embargo should not be removed until the acknowledgment of his rights to Malta as Grand Master of the Order. At the same time Prussia had been considering the advantages of an alliance with France, as enabling her at once to rise on the ruins of Austria, and to annex Hanover. The seizure, by an English cruiser, of a Prussian merchantman trying to take a cargo of naval stores into the Texel, confirmed her resolve; and her influence fixed the course of Denmark; so that when, on 16th December 1800, a treaty of Armed Neutrality was signed by Russia and Sweden, it was at once joined by Prussia and Denmark.

It may be stated that the claims formulated by this treaty were such as England had steadily maintained to be adverse to her interests, and a check on her power at sea. Throughout the whole

of the war she refused to concede them; and though she admitted them by the Declaration of Paris in 1856, she would probably revert to her former position, in face of a general European war. They were briefly: That neutral ships were free to carry on the coasting and colonial trade of States at war; that enemy's goods under the neutral flag were not subject to seizure; that contraband of war did not include naval stores; that neutral merchant-ships under convoy of a ship of war were not subject to the belligerent right of search; and that a blockade, to be binding, must be supported by such a force as would make the attempt to break it evidently hazardous. And these claims the Northern powers bound themselves to assert by force of arms, if necessary.

In describing the formation of this coalition, Captain Mahan, recalling the opportuneness of Nelson's departure from England in 1798 to check the yet undivined expedition against Egypt, has aptly commented on the singular coincidence by which he, destined also to strike this coalition to the ground, was now slowly journeying from the Mediterranean to the North Sea; as though again drawn by some mysterious influence, to be at hand for unknown services which he alone could render. He left Leghorn for Trieste and Vienna just a week after Bonaparte made his first offer

L. F. Abbott. W. H. Ward & Co. Lt.d sc.

Nelson?

of Malta to the Tsar, and passed through Hamburg at the very time that the affair of the Prussian prize was under discussion.[1]

Of this, however, Nelson knew nothing. It is more strange that the poet Campbell, who arrived in Hamburg a few days after Nelson had left, and settled down there for the winter, did not then or afterwards know anything of it. But neither did he know anything of the formidable coalition which was being formed, or of the hostile intentions of Prussia and Denmark. Something he heard of the hostile attitude of Russia, and of a proposed expedition against her; and this only was in his mind when he wrote that glorious ballad which, first published in the *Morning Chronicle* of 18th March 1801, became at once widely popular, and, with some modifications of language, has continued to be so, and will endure as long as the English language. In its original form it ran thus:—

ON THE PROSPECT OF A RUSSIAN WAR

I.

"Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!

[1] *Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire*, vol. ii. pp. 32–37.

Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck—it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return!
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the tempests cease to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the tempests cease to blow."

It would be taking the verse too literally to dwell on the fact that the flag under which the fleet sailed in March 1801 was called into being by the proclamation of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland on 1st January, less than three months before; but the poet's acquaintance with the details of our naval history must have been curiously slight when it permitted him to speak of the death of Blake as in the second stanza. The error was so glaring that, when the poem was reprinted, a few weeks later, in the *Naval Chronicle*, the line was altered to—

"Where Granville, boast of freedom, fell."

But it may be assumed that the change was made by the editors; for Campbell himself never seems to have realised the historical or biographical solecism

of which he had been guilty; and, in fact, he repeated it when, some years later, he altered the line to its present well-known form—

"Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell."

The winter in England was productive of much of interest in Nelson's private history, and especially his separation from his wife. It is generally assumed that this was entirely caused by his infatuation for Lady Hamilton; but there are many circumstances which, to some extent at least, corroborate Emma's story as related by Harrison. According to this, his own was the one house in the British dominions where Nelson was not sure of an affectionate welcome.

"Having taken up his residence in Dover Street, he naturally wished to enjoy the society of his nearest and dearest relatives, from whom he had been so long divided. Few of these, however, had, during his absence, met with any excess of respectful civilities from her ladyship; and though now affectionately invited, their visits by no means appeared to augment her felicity. Lady Nelson's nerves could not bear the constant presence of his lordship's young nephews and nieces, while his lordship, fond of virtue in every shape, never felt happier than when surrounded by the amiable

children of his brother and sisters. Here was another want of unison in sentiment, and consequently a considerable source of discord. It will be sufficient to hint a few such unhappy incongruities of disposition to account for that extreme deficiency of harmony between the parties which afterwards led to a separation by mutual consent. The present Earl and Countess Nelson, there can be no doubt, will long remember the mortifying *hauteur* which they so often experienced from her ladyship, even at their brother's table, as well as on other occasions, where they were then deemed of insufficient consequence to appear in company with so lofty a personage as their elevated sister-in-law, over whom they now triumph in rank.

"Lady Nelson, unfortunately, regarded all his lordship's relations as the natural enemies of her son, whom she seems, unaccountably, to have considered as the rightful heir of her husband's honours. This improvident young man, however, far from conciliating his father-in-law's esteem, had insulted him with more grossness than his lordship ever experienced from any other person, and, consequently, estranged himself as much as possible from his heart. . . . What a source was this, too, for domestic inquietude! In short, without any charge of criminality against her

ladyship, the unfortunate tempers of herself and son, so little accordant with that of his lordship, conduced to render our hero, amidst all the honours he was everywhere deservedly receiving, the most miserable mortal in existence. After one of these too frequent domestic broils by which his life was embittered, this exalted man, of whom the world was scarcely worthy, had wandered all night through the streets of London in a state of absolute despair and distraction. He rambled as far as the City, perambulated Fleet Market, Blackfriars Bridge, &c., and, exhausted with fatigue, as well as overpowered by mental suffering, reached the house of Sir William Hamilton in Grosvenor Square, about four in the morning, where, having obtained admittance, he threw himself on the bed of his alarmed friends in an agony of grief much too poignant for expression. The soothing voice of friendship, the sympathetic tenderness of such congenial minds, and the manifest interest which they felt in the affecting recital which his lordship ventured to unbosom, all assisted by degrees to calm the tremendous hurricane in his perturbed breast. After his lordship was refreshed, and had taken a little rest, his friend, Sir William, persuaded him to seek that happiness in his professional pursuits which it seemed unlikely he would ever find at home; and

that very day, it is said, his lordship offered his services at the Admiralty,[1] where they were gladly accepted."

The spite of an angry woman is visible in every line of this, and it must be remembered that it is not evidence. It is Emma's story, and Emma was ignorant of the distinction between truth and falsehood; while Harrison, her scribe, was a sneaking scoundrel—a Noah Claypole of scoundrels—who first meanly flattered his employer, then robbed her, and then foully libelled her. Nevertheless, much of this rigmarole is certainly true; and much of the rest fits in with known facts in a manner which no other explanation will do.

By the general consent of those who knew her, Lady Nelson's own life was irreproachable. She is described in her old age as calm, gentle, and dignified. Her letters to her husband are quite in unison with this description, but indicate more of that esteem which Nelson had formerly thought was the equivalent of love, than of the fierce passion which he now understood; and, though knowing that he was an invalid, she had remained in England, leaving him to be nursed by a woman whom she must have

[1] This is incorrect. He offered his services in a letter from Yarmouth, immediately on his return to England; but it is not improbable that he did, at this time, make a renewed application.

heard spoken of as beautiful, fascinating, and of doubtful antecedents. Intelligence from Naples is said to have convinced her of the undue intimacy between Emma and her husband, and to have caused the marked coldness with which she received him on his joining her in London on 8th November. But that same evening, and on many other evenings, the Hamiltons dined at the hotel with her and her father-in-law; and whilst it is difficult to understand the frame of mind which permitted Nelson thus to bring his mistress into the intimate society of his wife and his aged father—a clergyman—it is as difficult to understand this delicate and refined lady admitting her husband's mistress to a friendly intimacy. If she was not cognisant of the relations between them, why the coldness with which she awaited her husband's arrival? If she was, why did she receive and continue to receive Emma's visits for a couple of months before bouncing out of the room in a fury, exclaiming, "I am sick of hearing of 'dear Lady Hamilton'"? The whole story is involved in much doubt and many contradictions; but we know certainly, from Nelson's own statement, that his married life during those two months was most unhappy, and that they separated never to meet again, Nelson making his wife a liberal allowance, conditional on being left to himself, and without any inquiries from her.

A few days later, 17th January, but according to an arrangement made two months before, he hoisted his flag on board the San Josef, at Plymouth, as second in command of the Channel Fleet, under his old chief, Lord St. Vincent. His uneasiness was extreme, for he was thus compelled to be absent from London at the very time when Lady Hamilton was daily expecting her confinement; and when it took place—on 29th or 30th January—although he was duly informed of the fact, the fear of his letters miscarrying rendered it impossible for him to speak of the subject which lay next his heart. It was more than a month before an opportunity to which he could trust offered itself in the person of Oliver, a lad brought up by the Hamiltons, and devotedly attached to his mistress. He then wrote with an extreme freedom, a freedom that would be incredible had we not the letter, in his own handwriting, as a proof of it. It is dated 1st March 1801, nine o'clock, and runs:—

"Now, my own dear wife, for such you are in my eyes and in the face of Heaven, I can give full scope to my feelings, for I dare say Oliver will faithfully deliver this letter. You know, my dearest Emma, that there is nothing in this world that I would not do for us to live together, and

to have our dear little child with us. I firmly believe that this campaign will give us peace, and then we will set off for Bronte. In twelve hours we shall be across the water, and freed from all the nonsense of his[1] friends, or rather pretended ones. Nothing but an event happening to him[2] could prevent my going; and I am sure you will think so, for, unless all matters accord, it would bring a hundred of tongues and slanderous reports if I separated from her,[3] which I would do with pleasure the moment we can be united. I want to see her no more; therefore we must manage till we can quit this country, or your uncle[2] dies. I love; I never did love any one else. I never had a dear pledge of love till you gave me one; and you, thank my God, never gave one to anybody else. I think before March is out you will either see us back, or so victorious that we shall ensure a glorious issue to our toils. Think what my Emma will feel at seeing return safe, perhaps with a little more fame, her own dear loving Nelson. Never, if I can help it, will I dine out of my ship or go on shore, except duty calls me. Let Sir Hyde have any glory he can catch—I envy him

[1] Sir William Hamilton. The allusion is to the Prince of Wales, who had dined two or three times with Hamilton, and whose attentions to Emma had filled Nelson with most lively alarm.

[2] Sir William Hamilton.

[3] Lady Nelson.

not. You, my beloved Emma, and my country are the two dearest objects of my fond heart—*a heart susceptible and true.* Only place confidence in me, and you never shall be disappointed. I burn all your dear letters, because it is right for your sake; and I wish you would burn all mine—they can do no good, and will do us both harm if any seizure of them; or the dropping even one of them would fill the mouths of the world sooner than we intend. My longing for you, both person and conversation, you may readily imagine . . . [especially the person] . . . No, my heart, person, and mind is in perfect union of love towards my own dear, beloved Emma—the *real bosom* friend of her, all hers, all Emma's,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"Oliver is gone to sleep: he is grown half foolish. I shall give him £10 in the morning, and I have wrote a letter recommending a friend of his to the chairman of the East India Company, which he said you would be glad I should do for him. I have nothing to send my Emma. It makes me sorry you and Sir William could not come to Yarmouth; that would be pleasant, but we shall not be there more than a week at farthest. I had a letter this day from the Rev. Mr. Holden, who we met on the Continent; he desired his kind

compliments to you and Sir William. He sent me the letters of my name, and recommended it as my motto—*Honor est a Nilo* (Horatio Nelson). May the Heavens bless you. My love, my darling angel, my heaven-given wife, the dearest, only true wife of her own till death,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"I hope you will never let that fellow[1] or any one come near you.

"*Monday Morning.*—Oliver is just going on shore. The time will ere long arrive when Nelson will land to fly to his Emma, to be for ever with her. Let that hope keep us up under our present difficulties. Kiss and bless *our* dear Horatia—think of that."

The paternity or maternity of this child, Horatia, who from this time was never absent from Nelson's thoughts, has long been held doubtful. With the discovery of this remarkable letter, now in the possession of Mr. Alfred Morrison, all doubts on the subject are at an end, so far, at least, as concerns Nelson's belief; except, indeed, on the utterly groundless assumption that the letter is a forgery.

Nelson had meantime moved into the St. George,

[1] The Prince of Wales.

a smaller ship, and better adapted for service in the Baltic. In her, with Hardy, who had followed him from the San Josef, as his flag-captain, he joined the fleet under Sir Hyde Parker, which sailed from Yarmouth on 12th March, and arrived off Elsinore on the 24th. Parker, with a more genial temper than his father, familiarly known in the navy as Vinegar Parker,[1] had inherited his unflinching bravery and his incapacity for the reception of new ideas. Such a man may make an admirable second when what he has to do is clearly explained to him, but can never be an efficient commander-in-chief, where everything has to originate from him.

Had St. Vincent, who had proved Nelson's capacity in the Mediterranean, become First Lord of the Admiralty a few weeks earlier than he did, it is very probable that Nelson would have been nominated to the command of the fleet ordered to the Baltic. As it was, we may fairly suppose that Lord Spencer, fully appreciating Nelson's genius as a fighting admiral, was influenced in his judgment by his knowledge of the insubordination which Nelson had exhibited in his conduct towards Keith,

[1] A characteristic-looking portrait of him, by Romney, in the Painted Hall at Greenwich, has been engraved by Townley. Another portrait, by Northcote, belongs to the Earl of Morley.

and conceived that it would be imprudent to place him in a position where there might probably be more room for the display of tact than of tactics. We know now that this was an error; but, then, we know now the extraordinary genius for high command which Nelson really had, and of that, in January 1801, Lord Spencer could know nothing. Before he went out of office he had nominated Parker to the command; and, without offering an unwarrantable insult to a deserving officer, St. Vincent could not alter the arrangement. That Nelson felt aggrieved, there can be little doubt, more especially as he quickly learned—if, indeed, he did not know before—that Parker had none of the best qualities of a commander-in-chief. At Elsinore, in fact, he showed himself wanting in the moral courage which is ready to undertake the responsibility of independent action. He was unwilling to advance, although he knew that the Danes were each day strengthening their defences; and he positively refused Nelson's suggestion to leave part of the fleet, sufficient to overpower the Danes, and to strike direct at Russia, the life and soul of the coalition. In vain Nelson urged that to defeat the Danes would be like cutting a branch off a tree; to crush the Russians would be cutting down the tree itself. Parker would not be convinced, and it was only by

Nelson's insistence that he was persuaded to advance against Copenhagen. Still he was irresolute. He could not decide on the best route. "Let it be by the Sound, by the Belt, or anyhow," said Nelson; "only lose not an hour." At last a determination was formed, and on the 26th the whole fleet sailed for the Great Belt. But before it had proceeded many leagues the admiral wavered, and sent his flag-captain to tell Nelson they would go by the Sound. "I don't care a damn," cried Nelson in disgust, "by which passage we go, so that we fight them." More days were, however, to be lost; and it was not till the 29th that the fleet advanced by way of the Sound and anchored a few miles to the north of Copenhagen. It was then seen that the defences of the town had been greatly strengthened, and, in the hands of such men as the Danes, were extremely formidable.

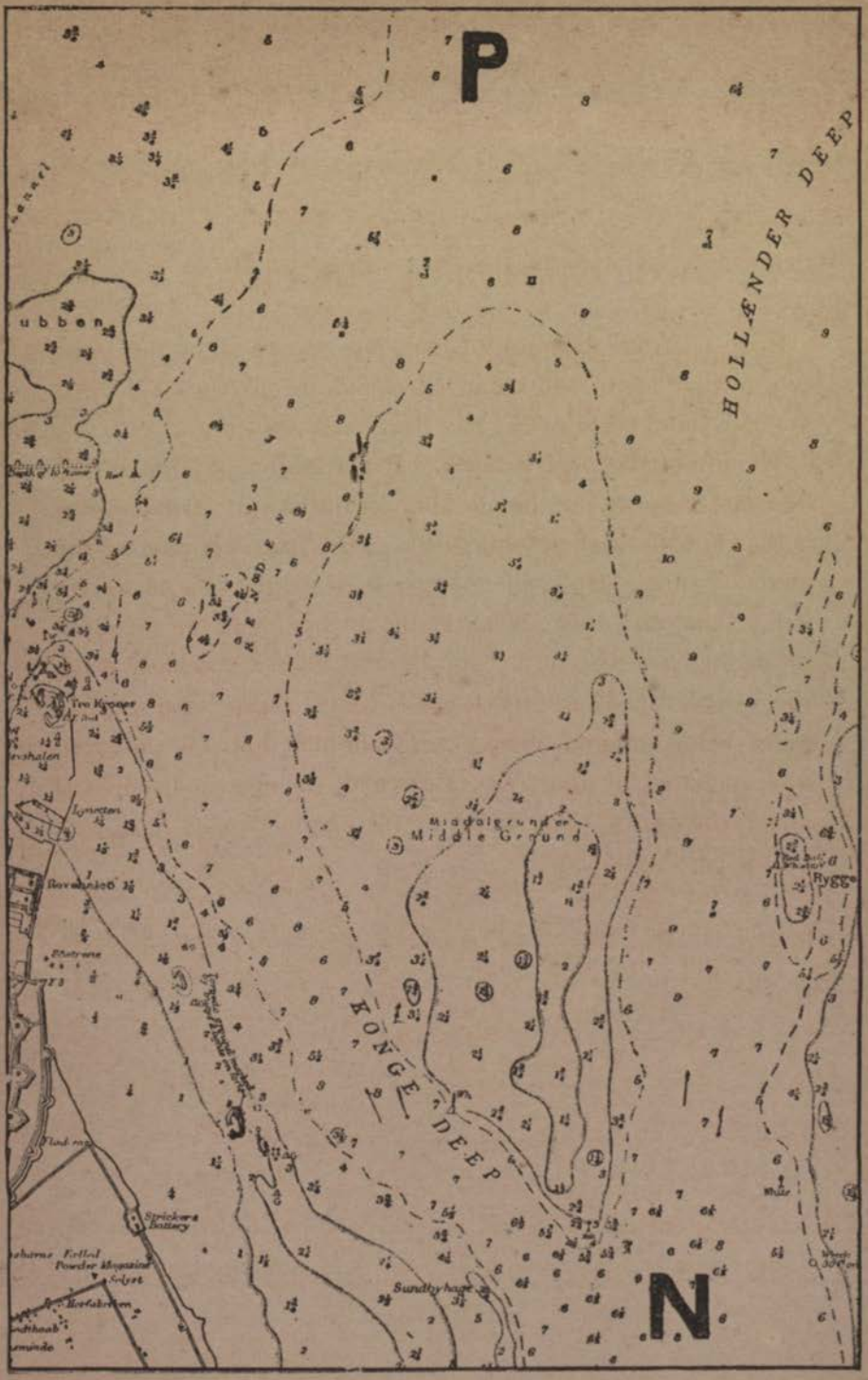
The city of Copenhagen stands on the eastern coasts of the islands of Zealand and Amager, facing the island of Saltholm and its outlying shoal. Between this and the city is another shoal known as the Middle Ground, on each side of which there is a navigable channel; that on the west, between the shoal and Amager, is the King's Deep, or King's Channel; that on the east, towards Saltholm, is the Outer or Dutch Deep. The city can thus only

EXPLANATION OF THE CHART

Reduced from Admiralty Chart, No. 790, to show the intricate navigation of the detached squadron on April 1–2. All the buoys and other marks had been removed.

The top of the page is north. **P** marks the position of the fleet under Parker on the morning of 2nd April. On the east is the edge of the Saltholm shoal. The narrowest part of the Outer Channel—Hollænder Deep—by which Nelson advanced, is less than 900 yards. **N** marks the anchorage of the squadron on the night of 1st April. On the 2nd, with a southerly wind, they came up King's Channel—Konge Deep—the Danish hulks being moored along the five-fathom line on the west, and anchored by the stern, abreast of them at a distance of about 100 yards. The width of the channel in its narrowest part is barely 600 yards.

BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN



be approached from the north or south by the King's Deep; but the passage from the north was guarded by—in addition to minor defences—a huge fort, named the Three Crowns, which mounted some seventy guns. South of this, along the coast of Amager, was moored a line of large ships and hulks heavily armed. In these there was no question of seamanship. They were, for the occasion, so many fixed batteries, in which the guns could be worked by soldiers or able-bodied volunteers.

To attempt to pass the Three Crowns was to ensure having the ships knocked to pieces without any possibility of an effective reply; and Nelson, who had shifted his flag to the Elephant, a 74-gun ship, commanded by his old comrade Foley, offered to lead a detachment of the fleet through the Outer Deep, and enter the King's Deep from the south. Ten of the smaller ships of the line would, he thought, be sufficient. The proposal seemed to lift the weight of responsibility from Parker, and he gladly accepted it, giving him twelve of the smaller ships —ships of sixty-four or seventy-four guns—with a few frigates and bombs. But the difficulty of the navigation had first to be overcome. All the buoys and other marks had, of course, been removed; and no dependence was to be placed on the pilots—men accustomed only to ships of small tonnage, such as

traded to the Baltic, who were bewildered by the size of the ships, and, without the buoys, could do nothing. But from childhood Nelson had been trained to confidence amid dangerous navigation; and his early practice among the shoals of the Medway and Thames, or the cays of the Bahamas, now stood him in good stead. During the succeeding nights the channel was sounded, and the edges of the shoal marked by buoys, under his personal superintendence; and on the afternoon of 1st April his squadron passed through the Outer Deep, and anchored for the night off the south end of the Middle Ground. The plan of attack was then drawn out; the position which each ship was to take up was indicated; everything was carefully explained; every contingency was provided for. Hardy had personally sounded right up to the line of the enemy's ships, and had reported sufficient water.

So, about half-past nine on the forenoon of 2nd April, the squadron weighed, and the Edgar, under Captain George Murray, led in. Hardy had correctly indicated the channel as close by the Danish line; but the masters and pilots preferred to believe that it lay farther out, towards the Middle Ground, and by their persistent blunder three of the ships got on shore, and stuck there, too far off to take any effective part in the battle, though two of them were

near enough to sustain considerable damage and heavy loss. The line of attack, too, was seriously weakened by the absence of these ships, and the work for those who took up their assigned station was much more severe. And so, for some three or four hours, the battle raged with exceeding fury.

It has often been told how Parker, from a distance to the north, some three or four miles beyond the Three Crowns, seeing the severity of the struggle, and afraid that the English ships were being overpowered, made the signal to discontinue the action—to cease firing; but that Nelson, on its being reported, clapped his telescope to his blind eye, said he could not see the signal, and refused to obey it. Everything in Nelson's career shows that he would not have had the slightest hesitation about disobeying that or any other signal which did not agree with his own idea of what was best to be done; and the signal which here, and in every battle, he kept flying, was, "Engage the enemy more closely." But it is well established that on this occasion Parker had not only warned Nelson beforehand, but by a special message at the time repeated that the signal was to be considered optional, and was intended only to shield him from the responsibility of drawing off if he considered it advisable to do so—if, in fact, the enemy was too

N. Pocock. *W. H. Ward & Co., L'd. sc.*

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

strong for him. It was an amiable and kindly thought of Parker's, and one of the very few instances on which he ventured to take any responsibility. But Nelson was confident of victory, and, with a bare acknowledgment of the signal, ordered his own — "Engage the enemy more closely"—to be kept hoisted.

Towards two o'clock the victory began to declare itself. The Danish fire slackened, and ship after ship of the Danish line was silenced, the men killed, disabled, or driven from the guns. But now a curious difficulty arose. Under the circumstances it was impossible to take possession of the silenced ships, and the proximity of the shore permitted the Danes to send fresh men on board and to renew the fight. In some cases this was repeated more than once, and the only way to end it seemed to be to set the ships on fire, with the wounded still on board. From the horror of this Nelson recoiled, and, as an alternative, wrote the celebrated letter to the Crown Prince, pointing out what must necessarily happen if they persisted in this course of action. With this the battle ended. The letter brought about a truce, and the truce an armistice, which lasted till, by the sequence of events in Russia, the war was happily brought to an end.

The story of the battle, which Nelson himself

always considered his masterpiece, naturally recalls the spirited ballad in which Campbell, following up his soul-stirring lyric on the outbreak of the war, celebrated the victory. The ballad, however, was not written till some years later. In the form which it ultimately assumed it is to be found in every anthology, and is familiar to every schoolboy. Its original form is less well known, and is here given from the copy sent to Sir Walter Scott in a letter of 27th March, 1805.[1] Though wanting the polish which afterwards brought it to something like perfection, though many of the lines are bald, harsh, or tumid, some of the expressions are happier than in the finished work; and, though we do not go to a ballad for historical detail, it is fuller and more accurate. Still, it must be remembered that Campbell described it as "Copenhagen — in its incorrect state."

COPENHAGEN

I.

"Of Nelson and the north,
Sing the day,
When, their haughty powers to vex,
He engaged the Danish decks;
And with twenty floating wrecks
Crowned the fray.

[1] Beattie's *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*, vol. ii. p. 42.

II.

All bright, in April's sun,
Shone the day,
When a British fleet came down
Through the island of the Crown,
And by Copenhagen town
Took their stay.

III.

In arms the Danish shore
Proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

IV.

For Denmark here had drawn
All her might:
From her battle-ships so vast
She had hewn away the mast,
And at anchor, to the last
Bade them fight.

V.

Another noble fleet
Of their line
Rode out; but these were nought
To the batteries which they brought,
Like Leviathans afloat
In the brine.

VI.

It was ten of Thursday morn
By the chime,
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time—

VII.

Ere a first and fatal round
Shook the flood.
Every Dane looked out that day,
Like the red wolf on his prey,
And he swore his flag to sway
O'er our blood.

VIII.

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar;
'Twas the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame,
For to him 'twas all the same,
Sport and war.

IX.

All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep;
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep.

X.

'Twas the Edgar first that smote
Denmark's line;
As her flag the foremost soared,
Murray stamped his foot on board,
And an hundred cannons roared
At the sign.

XI.

Three cheers of all the fleet
Sung Huzza!
Then from centre, rear, and van,
Every captain, every man,
With a lion's heart began
To the fray.

XII.

Oh, dark grew soon the heavens—
For each gun,
From its adamantine lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like a hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

XIII.

Three hours the raging fire
Did not slack;
But the fourth, their signals drear
Of distress and wreck appear,
And the Dane a feeble cheer
Sent us back.

XIV.

The voice decayed; their shots
Slowly boom.
They ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

XV.

Oh, death—it was a sight
Filled our eyes!
But we rescued many a crew
From the waves of scarlet hue,
Ere the cross of England flew
O'er her prize.

XVI.

Why ceased not here the strife,
Oh, ye brave?
Why bleeds old England's band
By the fire of Danish land,
That smites the very hand
Stretched to save.

XVII.

But the Britons sent to warn
Denmark's town:
Proud foes, let vengeance sleep!
If another chain-shot sweep—
All your navy in the deep
Shall go down.

XVIII.

Then, peace instead of death
Let us bring!
If you'll yield your conquered fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.

XIX.

The Dane returned, a truce
Glad to bring:
He would yield his conquered fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.

XX.

Then death withdrew his pall
From the day;
And the sun looked smiling bright
On a wide and woeful sight
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

XXI.

Yet, all amidst her wrecks
And her gore,
Proud Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds relief;
And the sounds of joy and grief
Filled her shore.

XXII.

All round, outlandish cries
Loudly broke;
But a nobler note was rung
When the British, old and young,
To their bands of music sung
'Hearts of oak!'

XXIII.

Cheer! cheer! from park and tower,
London town!
When the King shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate,
And to all his peers relate
Our renown!

XXIV.

The bells shall ring! the day
Shall not close,
But a blaze of cities bright
Shall illuminate the night,
And the wine-cup shine in light
As it flows.

XXV.

Yes—yet amid the joy
And uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
All beside thy rocky steep,
Elsinore!

XXVI.

Brave hearts, to Britain's weal
Once so true!
Though death has quenched your flame,
Yet immortal be your name!
For ye died the death of fame
With Riou.

XXVII.

Soft sigh the winds of Heaven
O'er your grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing—glory to the souls
Of the brave."

As soon as the suspension of arms was agreed on, Nelson returned to his own cabin on board the St. George. He had had no sleep the previous night; little, if any, the night before that; the day, too, had been one of intense strain on mind and nerves; so also must the two previous days have been, independent of the physical exertion. From early morn he had scarcely sat down—never, indeed, except to write the letter to the Crown Prince. A more robust man might very well have been thoroughly worn out—exhausted. But Nelson, on returning to his cabin, where Emma's portrait was hanging, could not compose himself to rest without writing for her some testimony of his love.

It had been in abeyance for sixty hours; he would make amends before he slept, and he scribbled off the following verses :—

LORD NELSON TO HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL

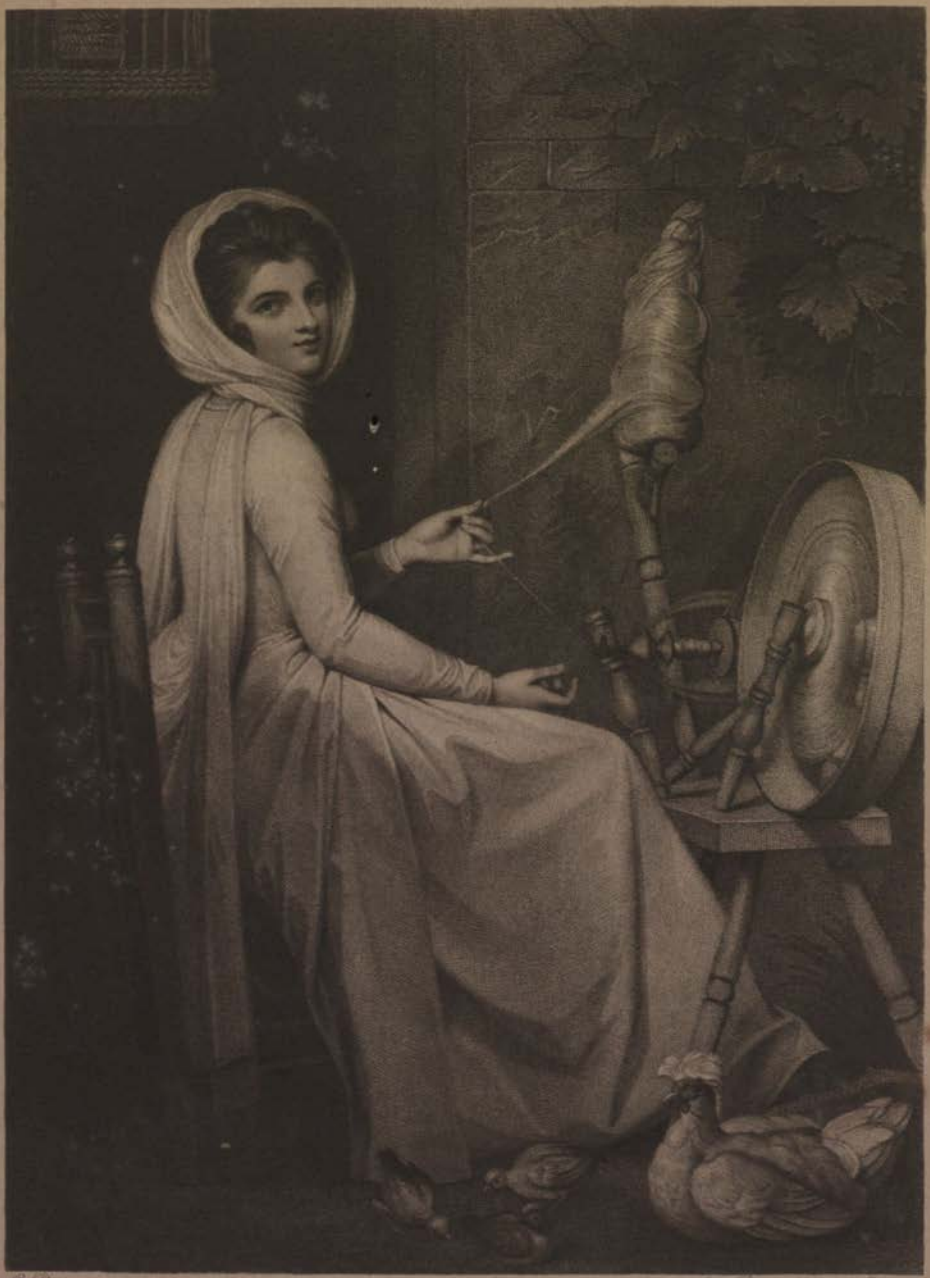
" From my best cable though I'm forced to part,
I leave my anchor in my angel's heart;
Love, like a pilot, shall the pledge defend,
And for a buoy his happiest quiver lend."

ANSWER OF LORD NELSON'S GUARDIAN ANGEL

" Go where you list, each thought of Angel's soul
Shall follow you from Indies to the Pole;
East, west, north, south, our minds shall never part,
Your Angel's loadstone shall be Nelson's heart.
Farewell, and o'er the wide, wide sea
Bright glory's course pursue;
And adverse winds to love and me,
Prove fair to fame and you.
And when the dreaded hour of battle's nigh,
Your Angel's heart, which trembles at a sigh,
By your superior danger bolder grown,
Shall, dauntless, place itself before your own;
Happy, thrice happy should her fond heart prove
A shield to Valour, Constancy, and Love."

" St. George, 2nd April 1802, 9 o'clock at night; very tired after a hard-fought battle."

From the time and manner of writing, and perhaps still more from the writing itself, with



G. Romney

Art Reproductions Co. &c.

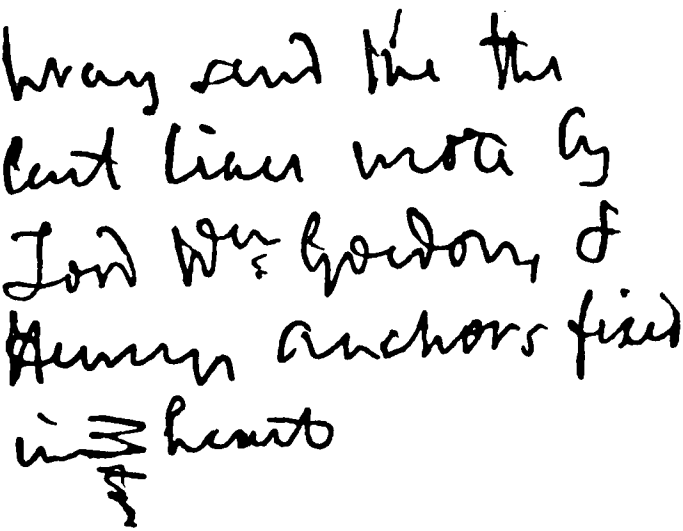
Lady Hamilton

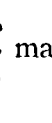
(The Spinstress)

many erasures and corrections, Pettigrew, who first published these verses, assumed that they were Nelson's own composition, and that the copy sent, which he reproduced in fac-simile, was actually the first rough draft. And Pettigrew's assumption has been very generally accepted, although, so far as is known, Nelson never wrote any other verses, and these appear the work of a poetaster of some experience, skilled, at any rate, in grammatical construction and in the technique of rhythm. The erasures, too, when critically considered, do not seem due to the author's doubt as to the proper expression or turn of the sentence, but rather to hurry or momentary forgetfulness on the part of the writer; and, above all, it is difficult to imagine a seaman writing such downright nonsense as "From my best cable though I'm forced to part," whilst it is easy enough to understand him passing it unnoticed when written by another, more especially when the meaning of the whole is clear enough, and entirely to his satisfaction.

On some such considerations as these, it was suggested several years ago that the verses could not be Nelson's, but had been written from memory in the agitation and excitement of the moment; and that the author of them was probably Lord William Gordon, who had certainly hymned the loves of

Emma and "Henry," a name adopted both by him and Miss Knight as fitting into the exigencies of metre more easily than Horatio. Of this, however, there was no proof, and it remained a mere suggestion till the discovery some few months ago of an autograph letter from Nelson to Emma, dated 21st January 1801, ending with a postscript:[1]



The  may perhaps be a pun, whether Nelson's or not—angles for angel's; but, in any case, the reference to the verses of 2nd April is unmistakable.

[1] *Egerton MS.*, 1614.

That Gordon was in Nelson's mind at the time, we know from another letter to Emma dated "Elephant, 30th March, off Copenhagen," which concludes, "Recommend to Lord William not to make songs about *us*, for fear *we* should not deserve his good opinion." Whether the *us* and *we* mean Nelson and Emma, or perhaps rather Parker and Nelson, must be a matter of opinion; but it is certain that Nelson was much nettled by Parker's want of energy and resolution, both then and afterwards. It would seem, too, that Lord St. Vincent at the Admiralty took a similar view, and, on 5th May, Parker was relieved from the command, Nelson being appointed in his stead.

Nelson at once sailed for the Gulf of Finland, but the opportunity had been lost; the Russian ships that had wintered at Reval, where he had hoped to seize them, had got out a few days before and gone to Cronstadt, where they were beyond his reach; and finding that, whilst nothing could be done, the presence of the fleet in the Gulf of Finland irritated the Russian Government, which, now that the maniac Paul had been deposed and put to death, was inclined to peace, he drew down the Baltic, and availed himself of the permission which he had received to return to England. He had written that he was in bad health. He did, in

fact, suffer much from dyspepsia—perhaps from hypochondria. "His mind was not at ease, and with him mind and health invariably sympathised," wrote one of his intimate associates at this time—Colonel Stewart—to whose graphic account we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the details of the campaign; and it may very well be that his mind was ill at ease. A man of a sensitive organisation and religious turn of mind does not separate from his wife in the eyes of Society and the Church, and address another woman as "my own dearest wife in the sight of heaven," without an intense moral strain, even though he does write of his own wife as *my aunt* or *her*, or of his mistress's husband, his own intimate friend, as *your uncle*. He might not, probably did not, realise all this; but his whole correspondence at this time, even the intensity of his assertion, shows that in his solitude and inaction the conflicting senses were tearing him to pieces.

CHAPTER VI

THE BOULOGNE FLOTILLA

ON being relieved by his friend, Sir Charles Pole, Nelson came home in the Kite brig and landed at Yarmouth on 1st July. He joined the Hamiltons at once, and spent the next few weeks in their company in the manner described by Lady Hamilton and commented on by Lord William Gordon.

"When our glorious Nelson," wrote Emma,[1] "came home ill and worn out with fatigue after the glorious Second of April, we thought it right to let him change the air, and often we therefore went for three or four days at a time to different places; and one of them was at the Bush at Staines, a delightful place, situated, with a good garden, on the Thames. Sir William was fond of fishing, and Lady Hamilton wrote to the Duke of Queensberry and Lord William Gordon their constant occupations, which brought the following verses from Lord William Gordon. The company

[1] *Egerton MS.* 1623, f. 84 *b.*

at Staines was Sir William and Lady Hamilton, the gallant Nelson, Dr.[1] and Mrs. Nelson,[1] Miss Nelson,[1] and the brave little Parker,[2] who after lost his life in that bold and excellent vigorous attack on Boulogne, where such unequalled bravery was shown by our brave Nelson's followers.

"So kind a letter from fair Emma's hands
Our deep regret and warmest thanks commands;
Ah! Lady, could we both, with happier you,
Now form a part of gallant Nelson's crew,
Six sable, foaming coursers, long ere night,
Had brought us willing to the Bush—Tom White—
There to have witnessed Father Thames's pride,
While Anthony, by Cleopatra's side—
While you, I mean, and Henry—in a wherry,
Are, cheek by jole, afloat there, making merry.
But sickness and old age resist the will,
And keep us bound in Piccadilly still.
Yet, since nor sickness nor old age can bind
The frequent friendly wishes of the mind,
We send them, fresh and fresh, by every wind.
Though, to say truth, I should not vastly like
To trust my dinner to an uncaught pike,—
At five, at Staines, I gladly would take post,
Close to the Cavallero—and a roast;
And should he talking better like than eating,
Lend him an ear, while mouth was stowing meat in;

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[1] Nelson's brother William, wife and child; the last, the future Viscountess Bridport and Duchess of Bronte.

[2] Commander Edward Thornbrough Parker had accompanied Nelson home from the Baltic.

And on his water pranks while he was dwelling,
Of bites confirmed and doubtful nibbles telling,
I still would listen, though I thought it dull,
Till he was out of breath and I choke-full;
Or, if it were his fancy to regale
My ears with some long subterraneous tale,
Still would I listen, at the same time picking
A little morsel of Staines' ham and chicken;
But should he boast of Herculaneum jugs,
Damme! I'd beat him with White's pewter mugs.

The little Reverend Mistress Nelson next
Should be our Muse's very welcome text;
And should the verse of praise be longer far
Than any of her husband's sermons are,
It will be better listened to, I'm sure,
And, what is more, believed by all his cure.

Next to her, Baby, with her cheeks of rose,
Her teeth of ivory, and eyes of sloes;
Ah! henceforth, never may she unmoved look
On the poor worm that writhes upon the hook,
Nor seek, with cruel guile and barbed steel,
The guileless victims of a murderous meal;
But recollecting still the tortured fish,
Heave a young sigh and shun the proffered dish;
With glistening eyes confess the morning's guilt,
And shed atonement for the blood she spilt.
Not so the Parson! on it let him fall,
And, like a famished otter, swallow all;
Nor for the gudgeon's sufferings care a groat,
Unless some bone stick in his own damned throat.
Now here, perhaps, it may not (by the way)
Be much amiss a word or two to say
Of this same Pastor, who, to every claim
Of individual merit, adds a name,

A name which shall remain to latest time,
In every nation and in every clime,
Revered and honoured long as Nile shall flow,
Long as the changeful winds of heaven shall blow,
Long as our ships to northern seas shall steer,
Or naval glory be to Britons dear.
But stop, my Muse, avast there, if you please,
Or, damme, you'll run longer than all these;
Though, when you've got brave Nelson on your back,
You'd prove yourself a cursed unworthy hack
If you should spurring want, of tire or jade,
Ere round the world a journey you had made;
Though for that job he has a nag more steady,
For Fame has carried him twice round already.
  But to return to this same worthy Vicar,
Who loves, you say, good eating and good liquor.
Know, Lady, that it is our earnest wish
That we, ere long, may greet him Lord Archbish.
For this no common pains, or I'm mistaken,
Our best of friends, the Duke, hath lately taken;
And if a mitre fall not on his head,
Justice and gratitude are gone to bed.
  Of Norfolk Sally you have nothing said,
Though she be such a pretty black-eyed maid.
But, Lady, lest the Rector go astray,
Read the Commandments to him thrice a day:
Once after breakfast, and once after dinner,
Lest after full meals he become a sinner;
Thirdly and lastly, ere he go to bed,
Lest sinful thoughts or strange dreams fill his head.
  Nor by our Muse shall Allen[1] be forgot,
Who for himself, nor bullets feared, nor shot;

[1] Nelson's servant.

But for the Guardian Angel of his Master,
Knowing full well the doctor had no plaster,
He wisely, as a lady and a stranger,
Took her below [1] and placed her out of danger.
Let not poor Quasheebaw, fair Lady, think,
Because her skin is blacker than this ink,
That from the Muse no sable praise is due
To one so faithful, so attached and true.
Though in her cheek there bloom no blushing rose,
Our Muse nor colour nor distinction knows,
Save of the heart—and Quasheebaw's, I know,
Is pure and spotless, as a one night's snow.
For thee and Henry, silent are our lays;
Thy beauty and his valour mock all praise;
Yet haply shall these verses serve to prove
How much and oft we think of those we love."

In the end of July, Nelson was appointed to the command of the defence of the south-east coast, from Beachy Head to Orford Ness, against an invasion currently believed to be imminent, but which he, after a careful examination of the enemy's preparations and forces, reported to be impossible. But the impudence of the pretence annoyed him; he wished to punish it, and accordingly planned an attack on the shipping at Boulogne, in the hopes of bringing it out or burning it in the harbour. The attempt was made on the night of 15th August, but ended in a disastrous repulse. The French, under

[1] Emma's picture in Nelson's cabin in the St. George, so placed in security when the ship was cleared for action.

the directions of Admiral and *ci-devant* Comte de La Touche Tréville, had secured the vessels to each other and to the shore by stout chains; and volleys of musketry so swept their decks the moment they were boarded, that our men could neither cut the chains nor kindle a fire. Those who attempted it were shot down; and, with a large proportion of killed and wounded, they unwillingly retreated.

Nelson was bitterly disappointed and grieved. Some of his dearest friends were among the wounded, and especially "little Parker," for whom he entertained a singular affection. The disaster brought out some of his noblest traits, and goes far to explain the devotion of his followers. There was no petty grumbling, no attempt to shirk the responsibility. What had been done was his; his the blame, if there were any; to his followers the credit of unflinching bravery and devotion.

That the attempt was a legitimate one, and that the failure was one of those rubbers which every one must expect when playing bowls, Nelson's superiors at the Admiralty, as well as his brother-officers and the well-informed public, clearly understood. Lord St. Vincent wrote to him: "It is not given us to command success. Your Lordship, and the gallant officers and men under your orders, most certainly deserve it; and I cannot sufficiently express my

admiration of the zeal and persevering courage with which this gallant enterprise was followed up, lamenting most sincerely the loss sustained in it. The manner in which the enemy's flotilla was made fast to the ground and to each other, could not have been foreseen. The highest praise is due to your Lordship, and all under your command who were actors in this gallant attempt."

And Colonel Stewart, then in camp at Weymouth, represented the non-official view in a letter of 21st August: "I do not know how it is, but somehow or other I do not feel comfortable at the not having requested your Lordship more particularly to have taken me with you on the late occasion. . . . I cannot read your Lordship's letter, accompanied by our dear Parker's, without tears coming in my eyes, and wishing that I might at least have borne some share in the danger which surrounded that gallant young friend of your Lordship's on the late occasion. . . . Those only who understand where to attach glory to the attempt and to enterprise, and not to success, can fully feel all that they ought to feel, or enter into the grandeur of the action which last Saturday night took place. How strongly does that admirable line in the tragedy of Cato come to our minds, when he says, 'Tis not in man to command success, Sempronius; we'll do more, we'll deserve it.'

After having been on this occasion not so fortunate as to have been of any use under your command, if chance or situation can still, my dear Lord, bring me, in any manner, with or without my willing fellows, into play where you lead, I shall be made one of the happiest of soldiers; for much as I before wished to accompany your Lordship, more anxious do I feel now than ever, since the Goddess of Fortune has seemed to show an inclination to be ill-natured, and to dare us to still harder trials."

There was, it was said, another view, which illustrates the perfect faith which those who had fought under Nelson had in their chief. A Greenwich pensioner, reading the account of the failure signed "Nelson and Bronte," addressed his messmate: "I say, Ben, do you know who this Bronte is that Nelson has got hold on?" "No," replied the other, "I don't. All I can say is that I think he's a damned fool, begging his pardon, for taking a partner; for, depend upon it, nobody will ever do so well as Nelson himself. You see this last business—though I daresay everything was done that could be done without him—had he gone in, the boats, the chains and all would have come out along with him!" After some debate it was concluded that this Bronte might be a soldier, who was to assist in a descent upon the French coast; but the general idea in

King Charles's Ward was that the taking a partner was a fatal mistake.

Notwithstanding all this, the reverse had been sustained close to our own shores, and many heard of it who could not understand, and might perhaps be persuaded that there had been some gross mismanagement. So at least thought a fellow, who, under the name of Mr. Hill, endeavoured to turn it to his advantage, and forwarded to Nelson a paper entitled "Remarks by a Seaman on the Attack at Boulogne," containing severe strictures on Lord Nelson's official despatch; to which was added: "Should Lord Nelson wish the enclosed not to be inserted in the newspapers, he will please to enclose, by return of post, a bank-note of £100, to Mr. Hill, to be left at the post office till called for, London."

He little knew his man. Nelson sent the paper to the Admiralty, requesting that their Lordships would send proper people to take up whoever should come for Mr. Hill's letter; and to the fellow himself he wrote: "Very likely I am unfit for my present command, and, whenever Government change me, I hope they will find no difficulty in selecting an officer of greater abilities; but you will, I trust, be punished for threatening my character. But I have not been brought up in the school of fear, and

therefore care not what you do. I defy you and your malice." Unfortunately, Mr. Hill was too cautious, or rather the Admiralty messenger was not cautious enough. The man who called for the reply was seized, but proved to be only a porter hired for the job by some one he did not know, and who naturally, when things took an adverse turn, did not reveal himself.

Meantime, Nelson devoted himself to his young friend Parker, whose thigh had been shattered by a musket bullet. His whole spare time was by his bedside; and away from him, his thoughts continually reverted to him. He mentioned him in almost every letter he wrote. But the case was practically hopeless from the first, and after a month of agony the young man died on 27th September. Nelson's characteristic report to his friend Davison was: "My dear Parker left this world for a better at nine o'clock this morning. It was, they tell me, a happy release; but I cannot bring myself to say I am glad he is gone—it would be a lie, for I am grieved almost to death."

At the same time he wrote of him to Lord St. Vincent: "I am sure your good heart will participate in our grief, both as a public and private loss; not a creature living was ever more deserving of our affections. Every action of his life, from Sir

John Orde to the moment of his death, showed innocence, joined to a firm mind in keeping the road of honour, however it might appear incompatible with his interest. His conduct in Orde's business won my regard. When he was abandoned by the world, your heart had begun to yearn towards him—how well he has deserved my love and affection his actions have shown. His father, in his advanced age, looked forward for assistance to this good son. Pensions, I know, have sometimes been granted to the parents of those who have lost their lives in the service of their King and country. All will agree none fell more nobly than dear Parker; and none ever resigned their life into the hands of their Creator with more resignation to the divine will than our Parker. I trust much to your friendship to recommend his father's case to the kind consideration of the King. I fear his loss has made a wound in my heart which time will scarcely heal. But God is good, and we must all die."

When the preliminaries of peace were signed, Nelson was very desirous of coming on shore at once. He was ill, and ill at ease. He thought, too, that his services at Copenhagen had not been properly recognised. He had, indeed, been made a viscount, but that he considered purely personal.

No medal had been issued; the City of London had not voted either thanks or rewards; possibly because there was no declaration of war before the battle, and no war at all after it. But he was very angry, the more so because the Admiralty insisted on his holding the command for some time longer. Till the peace was actually concluded they did not judge it safe to relax their watchfulness. It was not till 22nd October that he obtained leave of absence, nor was he finally relieved from the command till 10th April 1802.

During these months and throughout the year, he resided principally at Merton, in a house with gardens and grounds attached, which he had commissioned Lady Hamilton to buy for him, at the cost of £9000, part of the purchase-money being advanced by his friend Davison. The house has long since been pulled down, and the site is now occupied by "tenements," while Merton itself has been absorbed into and may be considered virtually a part of Wimbledon. A hundred years ago it was a country village; and Nelson's delight during the remainder of his life was to plan improvements in the grounds, which when there he personally superintended, and which in his absence formed the subject of many of his letters.

For the following year the Hamiltons were

MERTON PLACE, SURREY.

The Seat of the gallant Admiral Lord Nelson; who died in Battle, Oct.r 21.st 1805.

almost constantly with him; so much so, that an arrangement, curious enough in itself, was made, by which the housekeeping expenses were paid in equal shares by Nelson and Sir William. It seems, however, to have escaped the latter that by far the larger part of the very liberal expenditure was on account of his wife—for Nelson himself was a man of simple tastes, and, though neither anchorite nor hermit, was far removed from any inclination to excess; while Hamilton, within the last few years, had become an old man, and wished to live quietly. To Emma, on the contrary, excitement and crowded society had become a necessity of life, and Nelson acquiesced without a murmur in whatever she desired. Not so the husband, who, after many remonstrances—some of them in writing, which remain—and altercations, penned the following curious memorandum:—

"I have passed the last forty years of my life in the hurry and bustle that must necessarily be attendant on a public character. I am arrived at the age when some repose is really necessary, and I promised myself a quiet home; although I was sensible, and said so when I married, that I should be superannuated when my wife would be in her full beauty and vigour of youth. That time is arrived, and we must make the best of it for the

comfort of both parties. Unfortunately, our tastes as to the manner of living are very different. I by no means wish to live in solitary retreat; but to have seldom less than twelve or fourteen at table, and those varying continually, is coming back to what was become so irksome to me in Italy during the latter years of my residence in that country.

"I have no connections out of my own family. I have no complaint to make, but I feel that the whole attention of my wife is given to Lord Nelson and his interest at Merton. I well know the purity of Lord Nelson's friendship for Emma and me, and I know how very uncomfortable it would make his Lordship, our best friend, if a separation should take place; and am therefore determined to do all in my power to prevent such an extremity, which would be essentially detrimental to all parties, but would be more sensibly felt by our dear friend than by us. Provided that our expenses in housekeeping do not increase beyond measure (of which I must own I see some danger), I am willing to go on upon our present footing; but, as I cannot expect to live many years, every moment to me is precious, and I hope I may be allowed sometimes to be my own master, and pass my time according to my own inclination, either by going my fishing parties on the Thames, or by going to London to attend the Museum,

Royal Society, the Tuesday Club, and auctions of pictures. I mean to have a light chariot or post-chaise by the month, that I may make use of it in London, and run backwards and forwards to Merton or to Shepperton, &c.

"This is my plan, and we might go on very well; but I am fully determined not to have any more of the very silly altercations that happen but too often between us, and embitter the present moments exceedingly. If really one cannot live comfortably together, a wise and well-concerted separation is preferable; but I think, considering the probability of my not troubling any party long in this world, the best for us all would be to bear those ills we have, rather than fly to those we know not of. I have fairly stated what I have on my mind. There is no time for nonsense or trifling. I know and admire your talents and many excellent qualities, but I am not blind to your defects, and confess having many myself; therefore let us bear and forbear for God's sake."

It has been suggested that, notwithstanding his profession of faith, Hamilton must, as a man of the world, have known the relations existing between his wife and his friend. This is perhaps, and even probably, an error. He unquestionably had a sufficient knowledge of Emma's antecedents; but

she had now lived with him for sixteen years without any scandal; and his high opinion of Nelson and the friendship they professed for each other led him, it may be, to consider Nelson as a man of his own age, or, at any rate, to repose a trust in him which the circumstances did not warrant. He forgot that

> "Friendship is constant in all other things
> Save in the office and affairs of love."

It has been the custom to represent Nelson as an ideal and ethereal being, only a little lower than the angels; in this, as in other things, he was, in fact, very human.

Of the many friends or acquaintances who helped to make up the crowds round the dining-table at Merton, we have but few notices. Nelson's own relatives were frequent visitors; his brother, William Nelson, his brother's wife, and his sisters, Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Matcham, were all on friendly and even intimate terms with Lady Hamilton, and either ignored or did not suspect her real position. Similarly many others, men of the world, fully alive to the possibilities and acquainted with the current scandal, were ready to believe in platonic virtue. It is marvellous. Here, for instance, is one account from Lord Minto to his wife, dated Monday, 22nd March 1802:—

"I went to Lord Nelson's [Merton] on Saturday to dinner, and returned to-day in the forenoon. The whole establishment and way of life is such as to make me angry as well as melancholy; but I cannot alter it, and I do not think myself obliged or at liberty to quarrel with him for his weakness, though nothing shall ever induce me to give the smallest countenance to Lady Hamilton. She looks ultimately to the chance of marriage, as Sir William will not be long in her way, and she probably indulges a hope that she may survive Lady Nelson; in the meanwhile she and Sir William and the whole set of them are living with him at his expense.[1] She is in high looks, but more immense than ever. She goes on cramming Nelson with trowelfuls of flattery, which he goes on taking as quietly as a child does pap. The love she makes to him is not only ridiculous but disgusting. Not only the rooms, but the whole house, staircase and all, are covered with nothing but pictures of her and him, of all sizes and sorts, and representations of his naval actions, coats of arms, pieces of plate in his honour, the flagstaff of l'Orient, &c.—an excess of vanity which counteracts its own purpose. If it was Lady Hamilton's house,

[1] This was a mistake: the housekeeping expenses were equally divided between Nelson and Hamilton.

there might be a pretence for it; to make his own a mere looking-glass to view himself all day is bad taste."

A year later, on 18th April 1803, a fortnight after the death of Hamilton on 6th April, he wrote again: "I have seen Lady Hamilton, who is worse off than I imagined, her jointure being £700 a year, and £100 to Mrs. Cadogan for her life. She told me that she had applied to Mr. Addington for a pension, and desired me to promote it in any way I could; and Lord Nelson, coming in, made the same request. I promised to do so. She talked very freely of her situation with Nelson, and of the construction the world may have put upon it; but protested that their attachment had been perfectly pure, which I declare I can believe, though I am sure it is of no consequence whether it is so or not. The shocking injury done to Lady Nelson is not made less or greater by anything that may or not have occurred between him and Lady Hamilton."

Other people in high position took a still less favourable view of her conduct. In the July of 1802, when the party went for a two months' tour, which extended into Wales, they took Oxford on the way, where Nelson was made an honorary LL.D., and went to Blenheim, where the owner happened to be at the time. Lady Hamilton seems

to have expected that the Duke, on hearing of their presence, would personally receive them. That he would have so received Nelson, the victor of the Nile and Copenhagen, is very probable; Nelson, the *cicisbeo* of Lady Hamilton, was on a different footing, and the Duke contented himself with ordering refreshments to be served to the party. It is said that Nelson expressed great indignation at this treatment; and, indeed, he would seem to have persuaded himself that all the world should be blind, because he chose to extol Emma's "virtue" and call Hamilton her "uncle." The story is not a pleasant one, and need not be longer dwelt on. We get into a fresher, purer atmosphere when the war again broke out in May 1803, and Nelson was hurried off to take command of the squadron in the Mediterranean, with his flag in the Victory.

CHAPTER VII

THE BLOCKADE OF TOULON

IN popular estimation the Victory is so closely and exclusively connected with the name and fame of Nelson, that some account of her may well accompany the pictures of the ship as she was and as she is: as she was, from a painting by N. Pocock; as she is, from a recent photograph. Unfortunately, the two pictures agree in not showing the bow, which, as it is now, constitutes the principal external difference of the hull from what it then was. Besides this, the only difference, except, of course, the harbour trim of the ship, is in the scuttles which now light the orlop deck, and which in the time of the old war were non-existent. Save for the dim light given by the horn lanterns, the orlop deck was in total darkness.

The ship in harbour, with neither guns, nor stores, nor men on board, is, of course, much higher out of the water than when in sea-going trim; a fact which, self-evident as it is, escaped the notice of Turner when he was painting his celebrated but

W. H. Ward & Co., L'd. sc.

H.M.S. VICTORY.

From a recent photograph by Messrs. Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.

absurdly inaccurate picture of Trafalgar, now in the Painted Hall at Greenwich; so that he reproduced in it a sketch of the hull taken at Portsmouth. The blunder was pointed out to him when the picture was approaching completion, and all that could be done, without sacrificing the whole work, was to paint up the water-line; an irregularity which, among so many stupendous inaccuracies, has not been much noticed.

The Victory now lying in Portsmouth harbour is nominally the ship which was first launched in 1765—nominally, because, in point of fact, she was almost entirely rebuilt in 1800–1, and since then has, at several different times, undergone extensive repairs; so that it may very well be doubted whether there is any wood in her now which was present at Trafalgar, whilst it is scarcely possible that there is any which left the stocks in 1765. But to speak of the ship herself, and still more of the Victory, a ship of the royal navy, as exclusively associated with Nelson, is a sentimental error; for, in fact, there has been a Victory in the navy from a very early date.

The name first appears in the list of the navy in 1561[1] as that of a ship of the then large size of 800

[1] The origin of this first Victory is obscure. She may have been a new ship; but Mr. Oppenheim thinks she was rather Henry VIII.'s Peter Pomegranate rebuilt, or perhaps, and more likely, the Great Christopher, a merchant-ship, bought by the Crown.

tons, carrying probably thirty-eight or forty guns and a considerable number of murderers—a kind of large blunderbuss. In 1588 she was commanded by old John Hawkyns, and had a distinguished part in the battles against the Spanish Armada. After many alterations, and more or less thorough repairs, by 1610 she had become no longer seaworthy. She was taken to pieces, and such timber as was saved was worked up into a new ship of different lines and much larger—a ship of 1200 tons. This was one form of what was then officially called rebuilding; and if the new ship had been named the Victory, she would have appeared in the lists as the old ship of 1561, rebuilt in 1610. She was, in fact, so described in official language.

But being a ship of unprecedented splendour, she was named the Royal Prince, in compliment to the Prince of Wales, and the name of the Victory in connection with her was forgotten. In Charnock's *Marine Architecture* there is a picture of her hull, showing the ornamentation, which added considerably to the cost of the ship, and now seems excessive. After the death of Charles I. her name was changed to Resolution, and as such she carried Blake's flag in the battle of the Kentish Knock, on 28th September 1652; the

Generals', in the battle of June 2–3, 1653, when Deane was killed; and Monck's alone, on 31st July 1653. At the Restoration her name was again changed, this time to Prince Royal; and in the great Four Days' Fight in June 1666 carried the flag of Sir George Ayscue, admiral of the white squadron. On the third day of the battle, 3rd June, she struck on the Galloper, a shoal in the mouth of the Thames, and was there burnt by the Dutch, with the last of the old Victory's timbers.

But meantime another Victory, differently measured as 875 and 690 tons, had been built in 1620, and during the first Dutch war she carried the flag of Lionell Lane, as vice-admiral of the blue squadron, in the battle off Portland, on 18th February 1653, and as vice-admiral of the white squadron, on June 2–3 and July 29–31. In 1665 she was rebuilt as a larger ship, of 1029 tons, and the next year carried the flag of Sir Christopher Myngs in the squadron detached under Prince Rupert, and in that gallant charge into the thick of the enemy on 3rd June, when Myngs was slain. Sir Edward Spragge had his flag on board her in the "St. James's Fight" in the same year; and six years later she was in the battle of Solebay, commanded by the Earl of Ossory.

On 27th February 1690 she was "cast"—ordered to be broken up—and four days later, 3rd March, the Royal James, of 1441 tons, built at Portsmouth in 1675, was renamed Victory. Two years afterwards she bore Sir John Ashby's blue flag at the main through the enemy's line in the battle of La Hogue. It was her only service, and in 1707 she was condemned. A new Victory of 1870 tons, probably with some of the old timber worked into her, was launched in 1717, but had no service till 1744, when Sir John Balchen hoisted his flag in her, in command of a squadron to the Tagus. Coming into the Channel on the homeward voyage, the squadron was scattered in a furious gale, on 4th October, and the Victory, as a ship, was not seen again. Some of her spars and timbers were washed up on Guernsey and the French coast, and it was considered certain that she was lost on the Casquets during the night of October 4–5. "Her crew, including the admiral, captain, and officers, amounted to near a thousand men, besides fifty young gentlemen, volunteers, sons of the first nobility and gentry in the kingdom, all of whom perished. Her loss was generally imputed to a defect in her construction, she being reckoned too lofty in proportion to her breadth. Many complaints of a like nature were made about this time, against the principles

on which the British ships of the line—three-deckers more especially—were then built."

Her successor, the ship in which we are most interested, was built to replace her, and was launched, as has been said, in 1765. She was of 2162 tons measurement. The unfortunate Kempenfelt's Royal George, launched nine years earlier, was of 2047 tons, and the Britannia, launched in 1762, of 2091. Not many first-rates were built in those days, when experience taught our fathers that 74-gun ships were better suited to the many and varying requirements of war; and nothing larger than the Victory was built till 1788, when the new Royal George was of 2236 tons, and 1789, when the Queen Charlotte was of 2279.

All these were of 100 guns, with complements of 850 men. The suggestion of larger ships came from abroad. The Commerce de Marseille, which Hood brought away from Toulon in 1793, was of 2747 tons measurement, and carried 120 guns; the San Josef, of 112 guns, which Nelson took in the battle of St. Vincent, was of 2457 tons. Both of these were much admired for their roomy quarters and large cabins; but on service they were found useless, partly on account of their size, but mainly on account of their weak construction.

The story of the Commerce de Marseille was a

strange one. She was so badly timbered that she was judged not to be worth a thorough repair; but in June 1795 she was brought forward for commission, and, after some delay and much uncertainty, she was fitted for sea by the end of August. According to her first lieutenant: "This wonderful ship was, comparatively speaking, a world of herself, and as much bigger than the largest first-rate in the navy as any of the first-rate is than any of the second-rate, and drew together at least two-thirds of all England to behold with astonishment her magnitude." This was the artistic view. As a matter of fact she was judged to be unfit for service; her lower and middle deck guns were sent on shore, the ports were caulked in, and she was fitted as a storeship, for which her great size seemed peculiarly to fit her. When laden she drew twenty-nine feet, and was one of the convoy with which Admiral Christian sailed for the West Indies in November 1795. While still in the Channel they were caught in a terrific westerly gale. Several of the transports went down or were driven on shore, and the Commerce de Marseille was driven back to Portsmouth. It was considered a miracle that she had not foundered. Her cargo was relanded, and she never went out of harbour again. Warned by this experience, our own shipbuilders were very chary

of this large size, and approached it by slow degrees. In 1803, and for several years later, the Victory, the Royal Sovereign, built in 1787, and the Royal George continued to be the largest English-built ships in the navy. The Queen Charlotte had been burnt off Leghorn three years before.

There were, as has been said, not many first-rates in our navy, and for what there were there was not much employment in time of peace; and thus the Victory, though built in 1765, was not brought forward for active service till 1778, when she carried Keppel's blue flag at the main in the action off Ushant on 27th July. She was afterwards a flagship in the Channel during 1779, 1780, and 1781; was Howe's flagship at the relief of Gibraltar in 1782; Lord Hood's at Toulon in 1793; and Sir John Jervis's in the Mediterranean in 1796, and in the battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1797. After that she had gone home, and had been rebuilt. In 1803 she was virtually a new ship, with a new and singularly happy figurehead—a shield bearing the royal arms, supported by a sailor on the starboard or dexter side, and a marine on the larboard or sinister.

As first designed, the Victory had 42-pounders on her lower deck; but in 1778, on Keppel's representation that these guns were too heavy for

the ship to bear or for the men to work, they were taken out and 32-pounders substituted; and, in fact, though 42-pounders continued to stand as the establishment of first-rates, no guns heavier than long 32-pounders were actually carried. The French ships, on the other hand—even third-rates—were armed with nominal 36-pounders, throwing a shot weighing very nearly 40 lbs. English—a difference that is always counted by James, the naval historian, as giving the French ships of the same class an advantage of about 20 per cent., whereas in reality it may have been no advantage at all; for to work these heavier guns the French required more men, which in action swelled the number of casualties, without enabling them to equal the English in rapidity of fire. Of course, a shot weighing 40 lbs. could make a bigger hole and do more damage than one of 32 lbs.; but it very often missed its mark and did no damage at all. Even when it struck it did not do so much damage as two shots of 32 lbs.; and the difference in rapidity of fire was said to be often more like three to one in favour of the English—a difference commonly attributed to the superior strength and steadiness of our seamen, but certainly due in part to the greater handiness of the guns. The actual armament of the Victory in 1803 and the following years was—

On the lower deck	30	long	32-pounders of 56 cwt.		
„ middle „	30	„	24	„	
„ main „	32	„	12	„	
„ upper „	8	short	12	„	
„ „ „	2		32-pounder carronades.		
„ forecastle	2		68	„	„
Total . .	104				

The 32-pounders of 56 cwt. were of a new pattern. Those issued to the Victory were the first which were made; but, as they proved to be well balanced and—for their weight—easily handled, such guns continued to form the lower-deck armament of our ships till after the Russian war of 1854–56.

Many improvements in the details of fitting the gun-carriages, which all tended to give increased rapidity of fire, had been introduced by Sir Charles Douglas rather more than twenty years before; and flannel cartridges were gradually taking the place of the old paper ones, which had caused many and many a sad accident. Tin priming tubes and flint locks had been introduced during the Seven Years' War, and were by this time in general use, though the seamen very commonly preferred the old-fashioned and dangerous linstock and match. The tin tubes had an awkward way of flying out of the vent when the gun was fired, and wounding the

gun's crew in the face, an accident which they naturally prevented from happening a second time by sweeping the lock away with a stroke of a handspike, and the exclamation, "To hell with the ——!" It was not till quill tubes and detonating locks were introduced, some time later, that the men became fully reconciled to them. Of course, what has here been said about the armament of the Victory applies, in a general way, to all the ships in the navy at that time; but the Victory may fairly be taken as representing the high-water mark of improvement. Where there was any difference it may be supposed to have been in favour of the flagship.

When Nelson hoisted his flag in the Victory on 18th May 1803, the Admiralty had already determined on the main strategy of the war. The English were at once to assume the command of the sea, and to maintain it by force so far as possible. No French fleet was to be suffered to put to sea—at any rate, without a practical certainty of being brought to action. It was believed that the threat of invasion, which in 1801 had been but an impudent pretence, might be seriously attempted; but it was perfectly well understood that the attempt could not be made so long as the English held the

N. Pocock. *W. H. Ward & Co., L'd. sc.*

NELSON'S FLAG-SHIPS.

Narrow Seas in force. Hence it was imperative to prevent a superior French force arriving in the Channel. This would most probably seek to come from Brest, and the watch on the Brest fleet was thus the measure of primary importance.

This was entrusted to Admiral Cornwallis, a younger brother of the Marquis Cornwallis, Governor-General of India. To family interest Cornwallis joined great experience, and a reputation for bravery so well established that he could afford to be cautious. That he would fight when opportunity offered or the occasion justified, no one doubted; but he could be depended on to run no unnecessary risks, and to exercise a ceaseless watchfulness. He had repeatedly distinguished himself during the American War, in command of a squadron against De Ternay, or as captain of the Canada under Hood at St. Kitt's; and on the 12th of April, as was generally understood, he had brought the French flagship, the Ville de Paris, to close action, and so beaten her that she waited but for the excuse of the Barfleur coming up, to strike her flag. Afterwards, as commander-in-chief in the East Indies, in the year immediately preceding the Revolutionary War, he had managed matters at a very difficult time with firmness and tact; but it was, perhaps, his celebrated "retreat"

which had stamped his reputation on the public mind.

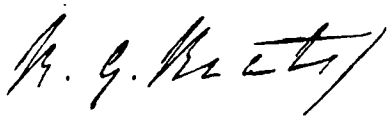
It was on 16th June 1795 that Cornwallis, with his flag in the Royal Sovereign, a 100-gun ship very much the same as the Victory, and having in company four 74's and two frigates, was standing with a westerly wind towards the Penmarks on his way to Belle Isle, when he found before him the whole Brest fleet, consisting of one ship of 120 guns, eleven 74's, and as many frigates, several of them large and heavily armed, besides some corvettes, making in all thirty sail. The engaging a force so overwhelmingly superior was clearly a thing to be avoided, and Cornwallis hauled on a wind to avoid closer contact. As the French gave chase, he formed his little squadron in line ahead, steering towards the south-west. The chase continued all day, Cornwallis being much hampered by the bad sailing of two of his ships, the Brunswick and Bellerophon, which he placed at the head of his line. On the 17th the French drew near enough to fire on his rearmost ship, the Mars, which, having sustained some damage, fell to leeward, and was on the point of being surrounded and cut off, when Cornwallis himself, in the Royal Sovereign, wore round and bore down to her support.

The bold manœuvre stayed the advance of the

French; and misled by the signals which the Phaeton frigate was making of a fleet in sight, they turned and gave up the chase. It was quite certain that they might, could, and should have made a clean sweep of Cornwallis's little squadron. That they did not do so was owing to their fear of being themselves caught by Lord Bridport's fleet, which they knew to be at sea, and believed to be signalled by the Phaeton. Cornwallis thus owed his safety, and the safety of his squadron, to a clever ruse, cleverly carried out; though to the general public it was to his bold bearing up in the Royal Sovereign to the support of the Mars. But whether considered as a piece of chivalrous gallantry, as an ingenious hoodwinking of the enemy, or as a retreat most skilfully managed in face of a vastly superior force, Cornwallis was loudly and justly praised; and, though during the whole war he had never the good fortune to command in a general action, the country did not hesitate to rank him as one of the foremost of the sea-commanders of his day.

He had sailed from Plymouth on 17th May, with such ships as were ready, to take up his post off Brest. But it was deemed essential to let the French know that he was there in force; and thus, whilst other ships were being fitted out, Nelson was directed to communicate with him off Ushant,

and, if he wished it, to leave the Victory with him for the time, and go on to the Mediterranean in a frigate. Off Ushant, however, he failed to meet with Cornwallis or to get any clear intelligence of where he was. He therefore resolved to leave the Victory, with a message asking Cornwallis to send her on as soon as she could be spared. He himself moved into the Amphion frigate and went on to Toulon, where the Victory joined him some three weeks later.

And so Nelson's share in this tremendous blockade began, and was continued for more than a year and a half, with a force seldom superior, generally inferior, in numbers to that of the enemy. Among those who were associated with him in this work were George Murray, who, as captain of the Edgar, had led into the battle of Copenhagen, and had now been chosen by Nelson as captain of the fleet and chief of the staff; his old friend Hardy, as captain of the Victory; Pulteney Malcolm, captain of the Kent; Sir Richard John Strachan, captain of the Donegal; and Richard Goodwin Keats, who signed  captain of the Superb, whose acquaintance Nelson now made for the first time, but whom he knew by repute

as the instructor and friend of Prince William, and whose good qualities he at once appreciated. Within a few days of his taking the command, he wrote of him as "one of the very best officers in his Majesty's navy," adding, "I esteem his person alone as equal to one French 74, and the Superb and her captain equal to two 74-gun ships." But in writing this he was probably remembering the very remarkable share which "the Superb and her captain" had in the victory gained by Sir James Saumarez in the Straits of Gibraltar on the night of 12th March 1801. The story is a comparatively little known episode of naval history which is always worth retelling.

After the repulse which Saumarez had sustained at Algeciras, the French squadron was reinforced by the Spanish from Cadiz, and the Superb, which had been left off Cadiz, rejoined the admiral at Gibraltar. On the evening of 12th March the allied Franco-Spanish squadron, now consisting of ten sail of the line, got under way from Algeciras. Saumarez, though with only five ships of the line, at once followed; but the night was dark, there was a fresh easterly wind, the English ships were somewhat scattered, and the enemy was out of sight. About nine o'clock Saumarez hailed the Superb, then newly come from England, and the

fastest sailing ship in the squadron, and directed Keats to go ahead and attack the enemy's rear, so as to delay them.

Under a press of sail, and going between eleven and twelve knots, the Superb quickly left the English ships out of sight, and about half-past eleven ranged abreast of a three-decker, known afterwards to be the Real Carlos, of 112 guns. She shortened sail and fired her port broadside into what she knew must be an enemy. Many of her shot, passing over the Real Carlos, struck another Spanish three-decker, the San Hermenegildo, some 500 yards farther to the south. The people of the San Hermenegildo, taken by surprise, assumed that the shot came from the Real Carlos, which must be an English ship, and opened fire on her. On board the Real Carlos they thought they were between two enemies, and fired wildly on both sides. As the Superb fired a second broadside, it was seen that the Real Carlos was on fire; so, firing a third broadside into her, she passed on. The captain of the San Hermenegildo also noticed the fire on board the Real Carlos, and, still believing her to be an English ship, resolved to go under her stern and finish her. In this attempt, the two ships fell on board each other, the flames seized them both, and they burnt and

blew up with the loss of almost all their men. The Superb had meantime engaged and captured the St. Antoine, a French ship with a very mixed crew; and the other English ships coming up completed the victory by driving the combined fleet in headlong rout into Cadiz.

To these was afterwards added Rear-Admiral George Campbell, who came out in August 1803,

with his flag in the Canopus, and continued with the fleet till December 1804, when his health broke down, and he was succeeded by Louis, formerly captain of the Minotaur, and one of the "band of brothers" who fought at the Nile.

Among the younger men associated with Nelson in this great work were the future Sir John Gore, then captain of the Medusa frigate; Sir William Parker—the Billy Parker of naval tradition, whose *Life*, in three 8vo volumes, has been written by Sir Augustus Phillimore—then captain of the Amazon; Sir Courtenay Boyle, formerly a midshipman of the Boreas, and at this time captain of the Seahorse;

Sir Richard Hussey Moubray, who afterwards changed his name to Hussey, then captain of the Active; and Sir Phipps Hornby—father of the late admiral of the fleet, Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby—then a midshipman of the Victory.

The blockade has been spoken of as tremendous. It was, indeed, an extraordinary effort; but Nelson steadfastly maintained that there was no blockade, for there was nothing to hinder the French coming out whenever they liked. There was certainly no material obstacle in their way, but there was a very strong moral one—the probability, often the certainty, that they would have to fight as soon as they were well outside. Now there is no question that the French admirals at Toulon, La Touche Tréville, and, after his death, his successor, Villeneuve, knew perfectly well that without a very great superiority of force they had no likelihood of gaining an advantage over the squadron which was waiting for them. Napoleon, however, never quite realised this; and we may be quite sure that they would have put to sea and risked an engagement, had he ordered it. That he did not do so was because he wanted the fleet for another service, and did understand that after fighting the English off Toulon, whether victors or vanquished, they would not be able to pursue their voyage to the Channel.

It was this desire to bring an overwhelming force into the Narrow Seas which ruled his naval strategy during the next two years. He never understood that, at Toulon or Rochefort or Brest, the only effective way to escape from the blockading force was to defeat it; that the mere evading it was but ensuring its presence in some other place where its action might be a still greater hindrance to his plan, according to which the whole navy of France, the whole navy of Europe, was to be brought into the Channel at the critical moment, to crush such English squadron as happened to be there, and so to secure the passage for "The Army of England." The situation has been so lucidly, so admirably described by Captain Mahan, that it is here repeated in some of his sentences, which have already become classical:—

"That period of waiting, from May 1803 to August 1805, when the tangled net of naval and military movements began to unravel, was a striking and wonderful pause in the world's history. On the heights above Boulogne, and along the narrow strip of beach from Étaples to Vimereux, were encamped one hundred and thirty thousand of the most brilliant soldiery of all time—the soldiers who had fought in Germany, Italy, and Egypt; soldiers who were yet to win, from Austria, Ulm and

Austerlitz, and, from Prussia, Auerstadt and Jena; to hold their own, though barely, at Eylau, against the army of Russia, and to overthrow it also, a few months later, on the bloody field of Friedland. Growing daily more vigorous in the bracing sea-air and the hardy life laid out for them, they could, on fine days, as they practised the varied manœuvres which were to perfect the vast host in embarking and disembarking with order and rapidity, see the white cliffs fringing the only country that to the last defied their arms. Far away, Cornwallis off Brest, Collingwood off Rochefort, Pellew off Ferrol, were battling the wild gales of the Bay of Biscay, in that tremendous and sustained vigilance which reached its utmost tension in the years preceding Trafalgar; concerning which, Collingwood wrote that admirals need to be made of iron, but which was forced upon them by the unquestionable and imminent danger of the country. Farther distant still, severed apparently from all connection with the busy scene at Boulogne, Nelson before Toulon was wearing away the last two years of his glorious but suffering life, fighting the fierce north-westers of the Gulf of Lyon, and questioning, questioning continually with feverish anxiety, whether Napoleon's object was Egypt again or Great Britain really. They were dull, weary, eventless months, those

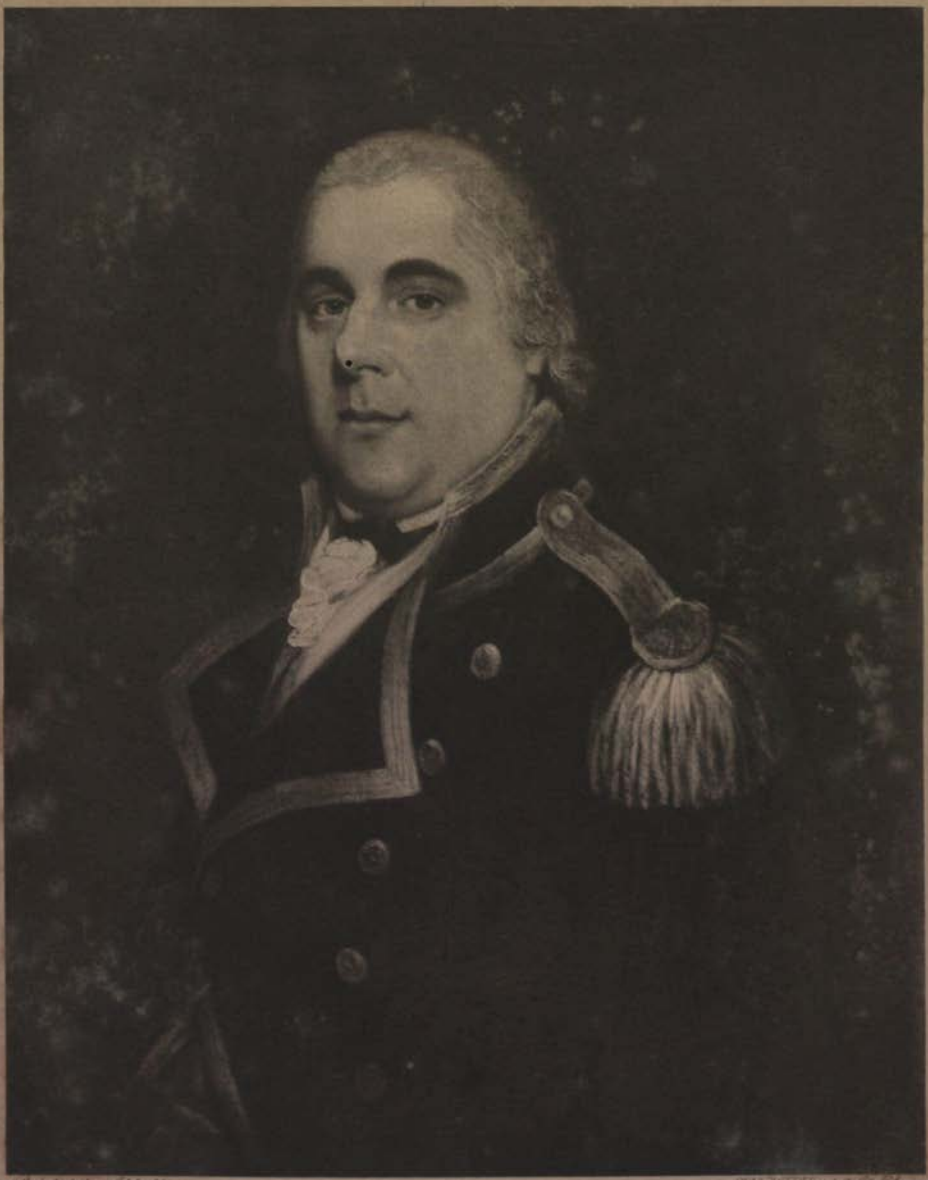
months of watching and waiting of the big ships before the French arsenals. Purposeless, they surely seemed to many, but they saved England. The world has never seen a more impressive demonstration of the influence of sea-power upon its history. Those far-distant, storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world. Holding the interior positions they did, before, and therefore between, the chief dockyards and detachments of the French navy, the latter could unite only by a concurrence of successful evasions, of which the failure of any one nullified the result. Linked together as the various British fleets were by chains of smaller vessels, chance alone could secure Bonaparte's great combination, which depended upon the covert concentration of several detachments upon a point practically within the enemy's lines. Thus, while bodily present before Brest, Rochefort, and Toulon, strategically the British squadrons lay in the Straits of Dover, barring the way against the Army of Invasion."[1]

There is little doubt that the full purpose of these watchings was not understood, except perhaps by St. Vincent himself, and possibly by Markham and

[1] *Influence of Sea-Power upon the French Revolution and Empire*, vol. ii. pp. 117–9.

Troubridge, his companions at the Admiralty. St. Vincent, with a grim humour entirely his own, is said to have snarled out in reply to some anticipation of evil, "I don't say the French can't come: I only say they can't come by sea"; but Pellew, the future Viscount Exmouth, who was brought home from his station before Ferrol, expressly to defend the policy of the Admiralty, while speaking with perfect confidence on the impossibility of the invasion, did not lay any particular stress on the great blockade which he himself was helping to carry out. What he said was:—

"I do not really see, in the arrangement of our naval defence, anything to excite the apprehensions of even the most timid among us. On the contrary, I see everything that may be expected from activity and perseverance, to inspire us with confidence. I see a triple naval bulwark, composed of one fleet acting on the enemy's coast; of another, consisting of heavier ships, stationed in the Downs and ready to act at a moment's notice; and of a third, close to the beach, capable of destroying any part of the enemy's flotilla that should escape the vigilance of the other two branches of our defence. . . . As to the probability of the enemy being able in a narrow sea to pass through our blockading and protecting squadrons with all that secrecy and dex-



Painted by Abbott. W. H. Ward & C. Engr.

Captain Hardy.

terity and by those hidden means that some worthy people expect, I really, from anything that I have seen in the course of my professional career, am not disposed to concur in it."[1] But by the "fleet acting on the enemy's coast," and "the blockading and protecting squadrons," he clearly meant those under Lord Keith, in the Narrow Seas, not those off Brest, Rochefort, Ferrol, or Toulon.

Cornwallis may possibly have had a clearer view of the situation; Collingwood certainly had not; and a very great part of Nelson's correspondence is filled with speculations as to what the designs of the French might be. Of course, he thoroughly understood that whatever they were it was his business to prevent them; and, within little more than a month of his coming off Toulon, he wrote to Mr. Addington, then Prime Minister: "My station to the westward of Toulon, an unusual one, has been taken up on an idea that the French fleet is bound out of the Straits, and probably to Ireland. It is said ten thousand men are collecting at Toulon. I shall follow them to the Antipodes." And about the same time, to Sir Richard Strachan, at Gibraltar: "The French fleet being perfectly ready for sea, . . . I think it more than probable that they are bound to

[1] Osler's *Life of Viscount Exmouth*, pp. 222-4.

the westward, out of the Mediterranean. Therefore, as I am determined to follow them, go where they may, I wish you, in case they escape me, to send a frigate or sloop after them to find out their route, giving her a station where I may find her; and keep yourself either at the mouth of the Straits or off Europa Point, for I certainly shall not anchor at Gibraltar."

It thus appears that from the first he contemplated the possibility of a voyage to the East or West Indies, or to the coast of Ireland. Had that been all, he might have kept his watch comfortably at Gibraltar, and have caught the enemy in the Straits, as Boscawen had done forty-five years before. But he had also to provide for the safety of Naples and Sicily; to consider the chances of Napoleon repeating his attempt on Egypt, snatching at the Morea, or striking a sudden blow at Constantinople. The possibilities were very many, and each one seemed as probable as any other. It was thus necessary for him to keep near Toulon, determined, if the French fleet put to sea, to fight it, or, should it escape, to follow it. On that point he was perfectly clear; and a small detachment at Gibraltar or Cadiz would prevent the enemy slipping out by single ships, or would be in the best position for procuring intelligence, should the whole

fleet succeed in passing the Straits. This, then, was the task before him, and he carried it out with wonderful skill, perseverance, and energy.

He was, however, sadly hampered by the inefficiency of his force. Not only were his ships too few for the work, but many of them were barely able to keep the sea. There is no doubt that the English navy was then, in numbers and in material strength, insufficient for the tremendous effort it was called on to make; and, whilst mainly supported by the ability and the tenacity of its officers, it was obliged to use many ships which would have been more in place in the hands of the ship-builder or the ship-breaker. To employ such crazy vessels off Brest or in the Bay of Biscay, would have been unadvisable, equally on nautical, naval, and political grounds: on nautical—for the fury of the winter storms would have made short work with them; on naval—for the main effort of the enemy, when the time came, would be off Ushant; and on political—for the knowledge that such ships were employed on such a service would have called forth a burst of public indignation which would have upset any Ministry. And, in fact, it was unnecessary to do so; for the ships off Rochefort or Ferrol could be relieved from those off Brest, and these again from Plymouth, without delay or

difficulty. It followed, therefore, that they were regularly relieved as their needs demanded; and, on 15th March 1804, Pellew was able to say, with direct reference to the squadron which he had commanded off Ferrol: "I know and can assert with confidence that our navy was never better found, that it was never better supplied, and that our men were never better fed or better clothed. . . . During the time that I was stationed off Ferrol, I had ships passing from the fleet to me every three weeks or a month; and so much was the French commander in that port deceived by these appearances, that he was persuaded, and I believe is to this very hour, that I had twelve ships under my command, and that I had two squadrons to relieve each other—one of six inside, and the other of six outside."[1]

Things were very different in the Mediterranean. The ships were beyond the public ken; Mediterranean weather was, by a poetic fiction, supposed to be a continuance of calms or gentle zephyrs; to bring the ships home and to replace them by others would be a work of time and cost. Nelson had therefore to make the best of what he had. To the Admiralty he constantly complained of the inefficiency of his squadron, of the craziness of

[1] Osler, p. 224.

his ships, of the pressing need for reliefs and reinforcements. Thus he wrote to Lord St. Vincent on 12th December 1803: "The Kent has suffered so severely that she is going to Malta, and I much doubt our getting her to sea again under six weeks or two months. . . . I know no way of watching the enemy but to be at sea, and therefore good ships are necessary. The Superb is in a very weak state; but her captain [Keats] is so superior to any difficulties, that I hear but little from her. Triumph and Renown complain a good deal. The next convoy will probably be the Braakel and Agincourt. . . . However, you may rely that all which can be done by ships and men shall be done. Whilst it pleases God to give me strength of health, all will do well, and when that fails I shall give the cudgels to some better man; but I hope to last till the battle is over."

So also to Marsden, the Secretary of the Admiralty, on 28th May 1804: "The Kent will be ordered to proceed to England in July next, being the most moderate season of the year; and fearful of any accident happening to her, I shall direct a transport to accompany her on the passage. The Renown will take her place at Naples, but she ought to proceed to England before the winter; and the Superb must also be sent to England before

that period arrives, as her stem and the knees of her head are loose and broke—nothing but the great exertions of Captain Keats has kept her at sea this last season." But to Ball he expressed some bitterness: "Lord St. Vincent's words are, 'We can send you neither ships or men, and with the resources of your mind you will do without them very well.' Bravo, my Lord!" And to Davison, on 12th December 1803: "My crazy fleet are getting in a very indifferent state, and others will soon follow. The finest ships in the service will soon be destroyed. I know well enough that if I was to go into Malta I should save the ships during this bad season; but if I am to watch the French I must be at sea; and if at sea, must have bad weather; and if the ships are not fit to stand bad weather they are useless. I do not say much, but I do not believe that Lord St. Vincent would have kept the sea with such ships."

His private letters have a distinctly bitter tone which is wanting in the public; but in all, public or private, he expresses his determination to go on and do his utmost. It had not always been so. It would not be difficult to cite instances in which admirals, men of higher service-rank than Nelson, commanders-in-chief, too, in the Mediterranean, conceiving that they had reason to complain of the

number or condition of their ships, let it be understood that, with such a fleet as they commanded, success was not to be expected; and, to do them justice, their expectation was not deceived—only, one of them was cashiered, and another shot by sentence of a court-martial. Nelson, on the other hand, with infinitely more cause for complaint, continued to write in such a tone as, "I have no fears of the event of a battle with six to their eight; yet if I can have eight to their eight, I shall not despise the equality;" or, "Out they will come and I trust we shall meet them. The event, with God's blessing on our exertions, we ought not to doubt." In his case, also, expectation was not deceived, and the result lives as a memorial for all time in the glorious name of Trafalgar.

The absolute and relative smallness of his numbers was, however, an insuperable difficulty in the way of Nelson's maintaining a continuous watch over Toulon. He could not, with any degree of prudence, reduce his squadron by sending ships away, singly or in pairs, to fill up with water or to refresh the men. Fresh beef or mutton, vegetables —onions especially—oranges and lemons and good sound wine could be brought to them and were brought, but water and an occasional run on shore had to be sought at a distance; and it was thus

every now and again necessary to withdraw the whole squadron, leaving only the frigates, which were very few, to watch and report the movements of the enemy.

During the whole time the health of the fleet continued extremely good; "unexampled, perhaps, in any fleet or squadron heretofore employed on a foreign station." So wrote Dr. Leonard Gillespie, the physician to the fleet, who attributed the fact primarily to "the attention paid by Lord Nelson to the victualling and purveying for the fleet," more almost than to his insisting on the due observance of sanitary regulations and the promotion of cheerfulness "by music, dancing, and theatrical amusements." Gillespie was a Scotchman, at this time fifty-five years old, a man of long experience in the navy, who thoroughly well knew what he was talking about. In a familiar letter[1] to his sister, written in January 1805, he says: "As a proof of the state of health enjoyed by the seamen, I may instance the company of this ship [the Victory], which, consisting of 840 men, contains only one man confined to his bed from sickness; and the other ships (twelve of the line), of from 84 to 74 guns, are in a similar situation as to health, although the most of them have been stationed off

[1] *Times*, 6th October 1886.

Toulon for upwards of twenty months, during which time very few of the men or officers have had a foot on shore."

He then continues:—"You will perceive from this account, my dear sister, that the duties of my office are not likely at present to prove very laborious, and my duty as Inspector of the Naval Hospitals will occasion me to visit, as may be found necessary, Malta, Sicily, Gibraltar, and perhaps Naples, so that from all appearances and my experience hitherto I have no reason to be displeased with the comforts, duties, or emoluments of the office I at present fill, my salary being £465 per annum, and being situated so as to live in a princely style, free from any expense. This exemption from expense arises from my having the honour of forming one of the suite and family of Lord Nelson, whose noble frankness of manners, freedom from vain formality and pomp (so necessary to the decoration of empty little great men), can only be equalled by the unexampled glory of his naval career, and the watchful and persevering diligence with which he commands this fleet.

"It may amuse you, my dear sister, to read the brief journal of a day such as we here pass it at sea in this fine climate and in these smooth seas, on board one of the largest ships in the navy, as she mounts 110 guns, one of which, carrying a 24-lb.

shot, occupies a very distinguished station in my apartment. . . . At six o'clock my servant brings a light and informs me of the hour, wind, weather, and course of the ship, when I immediately dress and generally repair to the deck, the dawn of day at this season and latitude being apparent at about half or three-quarters of an hour past six. Breakfast is announced in the admiral's cabin, where Lord Nelson, Rear-Admiral Murray, the captain of the fleet, Captain Hardy, commander of the Victory, the chaplain, secretary, one or two officers of the ship, and your humble servant assemble and breakfast on tea, hot rolls, toast, cold tongue, &c.; which when finished, we repair upon deck to enjoy the majestic sight of the rising sun (scarcely ever obscured by clouds in this fine climate) surmounting the smooth and placid waves of the Mediterranean which supports the lofty and tremendous bulwarks of Britain, following in regular train their admiral in the Victory. Between the hours of seven and two there is plenty of time for business, study, writing, and exercise, which different occupations, together with that of occasionally visiting the hospital of the ship when required by the surgeon, I endeavour to vary in such a manner as to afford me sufficient employment. At two o'clock a band of music plays till within a quarter of three, when the drum beats

the tune called 'The Roast Beef of Old England' to announce the admiral's dinner, which is served up exactly at three o'clock, and which generally consists of three courses and a dessert of the choicest fruit, together with three or four of the best wines, champagne and claret not excepted; and what exceeds the relish of the best viands and most exquisite wines? If a person does not feel himself perfectly at his ease it must be his own fault, such is the urbanity and hospitality which reign here, notwithstanding the numerous titles, the four orders of knighthood worn by Lord Nelson, and the well-earned laurels which he has acquired. Coffee and liqueurs close the dinner about half-past four or five o'clock, after which the company generally walk the deck, where the band of music plays for near an hour. At six o'clock tea is announced, when the company again assemble in the admiral's cabin, where tea is served up before seven o'clock, and, as we are inclined, the party continue to converse with his Lordship, who at this time generally unbends himself, though he is at all times as free from stiffness and pomp as a regard to proper dignity will admit, and is very communicative. At eight o'clock a rummer of punch with cake or biscuit is served up, soon after which we wish the admiral a good-night (who is generally in bed before nine o'clock).

For my own part, not having been accustomed to go to bed quite so early, I generally read an hour or spend one with the officers of the ship, several of whom are old acquaintances, or to whom I have been known by character."

This notice of Nelson's personal habits is very exactly corroborated by Mr. Beatty, the surgeon of the Victory, who says: "His Lordship used a great deal of exercise, generally walking on deck six or seven hours in the day. He always rose early, for the most part shortly after daybreak. He breakfasted in summer about six, and at seven in winter; and if not occupied in reading or writing despatches, or examining into the details of the fleet, he walked on the quarter-deck the greater part of the forenoon, going down to his cabin occasionally to commit to paper such incidents or reflections as occurred to him during that time, and as might be hereafter useful to the service of his country. He dined generally about half-past two o'clock. At his table there were seldom less than eight or nine persons, consisting of the different officers of the ship; and when the weather and the service permitted, he very often had several of the admirals and captains of the fleet to dine with him, who were mostly invited by signal, the rotation of seniority being commonly observed by his Lordship in these invitations. At dinner he

was alike affable and attentive to every one. He ate very sparingly himself, the liver and wing of a fowl and a small plate of macaroni in general composing his meal, during which he occasionally took a glass of champagne. He never exceeded four glasses of wine after dinner, and seldom drank three, and even these were diluted with either Bristol or common water.

"He possessed such a wonderful activity of mind as even prevented him from taking ordinary repose, seldom enjoying two hours of uninterrupted sleep, and on several occasions he did not quit the deck during the whole night. At these times he took no pains to protect himself from the effects of wet or the night air, wearing only a thin greatcoat; and he has frequently, after having his clothes wet through with rain, refused to have them changed, saying that the leather waistcoat, which he wore over his flannel one, would secure him from complaint. He seldom wore boots, and was consequently very liable to have his feet wet. When this occurred, he has often been known to go down to his cabin, throw off his shoes, and walk on the carpet in his stockings for the purpose of drying the feet of them. He chose rather to adopt this uncomfortable expedient than to give his servants the trouble of assisting him to put on fresh stockings, which, from his having

only one hand, he could not himself conveniently effect."

Throughout the whole of 1804 Napoleon was meditating the means of concentrating his force in the western seas; but, as far as Toulon was concerned, he was obliged to wait during the earlier months till all the available ships were got ready. In the autumn the death of La Touche Tréville, on 18th August, necessitated a change of plan. What La Touche Tréville might have done in one way, Villeneuve, who succeeded him, could probably do better in another. In December the Spanish declaration of war against England brought about a further modification of his project, which, as finally arranged, was for the several squadrons at Brest, Rochefort, Cadiz, and Toulon, to make their escape from their several ports, to evade the blockading squadrons, to cross the Atlantic independently and rendezvous at Martinique, whence they were to return in overwhelming force sufficient to sweep the sea of any probable, or even possible, enemy, and establish a complete command of the Narrow Seas.

On paper the scheme looked admirable and threatened England with utter ruin; at sea it seemed neither so admirable nor so threatening. It has often been cited as an instance of the stupendous genius of Napoleon that, though a soldier, he should

have devised a naval scheme so intricate, so portentous, which none of the many able men opposed to him succeeded in fathoming. This is not quite correct. That neither the Admiralty nor Cornwallis nor Nelson exactly interpreted his meaning is possibly true; but even if it occurred to them it would be dismissed as not worth discussing. For whatever might happen, they were prepared; and for Nelson, it was enough to know that wherever the evading fleet from Toulon went he would follow it.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

THE blockade of Brest was all this time rigidly maintained by a competent force, and, notwithstanding Napoleon's orders and the consequent exertions of Vice-Admiral Ganteaume, who commanded there, the French were never able to show themselves outside. At Rochefort the blockade was less stringent, and, on 11th January 1805, Rear-Admiral Missiessy succeeded in escaping with a squadron of five powerful ships, one of them being of 120 guns, the other four of 80. Favoured by fortune and the weather, he met with no interruption from the enemy, and arrived at Martinique on 20th February. At the moment there was no English force on that station, and for some weeks he was at liberty to levy contributions from the smaller islands—Dominica, St. Christopher's, and Nevis, and to seize such shipping, mostly country vessels, as he found there. When the forty-five days he was ordered to remain had expired, without

his being joined by the other squadrons, he sailed for Europe, and, again favoured by fortune, anchored in Basque Roads on 20th May, safe indeed, but without having in any way forwarded the objective of the expedition. For, in fact, the conditions of Napoleon's scheme required that each of the several parts of it should be successful; the failure of any one involved the failure of the whole.

In order to act in co-operation with Missiessy, Villeneuve put to sea from Toulon on 17th January, under circumstances that might well have led Nelson astray, had he been at all inclined to mistake the shadow for the substance. He was lying, with all his squadron, in the roadstead of Maddalena, or, as it was then called, Agincourt Sound, when, on the afternoon of the 19th, the frigate Active came in with the news that the French fleet was at sea; she had parted from it on the previous night off Ajaccio, when it was steering towards the south, with a strong north-westerly gale. It was still blowing hard from the west, which rendered it impossible for the English fleet to go out through the Straits of Bonifaccio. Accordingly, in spite of the darkness and storm, it went out to the eastward through the narrow channel between Biscie and the main—which, in view of such a contingency, had been surveyed by Mr. Atkinson, the master of the

Victory, exactly three months before—and so to the south along the east coast of Sardinia.

As to the intentions of the French, Nelson had no information whatever; but he knew that they had been embarking troops and military stores, including a large number of saddles, which seemed to indicate a design on some place within the Mediterranean—most probably, he thought, on Egypt. And another fact on which he laid considerable stress, was that, for a fortnight before Villeneuve came out, the wind had been steady from between north-east and south-east. On the 17th it had backed to the north-west, blowing hard, and with the change the French had put to sea. If, he argued, they wished to go west, they would surely have sailed while the wind was fair; would not have waited till it turned to north-west, with every indication of its backing still further. The argument was sound; but, after so many years' personal experience of the winds in the Lion's Gulf, Nelson perhaps gave his enemy the credit of knowing as much about them as he did. Irrespective of the argument, however, he was quite sure that, with the wind now blowing a fierce gale from the south-west, the enemy could not have gone to the west; that they had not come through the Straits of Bonifaccio; and that they must be coming south

closely penned up against the coast of Sardinia—unless, indeed, they had put back to Toulon, or had turned round Cape Corse, the northern point of Corsica, in the determination to go eastwards. When French writers, and others following them, have spoken of his being completely hoodwinked by the Emperor's feints, and of his determined prepossession as to Egypt, they have lost sight of the fact that he knew, with absolute certainty, that, under existing conditions of wind and weather, the French fleet could not have gone to the west, and that willingly or unwillingly they must have been driven to the station which he took up south of Sardinia.

On the 26th he learned that a French 80-gun ship, partially dismasted, had sought refuge at Ajaccio. On the 27th he stretched across to Palermo, and, as nothing had been seen or heard of them there, he concluded that they had either put back disabled, or had managed in some way to evade his watch and get to the south and east along the coast of Sicily and into the Levant. The argument is mainly a technical one; but to a seaman, and more especially to one so familiar with those seas as Nelson was, it left no doubt. It was not a matter of belief or of opinion, it was a matter of certain knowledge. But if the French fleet had

put back to Toulon, it was provided for, for some weeks to come; and therefore Nelson resolved to make sure that it had not taken the possible but improbable alternative. So to Egypt he went; convinced himself that it had not gone eastward; and on 19th February arrived at Malta, where he received definite information that it had put back to Toulon "in a very crippled state."

Showing himself off Barcelona on the way, by 13th March Nelson was again off Toulon, where he saw that the French fleet had refitted and was ready for sea. He learned that the troops were still embarked, and remained convinced that their aim was Egypt. Many writers have spoken of this conviction as a species of monomania, which prevented his seeing the facts as they were. It is, however, difficult to see in what way he could have acted other than he did, given that he was obliged to withdraw the fleet to take in stores, and that the number of his frigates was ludicrously inadequate for the necessities of the service. He had been provisioning his fleet in the Gulf of Palmas, and had put to sea on 3rd April, when, on the 4th, he received intelligence of the French fleet having sailed again on 30th March. By bad fortune or bad management the frigates stationed to keep watch on it had lost sight of it steering to the

southward with a north-easterly wind. By a further piece of bad fortune, Villeneuve, who was coming south by the eastern channel, in the belief that the English fleet was on the Spanish coast, learned from a neutral merchantman that it was off the south end of Sardinia, in time to alter his course and pass to the westward of the Balearic Islands. The wind favoured him throughout. On 8th April he passed Gibraltar; at Cadiz he was joined by one French and seven Spanish ships, and thus, with a fleet of eighteen sail of the line, started at once for Martinique, where he arrived on 14th May.

Meantime Nelson, having extended his disposable force from the Sardinian to the African coast, was unable to gain any intelligence of the enemy till 16th April, when he learned that on the 7th they had been seen off Cape Gata, running westward with a fresh easterly wind. Two days later he had news of their having passed the Straits. Bad fortune still dogged him. The easterly wind which so favoured the French was succeeded by a westerly gale, against which Nelson strove in vain for the next fortnight. It was not till 4th May that he arrived in Tetuan Bay; and it was still six days before he could learn where the French had gone. On 11th May he started in pursuit.

Napoleon had convinced himself that, on finding

Villeneuve had left Toulon, Nelson would hasten to look for him in Egypt; and that the English Admiralty, on learning that he had passed the Straits, would despatch Collingwood, from before Rochefort, to the East Indies. In this hope he had carefully prepared false or misleading intelligence. It was a cleverly arranged trap, into which he thought the English must fall, into which he believed they had fallen, into which he declared they ought to have fallen; into which, in fact, they might have fallen, had the movements of the English admirals been guided by speculation instead of by certain intelligence and sound deduction. It may, of course, be argued that Nelson ought to have known that the French were bound to the westward. But all the indications so clearly pointed the other way, that a less cautious man than Nelson would have felt himself justified in looking for them in the Levant. Nelson, on the contrary, determined that he would neither go to the eastward of Sicily nor to the westward of Sardinia till he knew something positive.

Nelson's voyage to the West Indies was a masterpiece of navigation, which took him from off Cape St. Vincent, on 11th May, to Barbados, on 4th June, in twenty-four days, as compared

with Villeneuve's thirty-four days, from off Cadiz, on 10th April, to Martinique, on 14th May. This appears the more remarkable when it is remembered that the French and Spanish ships, which it is customary to speak of as very superior to the English, were just out of port, with clean bottoms; whereas those with Nelson had been continuously at sea for months or years, and that many of them were crazy as to their hulls, and rotten as to their masts and rigging. The state of the Superb, a year before, has already been spoken of. Keats had done wonders with her, but she was now so bad that the advisability of leaving her behind had been considered. It was only out of deference to Keats' wishes that Nelson had allowed her to accompany him; and she proved, as had been expected, a serious drag on the squadron, which was obliged to regulate its speed by her sluggishness. There may well have been a good deal of grumbling, in which "apt alliteration's artful aid" may have lent force to the denunciations of dummies and delays. To Keats the trial must have been the severest; and Nelson, though burning with impatience, wrote to him in soothing and affectionate language: "I am fearful that you may think that the Superb does not go so fast as I could wish. However that may be (for if we all went ten

knots, I should not think it fast enough), yet I would have you be assured that I know and feel that the Superb does all which is possible for a ship to accomplish, and I desire you will not fret upon the occasion. . . . I think we have been from Cape St. Vincent very fortunate, and shall be in the West Indies time enough to secure Jamaica, which I think is their object." It may safely be assumed that Keats directly, and indirectly every captain in the squadron and in the navy, was more than ever bound to an admiral who, whilst goaded by extreme impatience, could still write such a letter.

At Barbados, Nelson was joined by two ships of the line under Rear-Admiral Cochrane, the uncle of the more celebrated Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald. At the same time he received intelligence, which had been sent from St. Lucia by General Brereton, that the French fleet, going south, had passed that island on the night of 28th May. Its destination was supposed to be Trinidad. Nelson's instinct told him that the news was false; but it was so definite, so positive, and Sir William Myers, at Barbados, was so thoroughly convinced of its truth, that he felt obliged to act on it, more especially as Myers offered to accompany him with 2000 soldiers for the relief of Tobago or Trinidad. But at Tobago and at Trinidad no enemy had been

seen, and Nelson learned, to his extreme disgust, that on the 4th the French were still at Martinique. "If either General Brereton could not have wrote, or his look-out man had been blind, nothing could have prevented my fighting them on 6th June; but such information, and from such a quarter, close to the enemy, could not be doubted."

Notwithstanding the three weeks by which his arrival on the station had preceded Nelson's, Villeneuve had not been able to carry out any of the secondary objects for which he had been sent —unless, indeed, we except the capture of the celebrated Diamond Rock, a view of which is given in Dr. M'Cormick's *Voyages of Discovery*. On the night of 4th June he had put to sea, with, it has been said, the intention of attacking Barbados; but off Antigua he captured a number of homeward-bound English merchant-ships, from which he received a very exaggerated account of the force with which Nelson had arrived at Barbados. He took no pains to verify the intelligence, and hastily judging that the objects he had in view had failed, he made sail at once for Europe.

This was on 8th June. Four days later, Nelson, at the same spot, learned that Villeneuve had passed, steering to the north, and by rapid deduction convinced himself that he had quitted the

West Indies. "I have called," he wrote to the Admiralty, "every circumstance which I have heard of their proceedings before me; I have considered the approaching season, the sickly state of their troops and ships, the means and time for defence which have been given to our island, and the certainty the enemy must expect of our reinforcements' arrival; and therefore, if they were not able to make an attack for the first three weeks after their arrival, they could not hope for greater success after our means of resistance increased and their means of offence were diminished; and it is to be considered that the enemy will not give me credit for quitting the West Indies for this month to come." He then examined their movements in detail, and concluded: "My opinion is firm as a rock that some cause, orders, or inability to perform any service in these seas, has made them resolve to proceed direct for Europe. There would have been no occasion for opinions had not General Brereton sent his damned intelligence from St. Lucia."

So without further delay than was necessary to land the troops at Antigua, he sailed for Europe, believing that Villeneuve was bound into the Mediterranean, but at the same time despatching a warning note to the Admiralty and to the commanding officer off Ferrol. Captain Bettesworth,

of the Curieux brig, who carried the despatches, had the fortune to sight the French fleet, and noticed that it was steering a course for Ferrol rather than for Cadiz; so that, on his arrival in England, the Admiralty, acting on precise information, was able to send orders to the ships in the Bay to look out for it to the west of Cape Finisterre, where accordingly it was met by Sir Robert Calder on 22nd July, and defeated, with the loss of two Spanish ships, in what was considered a very half-hearted action on both sides; for, while Calder shrank from pushing the engagement with fifteen ships against eighteen, Villeneuve, on his part, was even more nervous about his own effective inferiority. When the two fleets parted, Calder joined Cornwallis off Brest, and Villeneuve put into Corunna to refit.

Meantime Nelson had arrived off Cadiz, where he found his friend Collingwood watching the few ships in the port, but without any knowledge of the French fleet. It was not till 25th July that he learned that it had been sighted on a more northerly course by the Curieux; and going north with all his squadron, he joined Cornwallis on 15th August, the very day on which Villeneuve sailed from Corunna under orders to effect a junction with Ganteaume at Brest. He had with him twenty-nine sail of the line, French

and Spanish, but had come to the conclusion that they were not equal to an English fleet even markedly inferior in number; so that, on a false alarm of Cornwallis being in his neighbourhood, he turned south and put into Cadiz.

On joining Cornwallis, the Victory and the Superb —now barely able to keep the sea—were sent on to Spithead, and Nelson, striking his flag, went to Merton, where he spent the next few weeks, though it was at once arranged at the Admiralty that he was to resume the command if Villeneuve should go south. On 1st September the Euryalus frigate, then commanded by Captain Blackwood, arrived at Spithead with the news of the enemy's fleet having gone past Collingwood into Cadiz. Early on the morning of the 2nd, Blackwood, on his way to London, called on Nelson, who presently followed him to the Admiralty, where it was resolved that he should go out at once, and that meantime every available ship should be sent to reinforce Collingwood. All this had, in fact, been prearranged, for Nelson never lost the conviction that, after being driven from the West Indies, Villeneuve's objective was in the Mediterranean; he believed that his aim was to go to Toulon, refit, and possibly make a dash at Egypt. That he would come north to try his fortune against Cornwallis and the strength that

was gathered off Brest, seemed to him outside the bounds of probability.

The news of Villeneuve's retreat to Cadiz reached Napoleon on the same day, possibly the same hour, that it reached the Admiralty, and marked the end of his scheme for the invasion of England. Its success had already seemed very doubtful, and the coalition in Germany was growing more and more threatening. To suppose that his change of plan was a sudden resolve, is to depreciate rather than to exalt his genius; for, in fact, from the day that he had news of Villeneuve's defeat by Calder, he must have prepared himself for the eventuality. But he was not a man to take even his instruments into his confidence, and when he appeared to do so, it was as likely as not a deception. He had probably hoped against hope; but with the news of Villeneuve at Cadiz, he, without further deliberation, and as if on the spur of the moment, gave out detailed orders for the march of the army into Germany. The camp at Boulogne was broken up the same day, and he set out for the triumphant campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz, sending Villeneuve orders to leave Cadiz without delay and return to Toulon.

This was exactly what Nelson believed Villeneuve would try to do; but, in any case, it was clear that off Cadiz was the place for him as commander-in-

chief of the Mediterranean fleet. That he felt, deeply felt, the necessity of leaving Merton, of parting from Emma and his daughter, we know from his own journal; that he had one moment's hesitation about following the path outlined by duty, no one who has studied Nelson's history can believe; but it is well to point out that the current story of his unwillingness to go, of his being persuaded to go by Emma, and of his exclaiming, "Brave Emma! good Emma! —if there were more Emmas there would be more Nelsons," rests on no evidence except that of Harrison, by whom it was written down at Emma's dictation for a very evident purpose. Whatever words of farewell were spoken, it is very certain that they did not bear the meaning which Harrison put upon them.

Nelson's preparations did not take long. As far as he was concerned they were already made. The little delay there was, was for the ships that were to accompany him. It was of one of his visits to London just before this that Lord Minto wrote: "I met Nelson to-day in a mob in Piccadilly and got hold of his arm, so that I was mobbed too. It is really quite affecting to see the wonder and admiration, and love and respect of the whole world; and the genuine expression of all these sentiments at once, from gentle and simple, the moment he is

seen. It is beyond anything represented in a play or a poem of fame."

Something of the same kind happened at Portsmouth, where he arrived from Merton early in the morning of 14th September. Whilst he waited in the George Inn, the crowd gathered in the street, and, as he left, pressed round him so that it was with difficulty he could make his way to Southsea beach, where, just outside the lines, he embarked about two o'clock. The people then thronged the parapet and cheered vociferously. Nelson was deeply affected. "I had their huzzas before," he said to Hardy, who accompanied him, "I have their hearts now." His flag had been already hoisted on board the Victory, and the next morning he sailed in company with the Euryalus. On the 28th he joined the fleet, sending the frigate ahead with an order that his flag was not to be saluted, so that his arrival might not be intimated to the enemy, from whom he endeavoured to conceal the strength of the gathering fleet by keeping at a distance from the land.

It seemed now to many that the weary watch so long maintained off Toulon was beginning again off Cadiz. Nelson did not think so. He did not, indeed, believe that Villeneuve would willingly come out to fight without a great superiority of number;

but he felt sure that he was bent on getting to Toulon, and thought that he could give him an additional inducement by stopping the coasting trade on which Cadiz mainly depended for its supplies. A rigid blockade would, he believed, compel him to come out, in hopes of slipping past into the Mediterranean. To prevent this, to catch him on the way was what he aimed at, and day by day he continued to urge on the Admiralty the necessity of sending him as many ships as possible. The country, he said, did not want merely an honourable victory gained by a small fleet over a large one: what it wanted was the annihilation of the enemy's fleet, and that could only be effected by numbers.

And yet, at this critical time, he consented, in deference to the feelings of Sir Robert Calder, to part with the 98-gun ship Prince of Wales. Calder was ordered home to be tried for his conduct on 22nd July, when—it was charged against him—he had not done his utmost against the enemy, and had expressed a strong wish to be allowed to go in his flagship. He was one of the very few men in the service with whom Nelson was not on friendly terms. There had never, indeed, been any quarrel; but, from the time when Calder was captain of the fleet to Sir John Jervis, he was believed to have felt some jealousy of the favour

shown to Nelson. It was said that he had urged Jervis to reprimand Nelson for quitting his station in the battle of St. Vincent, and throwing his ship in the way of the Santisima Trinidad: it was disobedience of the signal. "True," answered Jervis; "and when you commit a similar act of disobedience I will forgive it, as I do this." The story may or may not be true; but, at any rate, it marks the general estimate of the two men. To any other, Nelson would now have probably pointed out the critical state of affairs, and the impropriety of weakening the fleet by this one capital ship—the necessity, in fact, of his going to England in a frigate. But he could not appeal to Calder's friendship or loyalty, and would not hurt his feelings by an order. That, under the circumstances, Calder should have made a point of taking the Prince of Wales to England, in itself shows a want of that simple-minded devotion to the service of his country which was ever such a marked feature in the character of Nelson.

So the Prince of Wales departed, and in her also went, as witnesses for Calder, Captain Brown of the Ajax, and Lechmere of the Thunderer, leaving these two ships under the command of their first lieutenants. Durham of the Defiance was also called on by Calder; but understanding from Nelson

that his going was entirely voluntary, he refused to quit his ship when a battle might be expected. As it turned out, however, the trial did not take place till the end of December, after Durham had come home. It should be added that the charge was held to be proved, and Calder was severely reprimanded—a sentence which, compared with the Irish peerage conferred on Hotham for somewhat similar conduct, marks the extreme change which had taken place in the opinion of the navy within the space of ten years, and largely in consequence of the achievements of Nelson.

Among the many ships that were sent out to join the fleet was the old Agamemnon, now commanded by Sir Edward Berry, her former first lieutenant. "Here comes Berry," Nelson is reported to have said when the Agamemnon made her number; "now we shall have a battle." Berry had, in fact, already been in seven general actions, besides the capture of Martinique in 1794, skirmishes innumerable whilst with Nelson in the Agamemnon and Captain, the loss of the Leander, and the capture of the Généreux and Guillaume Tell. He was in two more general actions—Trafalgar, and, in the following year, St. Domingo—after which, his service, till the end of the war, was more commonplace. Later on his health gave way, and for several years before

his death, at the age of sixty-two, in 1831, he had been unequal to any active employment. Amongst the many other brave men who now gathered round Nelson at the rendezvous off Cadiz were his old friend Fremantle, now captain of the 98-gun ship Neptune; Israel Pellew of the Conqueror — a younger brother of the more celebrated Sir Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth; Eliab Harvey, whose name will always be associated with that of the "fighting Téméraire"; Edward Codrington of the Orion—many years afterwards commander-in-chief in the battle of Navarino; and George Duff of the Mars, killed in the great battle a few days later, but who now commanded the inshore squadron, as his great-uncle, Robert Duff, had done forty-six years before, in Quiberon Bay.

When Nelson joined the fleet he found that many of the ships were short of water and provisions; no arrangements had been made for sending supplies, and the only way to complete them was to send them by detachments to Gibraltar. So, in order to have his best, or, at any rate, his best known and longest tried officers with him on the day of battle, he sent these away first; Rear-Admiral Louis in the Canopus, Hallowell in the Tigre, Pulteney Malcolm in the Donegal, and so on. Louis remonstrated, but was assured by Nelson that he sent

them first in order to ensure their being with him on the day of battle, which would not be just yet. He was judging that though the blockade would drive Villeneuve out, it must have time to act. He did not know of the other agency at work—the insulting letters of Napoleon, and the threat to supersede him if he did not go out. As to this, Napoleon's orders were positive: he was to go out, fight if necessary, but at all hazards pass into the Mediterranean. Villeneuve was very unwilling to move; but on 18th October he learned that Vice-Admiral Rosily had arrived at Madrid on the way to supersede him, and the same day that six of the English ships were at Gibraltar. The occasion was pressing on the one hand, and could not be better timed on the other. On the 19th the combined fleet began to come out.

The first movement was observed by the Weasel sloop, then only two or three miles off. She immediately ran out and signalled to the Euryalus, which passed the news along a cordon of ships till it reached the fleet, then some fifty miles to the south-west. But, without waiting for that, Blackwood sent the Weasel off to recall Louis in all haste. By midnight she was off Gibraltar, but Louis was not there. After completing her water in Tetuan Bay, on the 17th the Canopus had sailed to the eastward

with a convoy, and was not joined by the Weasel till the 22nd, when off Cape de Gata.

But meantime the combined fleet was all out of the harbour on the forenoon of the 20th, and standing towards the south. Nelson had at once gone towards the Straits, confident that the enemy would endeavour to pass. In the evening they were sighted by the Naiad. "The frigates and look-out ships," wrote Nelson in his diary, "kept sight of the enemy most admirably all night, and told me, by signals, which tack they were upon." The Pickle schooner was in amongst them, and brought word of their exact number—thirty-three ships of the line. With Nelson there were twenty-seven.

At daybreak on the 21st, when the English were some seven or eight leagues to the west of Cape Trafalgar, the enemy were seen about half-way between them and the land, distant, that is to say, ten or twelve miles. The wind was blowing gently from the west-north-west, so that it was impossible for them to avoid action; but, as a precautionary measure, to provide a retreat in case of the worst, Villeneuve, who had been standing towards the south, now reversed his line so as to head towards the north and draw nearer to Cadiz. But the wind was very light and his men inexperienced, so that the manœuvre was slowly and clumsily executed.

It was nearly ten o'clock before all the ships had turned, and the formation of the fleet, which was intended to be a line of battle, one ship astern of another, was in reality a long drawn-out cluster bent towards the east, as is shown in the plan (p. 297).

Meantime the English were coming on before the wind in a very irregularly formed order of sailing in two lines. While still at Merton, Nelson had realised that, notwithstanding the traditions of a century, and however well adapted the so-called line of battle might sometimes be as a preliminary formation, it was merely as a preliminary to the more serious fighting; that in no battle which had been brought to a decisive issue had it been maintained after the serious fighting had begun. Of this, his own masterpiece in Aboukir Bay was the most brilliant example. From this consideration, the natural deduction was that, with a large fleet, the time spent in forming the line of battle was often wasted; and that the fleet could sooner be brought into action if the advance was made in two, or perhaps even three lines, instead of one. It is not difficult to retrace the train of thought. He had very early seen that an attack, to be successful, should be concentrated on part of the enemy's force, not dispersed along the whole of it; that with a part overwhelmed by a local

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superiority, the defeat of the rest followed as a matter of course. Rodney, before him, had understood this, and, in the French navy, Suffren; but both had failed in their effort to give effect to it, in consequence of the ignorance or incompetence of their captains. Hood, too, had understood it, and, though he never had the opportunity to illustrate it, there can be no doubt that he had often talked of it to Nelson, to whom it was left to show, at the mouth of the Nile, what great things might be done when genius directed and intelligence co-operated. It is quite certain that since that time Nelson had continually meditated on the different ways in which the same principle might be advantageously applied. We have, among his papers, a draft of one method, written apparently in August 1804. Another—if not the same—was sent to the several ships which accompanied him to the West Indies in May 1805; and now, on 9th October, he had issued another, differing in the details, but essentially the same in principle.

What he now ordered was that, approaching the enemy in two lines, the one, under the command of Collingwood, was to fall on the enemy's rear, cutting off some inferior number and crushing it by greater force; whilst he himself, in command of the other, would "take care that the second in

command should not be interfered with." He was to threaten the van and centre, making them believe that he was about to range along the whole line, so as to prevent their turning to support their rear; when it was evident that the van did not intend to turn, then—but not before—he would throw himself on the enemy's centre, thus bringing the whole force of his fleet on about two-thirds of the enemy's. The action of the van would, by that time, be a matter of comparative indifference. The details of all this had been so thoroughly discussed during the previous three weeks that every captain in the fleet knew exactly what he had to do; knew that he had to follow where Collingwood or Nelson led, and that when the enemy was before him he had to fight.

The wind was very light, and the advance of the English, though under all possible sail, was extremely slow. They were from five to six hours in covering the few miles which at daylight separated them from the enemy. During the last part of the time they were not making more than a mile and a half an hour. It was thus impossible for the ships to get into anything like station, and their lines were exceedingly irregular. Some, and especially the Defence on the south, and the Africa on the north, which had been separated

during the night, remained so till the battle was joined.

It was about eleven o'clock when Nelson, having seen everything in readiness, retired to his cabin for a few minutes, and on his knees made the last entry in his diary: "May the Great God whom I worship grant to my Country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet. For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him who made me, and may His blessing light upon my endeavours for serving my Country faithfully. To Him I resign myself and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

He had some hours before written a paper which is generally spoken of as a codicil to his will. It was:—

"October the twenty-first, one thousand eight hundred and five, then in sight of the Combined Fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

"Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to our King and Country to my knowledge, without

her receiving any reward from either our King or Country. First, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England; from which letter the Ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton; the opportunity might have been offered. Secondly, the British Fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the Governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the Fleet being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily; we put into Syracuse and received every supply, went to Egypt, and destroyed the French Fleet. Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my Country; but, as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Hamilton therefore a legacy to my King and Country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my Country my adopted daughter Horatia Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only. These are

the only favours I ask of my King and Country at this moment, when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my King and Country, and all those who I hold dear. My relations it is needless to mention; they will of course be amply provided for."

This he now signed in the presence of Hardy and Blackwood, who had come on board to receive his last instructions. They then went on deck together, and some little time afterwards—in the words of Admiral Pasco, at the time Nelson's flag lieutenant, —"His Lordship came to me on the poop, and, after ordering certain signals to be made, about a quarter to noon he said, 'Mr. Pasco, I wish to say to the fleet, ENGLAND CONFIDES THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY'; and he added, 'You must be quick, for I have one more to make, which is for Close Action.' I replied, 'If your Lordship will permit me to substitute *expects* for *confides*, the signal will soon be completed, because the word *expects* is in the vocabulary, and *confides* must be spelt.' His Lordship replied in haste, and with seeming satisfaction, 'That will do, Pasco; make it directly.' When it had been answered by a few ships in the van, he ordered me to make the signal for Close Action, and to keep it up. Accordingly I hoisted No. 16 at the top-gallant mast head, and there it remained until shot away."

As the exact words of this celebrated signal have been much discussed, and are seldom rightly quoted, it is well to say that the entry in the logs of the Naiad, which repeated the signal, and of the Orion, which gives the code numbers, and of other ships, agrees *verbatim* with Pasco's letter. The verbal differences so often met with grew out of careless repetition ; as when Blackwood, writing to his wife on the day after the battle, gave it, "England expects every officer and man will do their utmost duty ;" [1] or when Collingwood had afterwards a ring engraved with the posy, " England expects everything : men, do your duty." Other differences, not so extreme, are more frequent ; but the suggestion, sprung from the alleged disagreement of authorities, that no such signal was ever made, that the whole story is a myth, is, of course, absurd.

So a few minutes past noon the lee line, headed by Collingwood in the Royal Sovereign, closely followed by the Belleisle, broke through the enemy's line, astern of the Spanish three-decker Santa Ana, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral de Alava, into which the Royal Sovereign poured a tremendous double-shotted broadside previous to coming to the wind on her starboard side and engaging her at the closest possible quarters. The other ships following

[1] Though it is correctly given in the Euryalus's log.

spread out towards the south, breaking into the enemy's line in many different places, and the action in the rear became exceedingly warm.

Meantime Nelson, intent, not, as has been supposed, on racing with Collingwood and endeavouring to be first into the thick of the fight, but, as he himself had explained, on "taking care that the second in command should not be interfered with," hauled his wind a little, as though intending to stand to the north and engage the van. The little Africa, a 64-gun ship, hastening to meet him, happily served to colour the feint, and convince Rear-Admiral Dumanoir le Pelley, commanding the enemy's van, of its reality. He therefore remained where he was, making no sign of supporting the rear; and Nelson, seeing this, bore away again, and a little before one passed through the line, astern of the Bucentaure, Villeneuve's flagship, raking her, as he did so, with terrible effect. It seems probable that Hardy intended to bring the Victory to the wind alongside the Bucentaure, in the same way as the Royal Sovereign was engaged with the Santa Ana; but before he could do so she fouled the French 74-gun ship Redoutable—her yard-arm caught in the Redoutable's rigging, the two ships swung together, and so they remained, the Victory's starboard guns smashing in the Redoutable's side, whilst her port guns

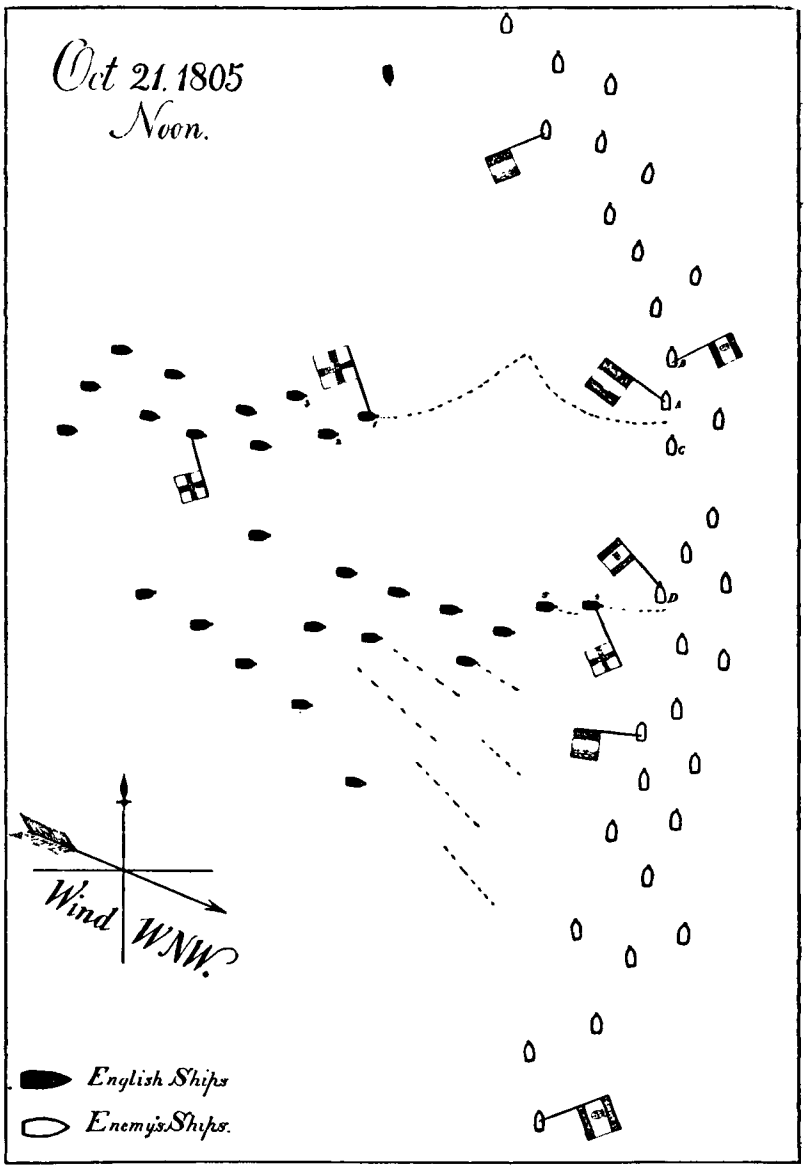
EXPLANATION OF THE PLAN

On the right, the enemy's fleet, in irregular line, heading towards the north. In the van, the flag of Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. In the centre, B, Santisima Trinidad, with the flag of Rear-Admiral Cisneros; A, Bucentaure, with the flag of Vice-Admiral Villeneuve, the commander-in-chief; C, Redoutable; D, Santa Ana, flag of Rear-Admiral Alava. A little to the south, Algésiras, flag of Rear-Admiral Magon; and in the extreme rear, the flag of the Spanish commander-in-chief, Vice-Admiral Gravina.

On the left, the English fleet, in two irregular lines. On the north, 1. Victory; 2. Téméraire; 3. Neptune (Captain Fremantle), followed by Conqueror (Israel Pellew), Leviathan (Bayntun), Britannia (flag of Rear-Admiral Lord Northesk), and others. On the south, 4. Royal Sovereign; 5. Belle-isle (Hargood), and the rest. In the extreme north, the Africa (Digby), under a press of sail to join the fleet.

The dotted lines indicate the course of the English.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR



continued to fire on the ship ahead of the Bucentaure, Nelson's old acquaintance at St. Vincent, the Santisima Trinidad. Other ships coming between, the Neptune and the Conqueror, ended that part of her work for the time, the Conqueror forcing the Bucentaure to strike her flag, and the Neptune, assisted by the little Africa, pounding the Santisima Trinidad into submission. But on the Victory's starboard side the action with the Redoutable continued, the greater weight of metal on the Victory's lower and middle decks silencing the Redoutable's fire below; whilst above, the musketry and coehorns of the Redoutable's tops cleared the Victory's upper deck.

It was about twenty minutes past one—the times are very uncertain—that a musket-shot from the Redoutable's mizen-top struck Nelson on the left shoulder, and penetrated his chest. He fell forward on his face; and, as Hardy, stooping to raise him, expressed a hope that he was not severely wounded, he answered, "They have done for me at last, Hardy." "I hope not," said Hardy. "Yes," replied Nelson; "my backbone is shot through." He was immediately carried below, and laid in one of the midshipmen's berths, where the surgeon, Dr. Beatty, attended to him. "Ah, Mr. Beatty," he said, "you can do nothing for me. I have

but a short time to live; my back is shot through." Beatty's examination showed him that the case was hopeless; but this he communicated only to Hardy, to the two assistant-surgeons, and to the chaplain, Mr. Scott, and the purser, Mr. Burke, who attended by Nelson's side.

Meantime, on deck, the fire of the Redoutable continued to be very deadly, and having cleared the Victory's upper deck, the Frenchmen were preparing to board her. This called up the Victory's men, when the musketry fire shot down some forty of them, eighteen killed, and amongst them Captain Adair, of the marines, a gallant

officer, and the progenitor of gallant officers who are with us to this day. The Redoutable's men were still swarming on her upper deck when the Téméraire, passing under her stern, gave her a broadside which swept away great numbers of them and deprived her of all power of further resistance. When the Téméraire fell on board her on the starboard side, she was taken possession of, and her flag hauled down. Just at this moment the Fougueux appeared through the smoke

on the Téméraire's other side, and received the Téméraire's broadside at the distance of only a few yards. She had already suffered terribly from the ships of the other line, and this finished the business. She fell alongside the Téméraire and was taken possession of without difficulty. The Victory had meanwhile disentangled herself from the Redoutable and drawn away, and as the smoke cleared away the Téméraire was seen lying between the two French ships, herself partially dismasted, and the Redoutable's main and mizen masts lying across her quarter-deck and poop. She was, for the time, helpless; but the marks of her prowess were visible to the whole fleet, and deeply impressed themselves on the imagination.

And her being disabled was now of little consequence, for the battle was won. The fighting did indeed continue for nearly three hours more, but on the part of the English to complete the victory; on the part of the allies to save what could be saved, but without any hope of redeeming the day. Everywhere their ships had been crushed by force of numbers, battered by two or three or four, together or in succession, and their loss in killed and wounded had been very terrible; that of the Redoutable was returned as five hundred and twenty-two out of a complement of six hundred and forty-three.

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It was not till about three o'clock that Dumanoir, with the ten ships of the allied van, turned towards the scene of actual battle, too late to have any effect on the fortune of the day; though it is possible that, if he had kept them together, he might have done some damage, and rendered the victory less complete. As it was, his division separated: five of his ships kept to leeward, on the east side of the line, where two of them were captured; the other three joining the Spanish Admiral Gravina in the extreme rear. Dumanoir, with the other five ships, kept to windward, and though they were engaged, in passing, first by the Victory, and afterwards by the rearmost ships of the English weather line, four of them, all French, succeeded in escaping. The fifth, the Spanish Neptuno, was cut off and captured. This was about five o'clock, and ended the battle. Of the thirty-three ships forming the combined fleet in the morning, one had been blown up and seventeen captured, including the Bucentaure with the flag of Villeneuve, the commander-in-chief; the Algésiras, flagship of Rear-Admiral Magon; the Santisima Trinidad, with the flag of Rear-Admiral Cisneros; and the Santa Ana, with that of Vice-Admiral de Alava. Four got away with Dumanoir; and eleven, for the most part sorely battered, and with the Spanish admiral, Gravina, mortally wounded,

escaped into Cadiz. The command of the English had devolved on Collingwood; and Collingwood had not that intensity of purpose which distinguished Nelson from the time when he wrote: "Had we taken ten sail and had allowed the eleventh to escape when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done."

But Nelson was now dead. From the first, nothing could be done even to lessen the pain, beyond fanning him and giving him an occasional sip of lemonade or wine and water. The purser told him that "the enemy were decisively defeated, and he hoped his Lordship would still live to be himself the bearer of the joyful tidings to his country." He replied, "It is nonsense, Mr. Burke, to suppose I can live: my sufferings are great, but they will all be soon over." He repeatedly sent for Captain Hardy, and often exclaimed, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed: he is surely destroyed." Hardy, however, was fully occupied on deck, and it was more than an hour before he could come down. They shook hands affectionately, and Nelson said, "Well, Hardy, how goes the battle? How goes the day with us?" "Very well, my Lord," answered Hardy; "we have got twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships in our possession; but five of their

van have tacked and show an intention of bearing down upon the Victory. I have therefore called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." "No, my Lord," replied Hardy; "there is no fear of that." Nelson then said, "I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Pray let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." Hardy hoped that "Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life." "Oh no!" answered Nelson; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Hardy then went on deck. In about an hour he returned, and shaking hands with the dying admiral, congratulated him on his brilliant victory, "which," he said, "was complete, though he did not know how many of the enemy were captured, as it was impossible to perceive every ship distinctly. He was certain of fourteen or fifteen having surrendered." "That is well," answered Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty"; and then emphatically, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy replied, "I suppose, my Lord, Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of

affairs." "Not while I live, I hope, Hardy!" he exclaimed, and endeavoured, ineffectually, to raise himself from the bed. "No," he added: "do *you* anchor." "Shall *we* make the signal, sir?" asked Hardy. "Yes," he answered; "for if I live I'll anchor." He then, after a pause, said that "he felt that in a few minutes he should be no more," and added, "Don't throw me overboard, Hardy." "Oh, no! certainly not," answered Hardy. "Then," continued Nelson, "you know what to do; and take care of my dear Lady Hamilton—take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy." Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek. "Now I am satisfied," said he. "Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood for a minute or two in silent contemplation, then knelt down again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" he asked. "It is Hardy." To which Nelson replied, "God bless you, Hardy." It was their last farewell, for Hardy was obliged to return to the deck.

Nelson was by this time very faint, and his voice low. To Mr. Scott he said, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country—never forget Horatia." His last words, pronounced distinctly, but with effort, were, "Thank God, I have

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THE DEATH OF NELSON.

done my duty;" and so he peacefully passed away about half-past four.

The loss sustained by the death of the commander-in-chief in the hour of victory was immediate. It cannot be doubted that if Nelson had been alive and unwounded, the eleven ships under Gravina would not have been permitted to escape undisturbed; for several of the rearmost English ships were only just coming into the action, and were comparatively uninjured; whilst most of the enemy were incapable of any serious resistance, and, if followed up, must have yielded. But Collingwood, though a brave man, a good seaman, and a splendid second, had not the genius of a great commander, and was, perhaps, in a maze of astonishment at the decisive character of the victory; the more so as, notwithstanding the very important share he had taken in achieving it, he never understood the full tactical signification of it, but—as was shown in a memo. which he himself, as commander-in-chief, issued not three years later[1]—thought that the secret of the success lay in the advance in two columns; a detail well fitted to the circumstances for which it was devised, but quite independent of the immutable principle.

When Hardy went on board the Royal Sovereign

[1] 23rd March 1808. See Collingwood's *Life of Collingwood*, p. 360.

and communicated to him Nelson's last order to anchor, he replied, "Anchor the fleet?—that's the last thing I should have thought of doing"; and, as the authority now rested with him, he did not anchor. The decision was unfortunate; for the falling barometer of the forenoon, and the heavy swell which had set in, in the afternoon, presaged a fierce gale from the westward, which raged during the night and the following days. Many of the English ships had suffered much in their masts and rigging, and the labour of keeping them off the lee shore, now dangerously near, was excessive. The prizes were in still worse condition, and the few men that formed the prize crews were quite insufficient to provide for their safety. Some of them, including the Redoutable and the Santisima Trinidad, went down in the open sea. Several were sunk by Collingwood's order. Others, amongst them the Bucentaure, were hurled on the rocks and dashed to pieces. One—the Algésiras—was recaptured by her own crew. Two —one of them the Santa Ana—having drifted to the mouth of the port, were recaptured by some ships which came out of Cadiz, of which, however, one was captured, and two were wrecked, leaving the total of the enemy's loss unaltered. Of all that were taken in the battle, four only reached

Gibraltar as trophies of the victory; to which should be added the four that escaped with Dumanoir on the 21st, but fell into the hands of a squadron under Sir Richard Strachan off Cape Finisterre, on 4th November, and were all captured and sent to England.

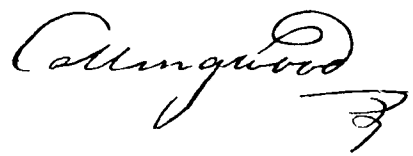
On this same 4th November, as Strachan was putting the finishing touch to the great victory, Lieutenant Lapenotiere landed from the Pickle at Falmouth with Collingwood's despatches, which he delivered at the Admiralty early on the morning of the 6th. To send such despatches home by an officer of Lapenotiere's rank was unusual, if not unprecedented; it was as unusual for the bearer of such despatches to receive no special mark of the royal favour. Lapenotiere was, indeed, promoted to commander's rank, which he had already earned by his seniority and his services before and in the battle, but he was not posted till six years later. It would seem that even the Admiralty considered him the bearer of evil tidings. We know, as we are reminded by Mrs. Ewing's *Jackanapes*, that the news of a great victory necessarily brings pain and sorrow to many a household; but the news of Trafalgar brought grief to the whole nation. The glory and the gain of the victory seemed to be lost in the death of the hero who had

achieved it. But not to all. There were some who even then could see that the grandeur of Nelson's death well nigh eclipsed the greatness of his life; and with some such sentiment Lady Londonderry wrote to her son, "He has left to the British navy a legacy which it alone is able to improve. Had I been the wife or mother of this man, I would rather have mourned him now dead than have lived to have lamented his loss upon a future and less splendid day. In such a death there is no sting, in such a grave there is everlasting victory."[1]

On 9th November the *Gazette* announced the advancement of Nelson's brother William, who succeeded to the Barony, to the dignity of a Viscount and Earl, by the titles of Viscount Merton and Earl Nelson of Trafalgar and Merton; to descend to the heirs male of his body, or, in default, to the heirs male successively of his sisters, Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Matcham. William Nelson's only son, now becoming Viscount Merton, predeceased his father in 1808; and, on the death of the first Earl in 1835, the title passed to the son of Mrs. Bolton, in whose family it still remains. The Duchy of Bronte, on the other hand, descending to the next

[1] This letter is quoted from *Characters principally Professional*, by Admiral Sir William Hotham; a MS. volume in the possession of the family. It is given also, with some verbal differences, by Clarke and M'Arthur.

of kin, male or female, went to the first Earl's daughter, married in 1810 to Viscount Bridport, and has since then been united to the title of Bridport.

The same *Gazette* of 9th November also announced the elevation of Vice-Admiral Collingwood to the peerage, by the title of Baron Collingwood of Caldburne and Hethpoole in Northumberland, with descent to the heirs male of his body. Collingwood, who now signed  was continued as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean till his death in 1810; when, as he had no son, and his efforts to procure an extension of the patent to his daughter had been unsuccessful, the title became extinct.

It would be tedious to give a detailed account of the rewards and gifts bestowed on the family of Nelson and on his brave companions. It was ordered that Nelson's body should be buried in St. Paul's, at the public expense. An annuity of £2000 for life was settled on his widow, Viscountess Nelson; and one of £5000 in perpetuity on the title. A sum of £99,000 was granted for the

purchase of an estate annexed to the title; and of £15,000 to each of his two sisters. Liberal gifts were voted also by the Patriotic Fund; and upwards of £100,000 was raised by subscription for the relief of the widows and orphans of the seamen or marines slain in the fight.

It was noticed at the time, it has often been commented on since, that no attention was paid by the Government to the so-called codicil to Nelson's will, written and witnessed little more than two hours before his death. For this neglect Nelson's brother, the first Earl, has been most unjustly blamed. It has been said that Hardy gave the paper to him as the executor; that he detained it till the Parliamentary grant to himself and his sisters had been secured, and then, with an insulting sneer, tossed it to Lady Hamilton, telling her to get what she could out of it. This is positively untrue, except in the paper having been given to him. For the rest, it was duly laid before the First Lord of the Treasury and the law officers of the Crown. The reference in it to the Queen of Naples rendered it unadvisable to make it public; in law, of course, it was valueless; and, when considered by the First Lord of the Treasury, it made no appeal for Lady Hamilton on sentimental grounds, but solely as one who had rendered

important services to the State. Unluckily for her, the First Lord of the Treasury happened to be Lord Grenville, who, as Foreign Secretary from 1794 to 1800, was the one man in England who could best appreciate her services; who knew that her claims—the claims stated in the codicil—were fictitious; that the statement about the King of Spain's letter was as entirely false as that relating to the Queen's letters to the Governor of Syracuse. All the correspondence of the time had passed through Grenville's hands; he knew exactly what had taken place, and that Lady Hamilton's part in it was infinitesimal. On public grounds, she had absolutely no claim on the Government, and Grenville could do nothing but refuse any assistance.

It may, of course, be said, and has been said, that when Nelson's relations were being so liberally provided for, something should have been done for the woman whom Nelson loved, whom he believed to be the mother of his child, whom he addressed as his "own dear wife in the face of heaven," whose name he had invoked with his dying breath. Sentiment supports such a view, and public opinion at the time would scarcely have been scandalised. Still, there is much to be said for the action of the Government. A grant to Earl Nelson was a necessary accompaniment of the title; the Viscountess,

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though living apart from her husband, could not be ignored—she was legally entitled to recognition; and Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Matcham were known to be in comparatively narrow circumstances. On the other hand, Lady Hamilton had absolutely no legal claim; and, on sentimental grounds, her connection with Nelson had always been denied, Horatia's parentage had never been acknowledged. It has been shown that to the last Nelson's most intimate friends believed the relations between him and Lady Hamilton to be purely platonic.

It was, too, well known that she was already amply provided for. By her husband's will she had an annuity of £800, a capital sum of £800, and plate, pictures, furniture, &c., to the estimated value of £5000. Nelson had allowed her £1200 a year whilst he lived, and she now inherited, under his will, an annuity of £500, a capital sum of £2000, and the Merton estate, with the house and furniture, valued at from £12,000 to £14,000. All this represented an income of about £2500 a year, which the Government, when considering her memorials—if, indeed, they were not dismissed with contempt as impudent falsehoods—may have reasonably thought sufficient for a woman of her antecedents.

Nor, indeed, was her conduct at this time calculated to inspire much sympathy. Whether she had

ever really loved Nelson may be doubted. If she ever loved any one it was Greville, and that love had been trampled out when Greville sold her to Hamilton. After that she lived for herself, and vanity guided her actions. It was vanity that led her to believe herself a power at the Court of Naples and an important factor in the politics of Europe; that dictated her conduct after the battle of the Nile, took her on board the Vanguard, and threw her, fainting, on Nelson's breast. Nelson's vanity—honest, simple, and childlike—was completely swallowed up by hers, and his undisguised worship enormously strengthened her position. But it appears certain that on her return from Naples she would not have scrupled to throw Nelson over for the Prince of Wales, had not what Rudyard Kipling calls "the inevitable consequences" prevented her. The extravagant entertainments at Merton were not those of a woman bound up, as Nelson was, in an enduring passion. Of her life during the years of Nelson's Mediterranean command we have no knowledge, except that early in 1804 she was expecting another baby, which may have been still-born. But we do know that with a house rent free, and an income of upwards of £2000 a year, she incurred debts to the amount of something like £7000, and was therefore not leading the quiet, domestic life that

Nelson supposed. And when the news of his death arrived, it was not in secret that she mourned. She claimed a public recognition of her attachment, and night after night attended the theatre to hear Braham sing the popular "Death of Nelson," to weep effusively at the recitative—

> "O'er Nelson's tomb, with silent grief opprest,
> Britannia mourns her hero now at rest;
> But those bright laurels will not fade with years,
> Whose leaves are watered by a nation's tears";

and to faint at the concluding verse—

> "At last the fatal wound,
> Which spread dismay around,
> The hero's breast received;
> 'Heaven fights upon our side!
> The day's our own!' he cried;
> 'Now long enough I've lived!
> In honour's cause my life was passed,
> In honour's cause I fall at last,
> For England, home, and beauty.'
> Thus ending life as he began,
> England confessed that every man
> That day had done his duty."

It was a performance which must have appeared to many to savour more of her early profession than of her later protestations.

The debts—apparently gambling debts—accumulated during Nelson's absence, were still owing at

his death; and the payment of these, added to reckless and profuse expenditure, quickly ran through the handsome property which she had inherited. Within a little over two years the £2800 had disappeared, she had raised £10,000 secured on Merton, and she was £8000 in debt. It is needless to follow the miserable story in its details. Some of Nelson's friends, and especially Davison, attempted to help her; but to help a woman against herself is impossible, and the attempt proved futile.[1] When the establishment at Merton was broken up she lived for some time at Richmond; in 1810 she was living in Bond Street; in 1813, within the "rules" of the King's Bench Prison, from which, in the spring of 1814, she escaped by the generous assistance of Alderman Joshua Jonathan Smith, and took refuge at Calais, where, free from the importunity of her creditors, she lived, with diminished splendour, but not uncomfortably, on the income arising from £4000 settled, by Nelson's will, on her daughter, Horatia. At Calais, in 1814, £200 a year was far removed from poverty, nor does it appear that Emma endured it. In one of her last letters, dated 21st September, she wrote: "The best meat here, 5d. a pound; two quarts of new milk, 2d.; fowls, 13d.; a couple ducks, the same.

[1] Cf. *Recollections of the Life of the Rev. A. J. Scott*, pp. 222–5.

We bought two fine turkeys for 4s.; an excellent turbot for half-a-crown, fresh from the sea; partridges, 5d. the couple; good Bordeaux wine, white and red, for 15d. the bottle; but there are some for 10 sous—halfpence."

This is not the letter of a woman in utter want, grateful for a bit of dog's meat. On 15th January 1815 she died. Of her illness or the circumstances of it, we have no account. It does not seem to have been long or painful. Some time before she had sought consolation and pardon for her sins in the bosom of the Church of Rome. On her death-bed she received the last sacraments according to that communion, and was decently buried in the cemetery at a total cost of £28, 10s., which was defrayed by Mr. Smith. After her death, her daughter, Horatia, lived with Nelson's sisters; in 1822 she married the Rev. Philip Ward, afterwards vicar of Tenterden in Kent, was the mother of a large family, and died in 1881.

On the day following his death, Nelson's body was placed in a large cask, which was then filled up with brandy. A few days afterwards the brandy was changed; and on the Victory's arrival at Gibraltar, the body having absorbed a good deal of the spirit, the cask was filled up with spirits of wine.

When the Victory anchored at Spithead, after a tedious passage of nearly five weeks, during which the spirit had been twice changed, the body was taken out in a state of perfect preservation. A surgical examination then showed that the fatal bullet, after passing through the left lobe of the lungs, dividing a branch of the pulmonary artery—which was the immediate cause of death—had passed through the spine and lodged in the muscles of the back, where it was found. The internal organs—the heart, lungs, liver, stomach—were alike free from traces of disease. "Indeed, all the vital parts were so perfectly healthy in their appearance, and so small, that they resembled more those of a youth, than of a man who had attained his forty-seventh year; which state of the body, associated with habits of life favourable to health, gave every reason to believe that his Lordship might have lived to a great age."[1]

The body was then placed in a leaden coffin filled with brandy, holding in solution camphor and myrrh; and so it remained while the ship went round to the Nore, and till 21st December, when an order came for its removal to the shore. It was then taken out in the presence of the officers of the Victory, and several friends of Nelson's and of

[1] Beatty's *Death of Lord Nelson.*

Hardy's, and placed in the shell made from the mast of the Orient, formerly presented by Captain Hallowell. "This was enclosed in a leaden coffin, which was soldered up immediately, and put into another wooden shell"—really, a coffin, "the most elegant and superb ever seen in Europe"—in which manner, on the morning of the 23rd, it was sent out of the Victory into the Commissioner's yacht and so taken to Greenwich, where it was received by Lord Hood—the Governor of the Hospital—and placed in a private chamber, until the requisite arrangements could be made for its lying in state in the Painted Hall. These were completed by Saturday, 4th January 1806; and on the three following days, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, the public was admitted, in vast crowds, to pass in front of the coffin, placed under a canopy at the upper end of the Hall. On Wednesday, 8th January, it was removed, and taken in a procession of boats to Whitehall Stairs, whence it was carried to the Admiralty; and the next day, in solemn procession—preceded by the Prince of Wales and his six brothers, followed by Sir Peter Parker, the admiral of the fleet, as chief mourner, supported by Lord Hood and Lord Radstock—to St. Paul's, where it was finally placed in a porphyry sarcophagus, in the crypt under the centre of the dome.

W. H. Ward & Co., L'd. sc.

THE NELSON MONUMENT,
THE EXCHANGE, LIVERPOOL.

This sarcophagus was designed and executed for Wolsey, in the height of his power, by Torregiano. It had lain for centuries, neglected, in Wolsey's chapel at Windsor; but just at this time the chapel was being converted into a burial-place for the royal family, and there was some question as to what could be done with the sarcophagus. "It was suggested as fit to enclose the coffin of Nelson. It is a fine work, marred in its bold simplicity by some tawdry coronets, but the master Italian hand is at once recognised by the instructed eye."[1]

Above, at the entrance to the choir, is the monument by Flaxman—a figure of Nelson, on a pedestal wrought with sea-gods in relief, supported on the dexter side by a figure of Britannia pointing out the statue to two midshipmen; on the sinister, by a crouching lion. The statue is good, but the so-called midshipmen are more like country bumpkins; the lion is not only crouching, but cowed, and looks as if he was sea-sick; and the monument, as a whole, is paltry, if not grotesque. As it was not completed till 1818, something more worthy of the subject might surely have been evolved for a national memorial.

It would be quite impossible even to enumerate

[1] Milman's *Annals of St. Paul's Cathedral* (2nd edition), p. 485.

the many hundreds if not thousands of monuments which have been erected in different places through the country. A few only can be named. Among them, as first in point of time, an Arch standing on a high hill in the park of Castle Townsend, near Cork, and having the following inscription on a marble tablet: "This Arch, the first monument erected to the memory of Nelson after the battle of Trafalgar, was sketched and planned by Captain Joshua Rowley Watson, R.N., and built by him and twelve hundred of the Sea Fencibles then under his command, assisted by eight masons. It was erected in five hours on 10th November 1805." Many years ago this tablet was broken off, and has long since disappeared. The arch itself, too, hastily built of dry stones, is now little better than a ruin.

Another is the familiar pillar on Portsdown Hill, bearing the inscription: "Consecrated to the memory of Lord Viscount Nelson, by the zealous attachment of all those who fought at Trafalgar, to perpetuate his triumph and their regret, MDCCCV. The British fleet consisted of twenty-seven ships of the line; of France and Spain, thirty-three, nineteen of which were taken or destroyed." By a memo. of Collingwood's, dated 2nd November 1805, it appears that £2000 was deducted from the prize-money, to meet the cost of this pillar;

W. H. Ward & Co., L'd. sc.

THE NELSON MONUMENT,

TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

and that Louis and the squadron with him, so unfortunately absent from the battle, were also invited to contribute.

Other monuments, varying in the degree of merit or the reverse, are in the Guildhall; in Birmingham, Bristol, Norwich, and Yarmouth; in Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. One of the finest is that, after a design by M. C. Wyatt, in the Exchange Area, Liverpool: a bronze group by Westmacott, of Victory placing a fourth crown on Nelson's uplifted sword, as Death lays a hand on his heart. It was erected at a cost of £9000, raised by a local subscription, to which the corporation contributed £1000; the underwriters at Lloyds, £750; and the West India Association, £500.

In 1829 the ground to the west of St. Martin's Church, London, was cleared of the "filthy and disreputable hovels" which then covered it. It was determined to lay it out as an open place, to call it Trafalgar Square, and adorn it with a monument to the memory of Nelson. It is not, perhaps, generally known that more than a hundred years earlier, in 1707, the Duke of Marlborough obtained from the Queen a grant of the Royal Mews—on the site of the National Gallery—and proposed to lay out a Marlborough Square. The project, however, fell

through, as the House of Commons refused to sanction the grant. The Nelson column was erected in 1840-43. The Corinthian column and capital, 176 feet high, were designed by William Railton, architect. The colossal statue of Nelson is by E. H. Baily, R.A. On the four sides of the square pedestal, 36 feet high, are representations in basso-relievo, cast in gun metal, at a cost of £28,000, of (1) the battle of St. Vincent, by Watson; (2) the battle of the Nile, by Woodington; (3) the battle of Copenhagen, by Ternouth; (4) the death of Nelson, by Carew. The lions at the angles of the base were, after some hesitation, assigned to Sir Edwin Landseer, who was believed by many to have undertaken a task outside his professional training. There was, in fact, a good deal of jealousy about a painter being called on to do sculptor's work; and the feeling, not unnaturally, led to a depreciation of the results. When they were finally set up in 1868, it was said that the old lion over the gateway of Northumberland House refused to acknowledge them as brethren; and six years later—when Northumberland House was pulled down, and he was carried off to Isleworth, where he now stands on Sion House—that he had endured their company as long as possible, but more he could not do. All which was merely

the outcome of spite and disappointment. Considered as lions in repose, enormously magnified, they are very well; and lions in action, bounding in chase or springing on their prey, would very evidently have been out of place as supporters of a column.

But of all the visible monuments that have been raised to the memory of Nelson, none can surpass the beautiful, but—though in its nature *ære perennius*—now almost forgotten poem, "Ulm and Trafalgar," by George Canning, whose genius was on this occasion inspired by personal friendship. When Nelson embarked for the last time, on 14th September, Canning accompanied him, pushed with him through the crowd, dined with him that afternoon on board the Victory, and was one of the last civilians with whom he shook hands or interchanged speech. The poem must have been written within a few days after the funeral, to which it refers in the lines—

> "Round thy thronged hearse those mingling sorrows flow,
> And seek faint solace in a pomp of woe;"

and continues—

> "Yet not the vows thy weeping Country pays,
> Not that high meed, thy mourning Sovereign's praise;
> Not that the Great, the Beauteous, and the Brave
> Bend, in mute reverence, o'er thy closing grave;

That with such grief as bathes a kindred bier,
Collective Nations mourn a death so dear;—
Not these alone shall soothe thy sainted Shade,
And consecrate the spot where Thou art laid;
Not these alone. But, bursting through the gloom,
With radiant glory from thy trophied tomb,
The sacred splendour of thy deathless name
Shall grace and guard thy Country's martial fame.
Far-seen, shall blaze the unextinguish'd ray,
A mighty beacon, lighting Glory's way;
With living lustre this proud Land adorn,
And shine, and save, through ages yet unborn.

By that pure fire, before that hallow'd tomb,
Heroes and chiefs in valour's opening bloom,
Frequent, in solemn pilgrimage shall stand,
And vow to prize, like Thee, their native land;
With pious ardour thy bright course pursue,
And bid thy blended virtues live anew:
Thy skill to plan; thy enterprise to dare;
Thy might to strike; thy clemency to spare;
That zeal, in which no thought of self had part,
But thy lov'd Country fill'd up all thy heart;
That conscious worth, from pride, from meanness free,
And manners mild as guileless infancy;
The scorn of worldly wealth; the thirst of fame
Unquenchable; the blush of generous shame;
And bounty's genial flow, and friendship's holy flame.

And sure, if e'er the Spirits of the Blest
Still fondly cherish, in the realms of rest,
Their human passions, thine are still the same;
Thy zeal for England's safety and her fame.
And when in after-times, with vain desire,
Her baffled foes in restless hate conspire

From her fair brow the unfading wreath to tear,
Thy hand, and hands like thine, have planted there—
Thou, sacred Shade! in battle hovering near,
Shalt win bright Victory from her golden sphere,
To float aloft, where England's ensign flies,
With angel wings, and palms from paradise.

Cease then the funeral strain!—Lament no more,
Whom, ripe for fate, 'twere impious to deplore!
He died the death of glory—Cease to mourn,
And cries of grief to songs of triumph turn!
—Ah, no! Awhile, ere reason's voice o'erpow'rs
The fond regret that weeps a loss like ours;
Though thine own gallant spirit, wise as brave,
Begged of kind Heaven the illustrious end it gave;
Though rival chiefs, while fondly they recall
Thy storied combats and thy glorious fall,
Count with just pride thy laurels as they bloom,
But envy less thy triumphs than thy tomb;—
Yet, yet awhile, the natural tear may flow,
Nor cold reflection chide the chastening woe;
Awhile, unchecked, the tide of sorrow swell:
Thou bravest, gentlest Spirit! fare thee well!"

APPENDIX

ACCORDING to the proclamation of Garter King at Arms, after the funeral, the full style and titles of the deceased were :—

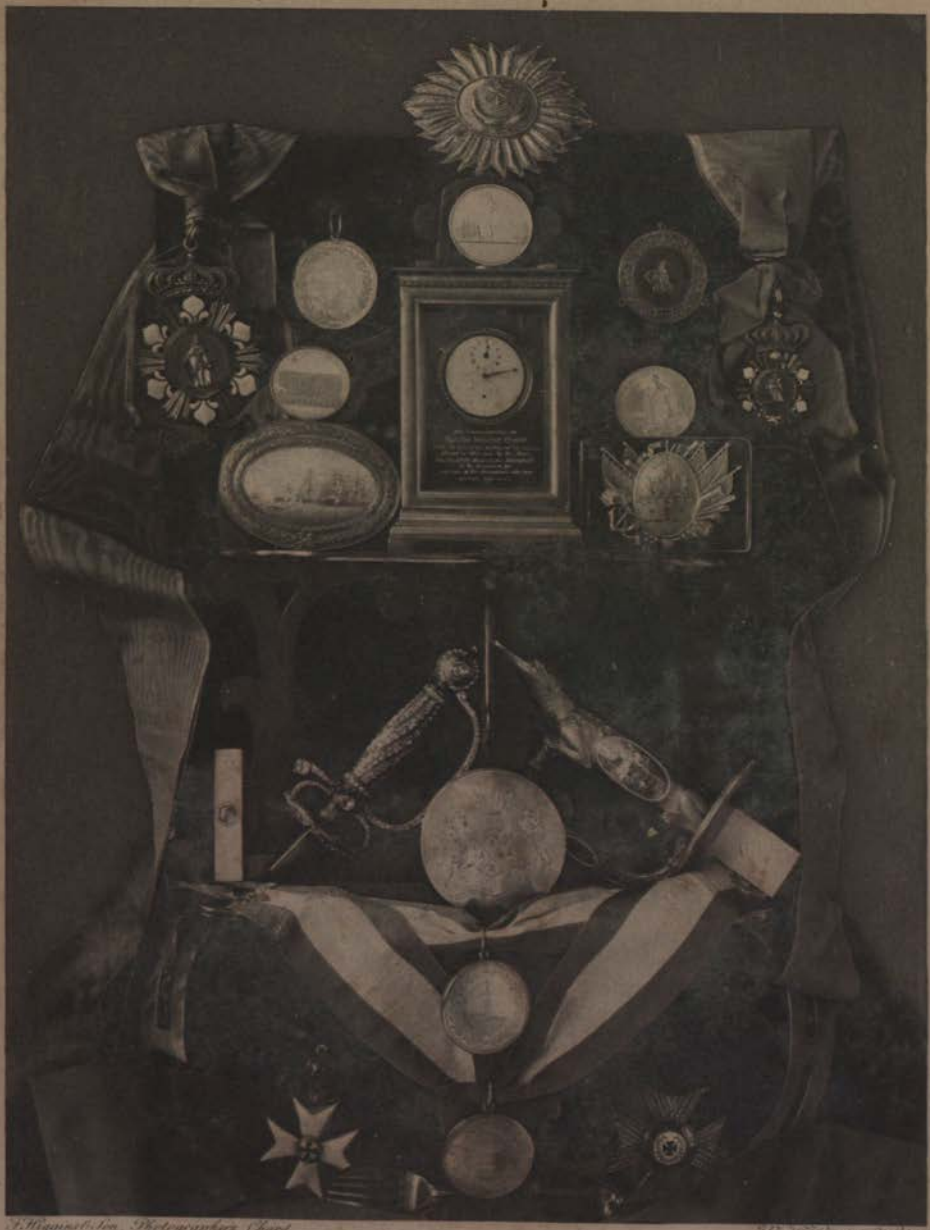
"The Most Noble Lord Horatio Nelson, Viscount and Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, in the County of Norfolk ; Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Hilborough, in the same County ; Knight of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath ; Vice-Admiral of the White Squadron of the Fleet, and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Ships and Vessels in the Mediterranean : also Duke of Bronte in Sicily ; Knight Grand Cross of the Sicilian Order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit ; Member of the Ottoman Order of the Crescent ; Knight Grand Commander of the Order of St. Joachim."

ORDERS AND MEDALS

The orders, medals, &c., shown in the illustration opposite, are :—

LEFT.	CENTRE.	RIGHT.
Grand Cross of the Order of St. Ferdinand; Trafalgar medal; Neapolitan medal commemorating the triumphal return of the King to Naples.	Turkish Order of the Crescent.	Jewel of the Order of St. Ferdinand; Turkish Order of the Crescent; obverse of the Nile medal.
Casket of Freedom of the City of London.	Reverse of Nile medal.	Box with Freedom of Thetford.
Ivory box containing his hair; diamond-hilted sword presented by the King of Naples.	Chronometer (in case), worn in the battle of Trafalgar.	Gold and enamel hilted sword presented by the captains of the ships in the battle of the Nile.
Jewel of the Order of St. Joachim.	Box with Freedom of Plymouth.	Grand Cross of the Order of St. Joachim.
	St. Vincent medal.	
	Nile medal.	
	Gold combined knife and fork.	

These decorations and relics belonged to Lord Bridport, but were sold last year (1895), when a portion of them was bought by the Government at a cost of £2500, and placed in the Museum of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. The remainder were bought for £3000, by a private gentleman, Mr. J. A. Mullens, of Westfield Place, Battle, whose connection with the navy is no closer than that of all Englishmen, but who could not bear that these memorials of the great dead should be dispersed, and therefore presented them, some to the Museum at Greenwich, some to the Royal United Service Institution, where they now rest, it may be hoped permanently.



P. Higgins & Son, Photographers, Chard. W. H. Ward & Co. Lt.d

Orders, Medals & Relics

as arranged for

Viscount Bridport. Duke of Bronte.

NELSON CHRONOLOGY

1758	Sept. 29.	Born.	
1767	Dec. 26.	Mother died.	
1771	Jan. 1.	Midshipman of Raisonnable.	
„	May 22.	Captain's servant in Triumph, and sent to a merchant-ship for a voyage to the West Indies.	
1772	July 19.	Midshipman of Triumph.	
1773	May 7.	„	Carcass.
„	Oct. 15.	„	Triumph.
„	„ 27.	„	Seahorse.
1774	April 5.	Able seaman	„
1775	Oct. 31.	Midshipman	„
1776	Mar. 15.	„	Dolphin.
„	Sept. 24.	Dolphin paid off.	
„	„ 26.	Acting lieutenant of Worcester.	
1777	April 9.	Passed his examination.	
„	„ 10.	Lieutenant of Lowestoft.	
1778	July 2.	„	Bristol.
„	Dec. 8.	Commander of Badger.	
1779	June 11.	Captain of Hinchinbroke.	
1780	January.	Expedition to San Juan and Grenada of Nicaragua.	
„	May 2.	Captain of Janus.	
„	Sept. 1.	Invalided from Janus.	
„	„ 4.	Sailed from Jamaica, a passenger in Lion.	
„	Nov. 24.	Arrived at Spithead in Lion; went to Bath.	
1781	Aug. 23.	Captain of Albemarle.	
1782	April 17.	In Albemarle to North America.	

1783 July 3. Albemarle paid off.
„ Oct. 23. Went to France.
1784 Jan. 17. Returned to England.
„ Mar. 18. Captain of Boreas.
„ May 15. In Boreas to Leeward Islands.
1787 Mar. 12. Married.
„ July 4. In Boreas arrived at Spithead.
„ Nov. 30. Boreas paid off; placed on half-pay, and resided principally at Burnham Thorpe till
1793 Jan. 26. Captain of Agamemnon.
„ June 6. Sailed for the Mediterranean.
„ „ 27. Sailed from Gibraltar.
„ July 13. Toulon blockaded.
„ Aug. 24. „ occupied; Agamemnon ordered to Naples.
1794 April 4. Siege of Bastia.
„ May 22. Bastia surrendered.
„ June 19. Siege of Calvi.
„ July 10. Wounded in the right eye.
„ Aug. 10. Calvi surrendered.
1795 Mar. 13–14. Hotham's first action.
„ July 13. Hotham's second action.
„ „ 15. Sent with a small squadron to co-operate with the Austrians on the coast of Genoa.
„ Nov. 29. Sir John Jervis took command of the fleet.
1796 April 4. Ordered to hoist a distinguishing pennant.
„ June 11. Shifted his broad pennant to Captain.
„ Aug. 11. Appointed a commodore of the first class, with R. W. Miller as flag-captain.
„ Dec. 10. Shifted his broad pennant to Minerve.
„ „ 20. Captured la Sabina, Spanish frigate.
1797 Feb. 13. Returned to Captain.
„ „ 14. Battle of St. Vincent; moved into Irresistible.
„ „ 20. Rear-admiral of the blue.
„ Mar. 17. Knight of the Bath.

1797 Mar. 24. Returned to Captain.
„ April 1. Received news of his promotion, and hoisted his flag on board Captain.
„ May 24. Shifted his flag to Theseus, Miller accompanying him.
„ July 24–25. Commanded attack on Santa Cruz. His right arm shattered and amputated. Attack repulsed.
„ Aug. 20. Shifted his flag to Seahorse, and sailed for England.
„ Sept. 1. Arrived at Spithead; struck his flag, and went to Bath.
„ „ 27. Invested with the Order of the Bath.
1798 Mar. 29. Hoisted his flag on board Vanguard.
„ April 30. Joined the fleet off Cadiz.
„ May 8. Sailed from Gibraltar in command of a squadron of observation.
„ June 7. Reinforced by Troubridge with ten sail of the line.
„ „ 17. Off Naples. In quest of the French fleet.
„ „ 28. Off Alexandria.
„ July 19–25. Watering at Syracuse.
„ Aug. 1–2. Battle of the Nile.
„ Sept. 22. Arrived at Naples.
„ „ 29. Grand *fête* in his honour given by Sir William and Lady Hamilton.
„ Nov. 6. Created Baron Nelson of the Nile and Burnham Thorpe.
„ Dec. 23. Sailed for Palermo, with the King and Royal Family of Naples on board.
„ „ 26. Arrived at Palermo, where he stayed till May 20, with his flag in different ships of war or transports.
1799 Feb. 14. Rear-admiral of the red.
„ April 5. Changed flag from blue to red.

1799 May 20. Sailed for Marittimo.
„ „ 29. Returned to Palermo.
„ June 8. Shifted his flag to the Foudroyant.
„ „ 24. Arrived off Naples. Annulled the capitulation of the sea-forts.
„ „ 29. Hanged Caracciolo.
„ July 13–19. Refused to obey Keith's order to go to Minorca.
„ „ 29. Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean.
„ Aug. 8. Returned to Palermo.
„ „ 13. Created Duke of Bronte.
„ Oct. 5. Sailed for Port Mahon.
„ „ 22. Returned to Palermo.
1800 Jan. 6. Received official notice (dated Nov. 30) of Keith's resuming the command.
„ Feb. 18. Capture of le Généreux.
„ Mar. 30. Capture of le Guillaume Tell.
„ July 13. Struck his flag at Leghorn, and proceeded home *via* Trieste, Vienna, Dresden, and Hamburg.
„ Nov. 6. Landed at Yarmouth.
1801 Jan. 1. Vice-admiral of the blue.
„ „ 13. Separated from his wife.
„ „ 17. Hoisted his flag on board San Josef.
„ „ 29–30. Horatia born.
„ Feb. 12. Shifted his flag to St. George.
„ Mar. 12. Sailed from Yarmouth for the Baltic.
„ „ 29. Shifted his flag to Elephant.
„ April 2. Battle of Copenhagen; returned to St. George.
„ May 5. Received his appointment as commander-in-chief in the Baltic (dated April 21).
„ „ 22. Created Viscount Nelson of the Nile and Burnham Thorpe.
„ June 19. Resigned the command in the Baltic, and sailed for England in Kite brig.
„ July 1. Landed at Yarmouth.

1801	July	24.	Appointed commander-in-chief of a squadron for the defence of the south-east coast.
„	Aug.	16.	Unsuccessful attack on the Boulogne flotilla.
„	Oct.	22.	Went to Merton on leave of absence.
1802	April	10.	Struck his flag. Resided principally at Merton.
„	„	26.	His father died.
1803	„	6.	Sir William Hamilton died.
„	May	16.	Appointed commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean.
„	„	20.	Sailed from Spithead in Victory.
„	„	21.	Shifted his flag to Amphion.
„	July	8.	Joined the fleet off Toulon.
„	„	30.	Returned to Victory. Persistent blockade of Toulon till April 1805.
1804	April	23.	Vice-admiral of the white squadron.
„	Aug.	18.	Death of La Touche Tréville.
1805	Jan.	17.	French fleet put to sea, but returned to port disabled.
„	Feb.	8.	Off Alexandria.
„	Mar.	9.	Off Toulon.
„	April	1.	In Pula Roads.
„	„	4.	Had news of the French having put to sea on 30th March.
„	May	4.	Anchored at Tetuan.
„	„	9.	„ in Lagos Bay.
„	„	11.	Sailed for the West Indies.
„	June	4.	Arrived at Barbados.
„	„	7.	„ Trinidad.
„	„	12.	Off Antigua.
„	„	13.	Sailed for Europe.
„	July	18.	Joined Collingwood off Cadiz.
„	Aug.	15.	„ Cornwallis off Brest.
„	„	18.	Arrived at Spithead, struck his flag, and went to Merton.

1805 Sept. 2. Blackwood arrived at Merton with news of the French having gone to Cadiz.
„ „ 13. Left Merton.
„ „ 15. Sailed from Spithead in Victory.
„ „ 28. Joined the fleet off Cadiz.
„ Oct. 21. Battle of Trafalgar; death of Nelson.
1806 Jan. 9. Buried in St. Paul's.

"In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

NELSON BIBLIOGRAPHY

A COMPLETE bibliography of Nelson is an impossibility. His name and his fame pervade the literature of Europe. The following list contains, it is believed, every work on the subject which has any biographical, historical, or literary value, and a great many that have none; some of which, however, have largely influenced popular opinion; as, for instance, the works of Miss Williams and "Mr." Harrison, whose lies—they are nothing else—were lifted into literature by Southey. The list of foreign works is necessarily very imperfect; and no attempt has been made to catalogue the numberless chap-books, song-books, &c., or the "tributes," "sonnets," "odes," &c., whose name is legion, and value *nil.*

1 **ALLARDYCE, A.** Memoir of the Hon. George Keith Elphinstone, K.B., Viscount Keith, Admiral of the Red. 8vo. 1882.

A clumsy and frequently inaccurate panegyric.

2 **ALLEN, JOSEPH.** Life of Lord Viscount Nelson. 16mo. 1853.

3 **ANONYMOUS.** On Lord Nelson's Victory over the French Fleet at Abouquir: an Idyl. By P. P. D. D. Pisa. 4to. 1798.

Verses written, presumably, by an Italian with a very imperfect knowledge of English, and worth noting for their exquisite absurdity.

4 ——. Life of Nelson. Sm. 8vo. 1805.

Current gossip, of no value.

5 **ANONYMOUS.** The Progress of Glory in the Life of Horatio, Lord Nelson of the Nile. Whitehaven. 8vo. 1806.

Verses in heroic metre; three cantos of them.

6 ——. Letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton. 2 vols. 8vo. 1814.

Appear to be genuine. They were probably published by Harrison, who stole them from Lady Hamilton. At the time the publication was attributed to Emma, whose denial would count for very little were it not for the consideration that she had in her possession hundreds of letters of much greater interest than any in this book.

7 ——. The Memoirs of Lady Hamilton, with Illustrative Anecdotes. 8vo. 1815.

An abusive book, stuffed with pseudo-religious reflections. Of very slender authority; probably by Harrison.

8 ——. Histoire des Combats d'Aboukir, de Trafalgar, de Lissa, du Cap Finistère et de plusieurs autres batailles navales depuis 1798 jusqu'en 1813. Par un Capitaine de Vaisseau. 8vo. 1829.

The author was on board the Orient at the Nile, and claims to have served continuously through the war. His accounts, as from a French point of view, are interesting, and apparently honest. His blunders as to the English may be attributed to ignorance rather than malevolence.

9 ——. The Life of Admiral Viscount Nelson. By the Author of "The Black Pirate," &c. 568 pp. 8vo. 1840.

10 ——. The Life of Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson. 104 pp. 8vo. N.D.

"With etchings on steel and numerous wood engravings," grotesque or hideous; small type and bad paper.

11 ——. Horatio, Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte. By Verità. 119 pp. sm. 8vo. 1891.

Written to meet the demand caused by the Naval Exhibition of 1891.

12 **BARKER, M. H.** The Life of Nelson. By the "Old Sailor." Sm. 8vo. 1836.

"The fullest collection of facts and anecdotes relating to Nelson yet given to the public."—NICOLAS (in 1845).

13 **BARROW, JOHN.** Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith, G.C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. 1848.

14 **BEATTY, [SIR] WILLIAM, M.D.** Authentic Narrative of the Death of Nelson; with the circumstances preceding, attending, and subsequent to that event; the Professional Report of his Lordship's wound, and several interesting anecdotes. Cr. 8vo. 1807. Second edition, 1895.

Written at the time. It is the only authority on the subject.

15 **BERRY, SIR EDWARD.** An Authentic Narrative of the Proceedings of His Majesty's Squadron under the command of . . . Sir H. Nelson from its sailing from Gibraltar to the conclusion of the . . . battle of the Nile. 8vo. 1798.

First published in the *Sun* newspaper, and passed quickly through several editions.

16 **BIGNON, L. P. E.** Histoire de France depuis le 18 Brumaire (Novembre 1799) jusqu'à la Paix de Tilsitt (Juillet, 1807). Tomes i.–iv. 6 vols. 8vo. 1830.

17 **BIOGRAPHY,** Dictionary of National. 8vo. *In course of publication.*

It contains full notices of all the principal people mentioned in connection with Nelson.

18 **BLAGDON, F. W.** Orme's Graphic History of the Life of Horatio, Viscount Nelson. Fol. 1806.

"Intended to illustrate a series of engravings of Nelson's great battles. Neither the Memoir nor the Plates have any merit."—NICOLAS.

19 **BOULAY DE LA MEURTHE, LE COMTE.** Le Directoire et l'Expédition d'Égypte. Sm. 8vo. 1885.

An excellent and interesting "study."

20 **BOURCHIER, JANE BARBARA, LADY.** Memoir of the Life of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington. 2 vols. 8vo. 1873.

Vol. i.—Codrington commanded the Orion in the battle of Trafalgar, and left some interesting notices of both Nelson and Collingwood.

21 **BRENTON, CAPT. E. P.** Life and Correspondence of John, Earl of St. Vincent, Admiral of the Fleet. 2 vols. 8vo. 1838.

A very untrustworthy production.

22 **BROWNE, G. LATHOM.** Nelson: the Public and Private Life of Horatio, Viscount Nelson, as told by himself, his comrades, and his friends. 8vo. 1890.

Athenæum, December 20, 1890.

23 **BRUN, V.** Guerres Maritimes de la France: Port de Toulon, ses Armements, son Administration, depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours. 2 vols. 8vo. 1861.

An excellent book. Vol. ii., books 24–29, treat of the Nelson period.

24 **CACCIATORE, ANDREA.** Esame della storia del Reame di Napoli di Pietro Colletta dal 1794 al 1825. 2 vols. 8vo. 1850.

According to Colletta, Nelson was the instrument of the vengeance of the King and Queen; according to Cacciatore, the Queen had nothing to do with the executions—in which he is quite right—and the King was the instrument of Nelson's jealousy. His point is, that Nelson was jealous of Caracciolo's superior merit, and therefore caused him to be put to death.

25 **CALÀ ULLOA, PIETRO,** Duca di Lauria. Intorno alla Storia del Reame di Napoli di Pietro Colletta. 8vo. 1877.

The annulling the capitulation was a perfidy, the execution of Caracciolo an assassination. The blame rests not on Maria Carolina, but on Nelson.

26 **CANNING, GEORGE.** Ulm and Trafalgar. Cr. 4to. 1806.

27 **A CENTO**, adapted to the occasion, from the sacred music of Handel, &c., as a tribute to the memory of the immortal Nelson, performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, January 9, 1806. 8vo. 1809.

28 **CHARNOCK, JOHN**. Biographical Memoirs of Lord Viscount Nelson, with Observations, Critical and Explanatory. 8vo. 1802.

Written from information and letters supplied by Captain Locker.

29 **CHEVALIER, EDOUARD**. Histoire de la Marine Française sous la première République. 8vo. 1886.

30 ——. Histoire de la Marine Française sous le Consulat et l'Empire. 8vo. 1886.

Really one work, though published as two, with different title-pages. By far the best French history of the war that has been published.

31 **CHURCHILL, T. O.** Life of Lord Viscount Nelson. 4to. 1808.

"A wretched compilation, intended as the vehicle of some equally wretched engravings."—NICOLAS.

32 **CLARKE, J. S.**, and **M'ARTHUR, JOHN**. Life of Admiral Lord Nelson. 2 vols. roy. 4to. 1809. Second edition 3 vols. 8vo, 1840.

The fullest and, in many respects, the best biography, but crowded with irrelevant and doubtful matter. The original edition in 4to is enriched with Pocock's good, and Westall's very bad, pictures. A copy specially printed on vellum is in the British Museum.

33 **COCO, VINCENZO**. Saggio Storico sulla Rivoluzione di Napoli. 3 vols. 8vo. Anno IX. (1800).

Several times reprinted. Of a violent Jacobin tone. This is a sample :—"Caracciolo era senza contradizione uno de' primi genj di Europa per la marina . . . era uno di quei pochi che al

più gran genio riuniva la più pura virtù. . . . Egli morì vittima dell' antica gelosia di Thurn, e della viltà di Nelson: perchè non chiamar vile un uomo, che conosceva Caracciolo, che poteva salvarlo, ed intanto segnò l'ordine della sua morte?"

34 **COLLETTA, PIETRO.** Storia del reame di Napoli dal 1734 al 1825. 2 vols. 8vo. 1834.

The account of the transactions in the Bay of Naples in June 1799 is absolutely false. The work has been translated into English by S. Horner. 2 vols. 8vo. 1858.

35 **COLLINGWOOD, G. L. NEWNHAM.** A Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice Admiral Lord Collingwood. 8vo. 1828.

Written by Collingwood's son-in-law.

36 **COUTO, D. JOSÉ DE.** Combate Naval de Trafalgar. Madrid, 1851.

Quoted by Captain Mahan. There is not a copy in the British Museum.

37 **CUNNINGHAM, ISABELLA, COUNTESS OF GLENCAIRN.** A Letter to the Right Hon. Spencer Percival [*sic*] . . . on the subject of certain Claims upon Government . . . and containing an Appeal to the British Nation on the most wanton and invidious Aspersion made by him . . . of the character of the late, ever to be lamented, Lord Nelson. 4to. 1812.

38 **DENON, V.** Voyage dans la Basse et la Haute Égypte, pendant les Campagnes du General Bonaparte. 2 vols. fol. 1802.

39 **DRINKWATER-BETHUNE, COL. J.** A Narrative of the Battle of St. Vincent, with Anecdotes of Nelson. Second edition. 8vo. 1840.

A clear account by an intelligent eye-witness. The first edition, published anonymously, had no sale, and was pulped. Copies of it are now very scarce. There is one in the library of the United Service Institution.

40 **DUNCAN, ARCHIBALD.** The Life of the Right Honourable Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson . . . Illustrated with Notes, Portraits, and Descriptive Engravings. London and Liverpool. 12mo. 1806.

This book, of no particular merit or value in itself, appears to be extremely rare. It is not mentioned by Watt, Allibone, or the Catalogue of the British Museum. There is a copy in the Norwich Free Library, whose librarian, Mr. Easter, has kindly supplied this reference.

41 **EDEN, SIR F. M.** Brontes: a Cento to the Memory of Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte. 8vo. 1806.

42 **EDINBURGH REVIEW.** Lord Nelson's Letters to Lady Hamilton, September 1814 (xxiii. 398); Letters and Despatches of Lord Nelson, October 1886 (clxiv. 543); Emma, Lady Hamilton, April 1896 (clxxxiii. 380), from which some pages have been adopted in the present work, by permission of Messrs. Longmans. Very many casual notices.

43 **ELLIOT, SIR GILBERT, first EARL of MINTO.** Life and Letters of. 3 vols. 8vo. 1874.

Many personal anecdotes of Nelson and Lady Hamilton written at the time by an intimate friend.

44 **EVANS, T. A.** Statement regarding the Discovery of Lord Nelson's Coat. 8vo. 1846.

Contains some interesting letters and other original matter. As to the 'Statement,' see NICOLAS, vii. 351.

45 **FOOTE, CAPT. E. J.** Vindication of his Conduct in the Bay of Naples, 1799. 8vo. 1807. Second edition. 8vo. 1810.

Written by a very angry man, who did not stop to consider what he was saying.

46 **FORGUES, E. DAURAND.** Histoire de Nelson d'après les dépêches officielles et sa correspondance particulière. Post 8vo. 1860.

The standard French biography, taken mainly from Clarke & M'Arthur and Southey.

47 **FRENCH, G. R.** The Royal Descent of Nelson and Wellington from Edward I. Post 8vo. 1853.

48 **GAMLIN, MRS. HILDA.** Emma, Lady Hamilton. 4to. 1891.

A handsome book, beautifully illustrated, but of no authority.

49 **GAZETTE, THE LONDON.** No. 15,881.

The official programme of the funeral.

50 **HARRISON, J.** Life of Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson. 2 vols. 8vo. 1806.

Written under the dictation of Lady Hamilton, to whom must be attributed the many false statements with which it abounds. The fustian style is presumably Harrison's.

51 **HOLLAND, LORD.** Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time. Vol. ii. 1854.

Quarterly Review, March 1854 (xciv. 384).

52 **HOSTE, LADY HARRIET.** Memoirs and Letters of Captain Sir William Hoste, Bart., K.C.B., K.M.T. 2 vols. 8vo. 1833. An abridged edition, under the title of "Service Afloat," was published in 1887.

With what seems a good portrait. The painting is in the possession of the family.

53 **JAMES, WILLIAM.** The Naval History of Great Britain, from the Declaration of War by France in 1793 to the Accession of George IV. 5 vols. 8vo. 1822–24. Second edition, 6 vols. 8vo, 1826. Third, 1837. A New Edition in cr. 8vo, 1860, has apparently been stereotyped. To this a full Index has been issued by the Navy Records Society. Roy. 8vo. 1895.

A standard work of painstaking accuracy, but marred by the very strong national bias.

54 **JEAFFRESON, J. C.** Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1888.

55 **JEAFFRESON, J. C.** The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1889.

Works based on the Morrison MSS.

56 **JONES, MRS. HERBERT (C. RACHEL).** Sandringham, Past and Present. 8vo. 1883.

57 ——. Unpublished Letters of Lord Nelson to Sir Thomas Troubridge; in the *Century* for November 1888.

58 **JURIEN DE LA GRAVIÈRE, ADMIRAL.** Guerres Maritimes. 2 vols. sm. 8vo.

The narrative, principally from English sources, with an excellent commentary. It has been translated by Captain E. Plunkett (Lord Dunsany) under the title of "Sketches of the Last Naval War" (8vo, 1848).

59 **KNIGHT, ELLIS CORNELIA.** Autobiography. 8vo. 1861.

Contains some account of Nelson's life at Naples and Palermo, and of the journey home; but, written from memory many years afterwards, is by no means trustworthy.

60 **LAMARTINE, A. de.** Nelson. 12mo. 1864.

Southey boiled down and translated into inflated French.

61 **LARSEN, N. A.** Fra Krigens Tid (1807–1814): Bidrag til den Norske Marines Historie. Christiania. 8vo. 1878.

Contains a memoir of Lieutenant J. N. Müller, who commanded the Hai on 2nd April 1801.

62 **LAUGHTON, J. K.** Letters and Despatches of Horatio, Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte. 8vo. 1866.

A selection, mostly from Nicolas's great work, with a few additions.

63 ——. Nelson's Last Codicil: in the *United Service Magazine* for April and May 1889.

An examination, by the light of the Foreign Office Records, of the claims made for Lady Hamilton.

64 ——. The Story of Trafalgar. Sm. 8vo. 1890.

Written for the ship's company of H.M.S. Trafalgar.

65 **LAUGHTON, J. K.** Nelson (English Men of Action). 1895.

May be considered as, in great measure, the complement of the present work.

66 ——. The Battle of the Nile: an Anniversary Study. In the *Cornhill Magazine* for August 1896.

Several pages of this have been adopted in the present work, by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.

67 **LETUAIRE, HENRI.** Combat de Trafalgar: Rapport fait au Ministre de la Marine et des Colonies par le Capitaine de Vaisseau E. Lucas, commandant le Redoutable pendant cette bataille célèbre. Mort héroïque de l'amiral Nelson. Le Père Cartigny, né et demeurant a Hyères, âgé de cent ans, dernier survivant de ce combat memorable. Hyères. 8vo. 1891.

68 **LOMONACO, FRANCESCO.** Rapporto fatto al Cittadino Carnot, Ministro della Guerra. 12mo. 1835.

Transactions at Naples in the summer of 1799, told from the Jacobin point of view.

69 **MAHAN, CAPT. A. T., U.S.N.** The Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire. 2 vols. 8vo. 1892.

A critical review of the operations of the War, and in a special degree of the conduct of Nelson; of whom, it is understood, the talented author is now writing an extended Life.

70 **MARLIANI, MANUEL.** Combate de Trafalgar: Vindicacion de la Armada Española contra las aserciones injuriosas vertidas por M. Thiers en su Historia del Consulado y del Imperio. Madrid. 8vo. 1850.

Many interesting details from the Spanish point of view, with biographical notices of the admirals and captains, and several portraits; among others, of Gravina and Alava.

71 **MARSHALL, LIEUT. JOHN.** Royal Naval Biography. 12 vols. 8vo. 1823–35.

Clumsy and inartistic, but quite honest, though often unduly laudatory. Many of the memoirs were practically contributed by the subjects of them.

72 **MARTIN, HENRI.** Histoire de France depuis 1789 jusqu'à nos jours. Tom. iii. chap. ii., vii. 8vo. 1879.

Martin writes as a judicious historian, but without any exact knowledge of naval affairs.

73 **MATCHAM, GEORGE.** Notes on the Character of Admiral Lord Nelson in Relation to Journal of Mrs. St. George. Sm. 8vo. 1861.

74 ——. Observations on No. ccxxi. of the *Quarterly Review* (January 1862), with reference to Admiral Lord Nelson. Sm. 8vo. [1862.]

Mr. Matcham, Nelson's nephew, was either very young when he last saw his uncle, or very old when these pamphlets were written. In either case, his recollections are of little value as evidence.

75 **MILES, COMMANDER JEAFFRESON.** Vindication of Lord Nelson's Proceedings in the Bay of Naples. 16mo. 1843.

A praiseworthy little essay, though the subject is more exhaustively treated in the Appendix to vol. iii. of Nicolas's great work.

76 **MIOT, J.** Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire des Expéditions en Égypte et en Syrie. 2me Edition, Revue, corrigée et augmentée d'une Introduction, d'un Appendice, et de Faits, Pièces et Documens qui n'ont pu parôitre sous le Gouvernement précédent. 1814.

77 **MORRISON, ALFRED.** The Hamilton and Nelson Papers. Privately printed. 2 vols imp. 8vo. 1893–94.

Original letters and other documents, from Mr. Morrison's splendid collection of autographs. A work of the highest possible value.

78 **NAVAL CHRONICLE.** 40 vols. 8vo. 1799–1818.

Memoir, probably by M'Arthur, in vols. iii., xiv., and xv. Letters, anecdotes, &c., *passim.*

79 **NICOLAS, SIR N. HARRIS.** Dispatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. 7 vols. 8vo. 1844–46.

By far the most important work. The standard authority on Nelson's official life. There are two editions of vol. i. The first, published in 1844, has some inaccuracies which were corrected in the second, published in 1845.

80 **NIEBUHR, B. G.** Lebensnachrichten über B. G. N., aus Briefen desselben . . . 3 vols. 1838–39.

Vol. ii.—Niebuhr was at Copenhagen in 1801, and wrote down what he saw and what he heard on and concerning 2nd April.

81 **PAGET, JOHN.** Paradoxes and Puzzles. 8vo. 1874.

Articles on Caracciolo and Lady Hamilton, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March and April 1860; the former of which is abstracted from Nicolas's third volume; the latter from Pettigrew, with most of his blunders uncorrected.

82 ——. Lady Hamilton and Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson; in *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1888.

More enthusiastic than accurate.

83 **PARSONS, LIEUT. G. S.** Nelsonian Reminiscences. Leaves from Memory's Log. 12mo. 1843.

Of very doubtful value. Second-hand reminiscences of a boy of twelve or fourteen, after the lapse of more than forty years, are not worth much.

84 **PETTIGREW, T. J.** Memoirs of the Life of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. 2 vols. 8vo. 1849.

Largely based on original MSS. now in the possession of Mr. Alfred Morrison; but written without any knowledge or much understanding, is crammed with errors, and has very little value.

85 **PHILLIMORE, ADMIRAL SIR AUGUSTUS.** Life of Admiral of the Fleet Sir William Parker. 3 vols. 8vo. 1870.

An encyclopædia of Naval History during the years 1793–1866. Parker, in command of the Amazon, was attached to the Mediterranean Fleet in 1803–4–5, and accompanied it to the West Indies. The work has been condensed by the author under the title, "The Last of Nelson's Captains." 8vo. 1891.

86 **QUARTERLY REVIEW.** Lives of Lord Nelson, February 1810 (iii. 218), the first draft of Southey's celebrated Life; Letters of Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, April 1814 (xi. 73); Autobiography of Miss Cornelia Knight, January 1862 (cxi. 41); and very many casual notices.

87 **RALFE, JAMES.** Naval Biography of Great Britain: consisting of Historical Memoirs of those Officers of the British Navy who distinguished themselves during the reign of His Majesty George III. 4 vols. roy. 8vo. 1828.

The style is very clumsy, but the matter of the memoirs, often contributed by the subjects of them, or their families, is fairly trustworthy, though partial.

88 **REHBERG, F.** Drawings faithfully copied from Nature at Naples, and with permission dedicated to the Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton. Fol. 1794.

The celebrated Attitudes.

89 ——. A New Edition, considerably enlarged, of Attitudes faithfully copied from Nature, and humbly dedicated to Admirers of the Grand and Sublime. Fol. 1807.

The Attitudes, as originally drawn by Rehberg, are severally followed by the same Attitudes modified in accordance with the "considerable enlargement" of Lady Hamilton's figure. The designer of these last is anonymous.

90 **ROSS, CAPT. SIR JOHN.** Memoirs and Correspondence of Admiral Lord de Saumarez. 2 vols. 8vo. 1838.

Clumsy, but honest.

91 **RUSSELL, W. C.** Nelson and the Naval Supremacy of England. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) 1890.

Athenæum, May 31, 1890.

92 **SACCHINELLI, DOMENICO.** Memorie storiche sulla vita del Cardinale Fabrizio Ruffo. 4to. 1836.

In favour of Ruffo, of course; but sums up with perfect justness: "Nelson non era uomo il quale in un affare di tanta importanza quanta era la capitolazione dei castelli di Napoli, si lasciasse sedurre da Milady; egli agiva per principî proprî ed era intimamente convinto della massima Che i Sovrani non capitolano coi loro sudditi ribelli."

93 **SCOTT, A. J.** Recollections of the Life of the Rev. A. J. Scott. 12mo. 1842.

A book of great interest.

94 **SCOURGE, THE**; or, Monthly Expositor of Imposture and Folly. 1811–15.

To the later volumes of this periodical, which fully bears out Roscommon's maxim that "Want of decency is want of sense," many articles, professing to be anecdotes of Nelson, were contributed by John Mitford, formerly a midshipman of the Zealous with Samuel Hood. When an acting master, he was dismissed from the service as insane. During his later years he lived principally upon gin, and lost all sense of the distinction between truth and falsehood.

95 **SOUTHEY, ROBERT.** The Life of Horatio, Lord Nelson. 8vo. 1813.

"An enlargement of its author's articles on Charnock's, Harrison's, Churchill's, and Clarke and M'Arthur's Lives of Nelson, in the *Quarterly Review* for February 1810." It has passed through very many editions.

96 **STATEMENT of SUBSCRIPTIONS** to the Memorial of the Achievements of the late Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, January 1, 1841. Cr. 8vo. 1841.

The Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square.

97 **THIERS, M. A.** Histoire de la Révolution Française. Livres xxxix., xl.

98 ——. Histoire du Consulat. Livres ix., xi.

99 ——. Histoire de l'Empire. Livres ii., iii., iv.

Works eminently readable, but utterly untrustworthy. They have been repeatedly translated.

100 **TREMENHEERE, W.** Verses on the Victory of Trafalgar; and Death and Funeral of Lord Nelson. 4to. 1806.

101 **TRENCH, R. C.**, Archbishop of Dublin. Journal kept [by Mrs. St. George, afterwards Mrs. Trench] during a visit to Germany in 1799–1800.

A woman's hostile criticism of a woman. Her opinion of Nelson is coloured by the prejudice against Lady Hamilton.

102 **TROUDE, O.** Batailles Navales de la France. 4 vols. 8vo. 1867–68.

Vol. iii. includes the period of Nelson's service in the Mediterranean, and gives the French account of the great battles. M. Troude's father commanded the Suffren in the squadron under Missiessy in 1805.

103 **TUCKER, COL. J. M.** The Life and Naval Memoirs of Lord Nelson. . . . Embellished by numerous engravings. 8vo. N.D. [1850?]

Of no authority. The engravings are rude, and the anecdotes unauthenticated.

104 **TUCKER, J. S.** Memoirs of Admiral the Right Hon. the Earl of St. Vincent. 2 vols. 8vo. 1844.

Contains some interesting notices of Nelson, and some letters, which have been absorbed by Nicolas.

105 **TURTON, W., M.D.** Luctus Nelsoniani. Poems on the Death of Lord Nelson. 4to. 1807.

106 **WHITE, JOSHUA.** Memoirs of the Professional Life of Horatio Nelson, Viscount and Baron Nelson. 12mo. 1806.

"A bookseller's work made up for the occasion."—NICOLAS.

107 ——. Supplement to the Life of the late Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson. . . . With a Circumstantial Narrative of the Procession by Water, and of all the Ceremonies attending the Funeral. 12mo. 1806.

108 **WILLIAMS, HELEN MARIA.** Sketches of the State of Manners and Opinions in the French Republic towards the close of the Eighteenth Century. 2 vols. 8vo. 1801.

The part relating to Nelson's conduct at Naples is scurrilous and mendacious. A copy of it, with MS. notes by Nelson, is now in the British Museum.

109 **WILLYAMS, COOPER.** A Voyage up the Mediterranean in His Majesty's Ship the Swiftsure, one of the Squadron under the Command of Sir Horatio Nelson. . . . With a Description of the Battle of the Nile. . . . With plates. Fol. 1802.

Willyams was chaplain of the Swiftsure.

110 **WITH, J. P.** Danske og Norske Sö-Heltes Bedrivter fra Aar 1797 til 1813. 8vo.. N.D. [1814?]

ALISON, SIR ARCHIBALD. History of Europe during the French Revolution from 1789 to 1815 (with Atlas).

A good general history of the war, but of no special authority on naval matters. Has gone through many editions.

BRENTON, CAPT. E. P. The Naval History of Great Britain from 1783 to 1822. 5 vols. 8vo. 1823–25. Second edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1837.

Quite untrustworthy.

CHABAUD-ARNAULT, C. Histoire des Flottes militaires. 8vo. 1889

Historical and critical.

LOVELL, VICE-ADMIRAL W. S. Personal Narrative of Events from 1799 to 1815. Second edition. 1879.

Nothing is known of the first edition, which was presumably printed for private circulation only. The author, then named Badcock, was a passed midshipman on board the Neptune at Trafalgar. A letter to his father, dated a week after the battle, is printed in the *English Historical Review*, October 1890 (v. 767).

WATTS, ROBERT, M.D. Bibliotheca Britannica; or, A General Index of British and Foreign Literature. 1824.

Under "Nelson" will be found the titles of many pamphlets, sermons, discourses, verses, odes, &c., which it is unnecessary to mention here.

THE END

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